This is the Original Edition printed in Edinburgh and issued in America by authority of the Publishers.

GENERAL LIBRARY
MAR 11 1919
UNIV. OF M.

FEBRUARY 1919.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

NEW YORK:
THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO.,
249 WEST 13TH STREET.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

Entered at the New York Post-Office as second-class matter.

Entered as second-class matter, July 3, 1917, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

The League of Nations

LEAGUE OF DREAMS OR LEAGUE OF REALITIES?

1. Is a League of Nations Insane? By Sir Charles Mallet.
2. A Supernational Jury and Police Force. By Sir Charles Walston.
3. Quis Custodiet? By J. O. P. Bland.

Nineteenth Century and After, February.

THE LEAGUE OF DREAMS. By Sir Herbert Stephen.

Nineteenth Century and After, January.

SOVEREIGNTY AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By Sir Frederick Pollock.

Fortnightly Review, December.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE PEACE SETTLEMENT. By Lord Parmoor.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND A CHANGE OF HEART. By Rev. J. P. Malleson.

Contemporary Review, January.

THE EMPIRE AND THE WORLD LEAGUE. By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

THE OBSTACLES TO A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By William Archer.

Fortnightly Review, October.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: A VOICE FROM THE PAST. By Harold Spender.

Contemporary Review, October.

Price, Per Number, 60 Cents
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO., 249 W. 13th St., New York

SCHOOLS

New Jersey

College of St. Elizabeth
Convent Station, New Jersey
45 Minutes from New York
Catholic College for Women
Registered by Regents
Standard College Preparatory Courses
Academy of St. Elizabeth
Send for Catalogue

Ohio

Art Academy of Cincinnati
Thoroughly Equipped Art School
Winter and Summer Term
J. H. GEST, Director CINCINNATI

New York

Saint Mary's School Mount Saint Gabriel
PEEKSKILL-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y.
Boarding School for Girls
Under the charge of the Sisters of St. Mary. New fireproof building beautifully situated. For catalogues address *The Sister Superior.*

SCHOOLS

California

California Hospital, Los Angeles School for Nurses The most noted private hospital in this beautiful residence city.

Medical, Surgical, Maternity, Eye and Ear and X-Ray Departments. In the midst of tropical gardens. Booklets free. 1414 South Hope St., Los Angeles. Also a limited number of young men (High School Graduates) admitted to a two years' course.

University of Southern California
(Los Angeles)
COLLEGES—Liberal Arts, Medical, Dentistry, Pharmacy, Law, Music, Fine Arts, Oratory and Theology.
HIGH STANDARDS in Scholarship and Morals. Expenses moderate. Climate unexcelled. 3100 Students. Send for Catalogue.
Pres. GEORGE F. BOVARD, A.M., D.D., LL.D.
University Avenue

Oregon

University of Oregon—Eugene
Graduate School Summer School
College of Liberal Arts School of Medicine
College of Engineering School of Law
School of Education School of Music
Send for Catalog Address THE REGISTRAR

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCXL. FEBRUARY 1919. Vol. CCV.

450 MILES TO FREEDOM.

BY CAPTAIN M. A. B. JOHNSTON and CAPTAIN K. D. YEARSLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

With our arrival at Yozgad was renewed many an old friendship, dating back to the earlier days of the campaign in Mesopotamia; for, like ourselves, the majority of the eighty officers whom we found there were victims of the siege of Kut-el-Amara. A few days later about twenty officers of the original camp were transferred to Afion-Kara-Hissar, leaving us now a combined total of roughly 100 officers and 60 orderlies.

The "camp" occupied six detached houses, divided into two groups of three houses each, the one on the western, the other near the south-western limits of the town. With a single exception each house stood in its own grounds, which comprised something under an acre of garden apiece. These were in most cases planted with fruit trees, and in all cases surrounded by high stone walls. The first comers had by April 1918 converted these previously unkempt areas into flourishing vegetable gardens. For our safe custody there were on the average two sentries over each house; these had their sentry-boxes in the garden or at the entrance to the enclosure wall. There was also a post on the four-hundred-yard length of road which connected the two groups of houses.

As had been our impression on arrival, the town of Yozgad could by no manner of means be called picturesque. It is squalidly built on the steep slopes of a narrow valley, surrounded on all sides by bare and rugged hills. The larger houses, it is true, have a few fruit trees in their gardens, and tall poplars line the river

bank; the country around, however, is destitute of trees except for a small pine wood on the high ridge south of the town. The camp was both higher and less accessible than any in Turkey; for Yozgad stands some 4500 feet above sea-level, and in the heart of the rugged mountain system of Anatolia, seven days' march from the nearest railway station.

The town itself is said to have had a population before the war of some 20,000 souls. At the time of our arrival it could hardly have contained one-fifth of that number; for, shortly before the formation of the camp in July 1916, most of the Armenians had been massacred; and they had formed a large proportion of the inhabitants. Their shops had been pillaged, and whenever there was a shortage of firewood the Turks merely proceeded to pull down another of the Armenian houses, which, as usual throughout Anatolia, were largely constructed of wood. The crash of falling timber as a building was demolished was a sound so common as to pass almost unnoticed by the prisoners. Of Turkish brutality, however, we had an even more constant reminder than the sound and sight of ruined buildings; for every day there were to be seen numbers of Armenian children dying as they lay in the narrow streets, starved, emaciated, and clad in rags. For us to provide relief on the large scale required was impossible, owing both to the difficulties of obtaining money and the necessity of screening our philanthropy from the Commandant and other Turkish authorities. To the credit of the Turkish soldier be it said, however, that he at any rate did not prevent us from helping these poor miserable creatures; and it was thanks to connivance on the part of our sentries and escorts, that we were able towards the end of our time to give away money and bread daily in the streets.

The White Paper published in November 1918 on the subject of the treatment of British Prisoners of War in Turkey describes the Commandant of the camp at Yozgad as a "Turk of the old school—polite, honest, and silent." Silent, or, we would rather say, taciturn, Kiazim Bey undoubtedly was, for it needed many applications before an inquiry or request received an answer at all. Polite, too, for when he did vouchsafe to reply he would promise almost anything; but is it not known to those who have dealt with a Turk, albeit one of the old school, that in his estimation a promise costs nothing and involves no obligation of fulfilment? It is merely his method of temporarily soothing your feelings, and is not this of the essence of politeness? As to his honesty, if he did not loot our parcels or steal our money, he was not averse from accepting a regular commission from every shopkeeper who wished to supply his wares to the camp. Even our sentries had

to bribe him before they were allowed on leave. Ten Turkish pounds, or an equivalent in kind, passed hands before a fortnight's leave was granted. There is no doubt as to the truth of the following story. It happened that one of our guard, when desiring a holiday, turned up at the Commandant's office, but he was out. His son, however, a boy of fourteen, was there, and to him the simple soldier gave his money to be handed on to Kiazim Bey. Such an opportunity did not often occur; so the boy spent the rest of that day gorging costly sweetmeats in the bazaar. After several days the soldier made further inquiries about his leave, and the truth was out. The story ends with a good beating for the boy and no leave for the soldier. Another of our guards used to mend boots for us, but finally gave it up, declaring openly that the commission demanded by his Commandant made it no longer worth his while.

By the time of the arrival of the party from Changri, a number of so-called privileges had been granted by this polite, honest, and silent old Turk—although, it must be admitted, rather in the spirit of the unjust judge worried incessantly by the importunate widow. The most useful of these concessions was the permission to go out coursing on two days a week. The "Yozgad Hunt Club" boasted a pack of no less than three couple of "hounds." These were of a local breed, and had the shape of small and rather moth-eaten greyhounds, mostly, however, with black, or tan and white, markings. Nevertheless, they were clean and affectionate, and, thanks to the master and whips, became wonderfully good coursers. Seldom did they fail to account for at least one hare or fox between the hours of 4 and 9 A.M. each Monday and Thursday in the spring and summer of 1918. One exception we remember was the day on which the master appeared for the first time in a pink coat of local style and dye, and then we drew blank. The field themselves were dazed, so the hounds had to be excused. Some of the happiest recollections of our captivity are of those glorious early mornings in the country, far away from the ugly town which was our prison. Here for a few brief hours it was almost possible to forget that we were prisoners of war, until reminded that this was Turkey by the monotonous drawl of one of our greatest exponents of the Ottoman tongue. Wafted on the soft morning breeze as we wended our way back to bath and breakfast, would come at intervals of half a minute some such sounds as those which follow: Er . . . er . . . poster . . . bou . . . bou . . . bourda . . . er . . . er . . . aie . . . der . . . Such fluency almost suggested that Turkish was a simple language, instead of one of the most difficult in the world, second only, it is said, to Chinese.

Although attempts were

made to play football, no suitable ground existed in or near Yozgad, and four-a-side hockey became the form of recreation which for the majority in the camp provided the best means of combining pleasure and hard exercise. Hockey was available at any time of day, as the ground was within the precincts of the camp, being in fact the lowest of a series of terraces in one of the gardens belonging to our houses. It was a bare plot, with a hard but dusty surface, and surrounded on three sides by stone walls: the area available for play was, perhaps, the length of a cricket pitch and about ten yards across, so that there was not room for more than a total of eight players.

The equipment consisted of a soft leather ball, and for each combatant a stick made from selected pieces of firewood, shaped according to fancy, subject to the finished article being passed through a 1½-inch ring. The resultant game was always fast and often furious, its only drawback as a means of training for would-be escapers being the not inconsiderable risk of losing an eye, finger, or portions of an ankle or knee. The excitement created by such matches as the old camp, Yozgad, *versus* the new-comers from Changri, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th teams, reached at times a pitch rarely attained in the most hotly-contested house-match at an English public school.

For those debarred for any reason from this strenuous form of exercise there were walks each evening except on hunting days and Wednesdays. On the latter days there were, during the summer months, weekly picnics in the neighbouring pine woods, to which about 50 per cent of the camp would go.

During daylight intercommunication was allowed between the two groups of houses: nominally an escort was necessary to accompany such visitors along the intervening road, but in practice this rule was a dead letter.

So hard-won, however, had been these few privileges, that the prospect of any one attempting to escape and thereby causing their suspension was looked upon by the majority of the original camp almost with horror. And this was not altogether without reason, for some of them had gone seriously into the question of escape, and had come to the conclusion that, from so hopelessly inaccessible a spot, all attempts, at least without outside assistance, were doomed to failure. Those of us who had come from Changri, however, were not likely to give up our long-cherished hopes without a struggle, but in the meantime kept our nefarious intentions to ourselves, except for half a dozen Yozgad officers whom we knew for certain to be keen to escape. The arrival of Cochrane had more than countered the additional difficulties involved by our move from Changri to Yozgad. While at Kara-Hissar, he had arranged a scheme with the powers that be in England by which a friendly boat should remain off a certain point on

the coast of the Mediterranean for a definite number of days at the end of August 1918.

Cochrane now placed this scheme at the disposal of the Changri division. There was some reluctance to give up old plans, but in the end four parties decided to take advantage of "Rendezvous X," as Cochrane's meeting-place was called—suffice to say that it was on the Adalian coast nearly due south of Kara-Hissar. Of these four parties ours was one. Our route to the mainland opposite the island of Samos would now be some 450 miles. Actually this was only 50 miles farther than to Rendezvous X, for the only feasible route to the latter was *vid* Kara-Hissar, owing to the desert and mountains which would have to be crossed on a more direct route. Cochrane's scheme, however, promised an almost certain ending to the march to any one who reached the coast; whereas, even if we reached the western shore of Asia Minor, we should still have the problem of getting across to the island, and that from a coast which must inevitably be very carefully guarded.

Our six therefore decided to give up the old plan, and soon after were joined by Cochrane himself and Captain F. R. Ellis, D.C.L.I. This was a tremendous advantage to us, as Cochrane not only had the experience so hardly gained by his previous attempt, but had actually seen some of the country over which we should have to march if we succeeded in passing Kara-Hissar. It was of course impossible for him to do guide to all four parties, as large numbers marching together would be immediately tracked; so he gave what suggestions he could, and the other three parties were to make their way to the rendezvous independently.

Our party therefore numbered eight, all of whom have now been introduced to our readers. We were the largest, and may claim to have been the most representative party, including as we did one naval officer, one gunner, one sapper, one British Infantry, two Indian Army, and two Territorial officers. The other three parties making for Rendezvous X numbered in all nine officers and Gunner Prosser. Besides these there were two parties having other schemes. The first, consisting almost entirely of Yozgad officers, intended marching for the Black Sea and crossing to Russia, the full facts of whose chaotic state were not known to us at the time. There were six officers in this party. Lastly, a party of two more officers determined to set out eastward, and hoped to make their way into Persia. There had been three or four other officers beside these who had seriously contemplated escape while at Changri, but who were now forced to change their mind through sickness or temporary disablements, such as crooked knees, &c.

The 26 starters—25 officers and 1 man — were scattered over five out of the six houses

comprising the camp. It was necessary, therefore, for those in each house—in no case all of them members of the same party—to devise their own particular means of getting out of the camp precincts, and then for a representative of each party to co-ordinate their respective schemes as far as possible. The first thing was to settle on a definite date for the attempt. As the majority were to make for Rendezvous X, to fit in with Cochrane's prearranged scheme, the date had to be late in the year. It was therefore decided that the night chosen should be the one towards the end of July most suitable as regards the moon. To enable the members of the various parties to join up at some convenient local rendezvous, and then put as great a distance as possible between themselves and Yozgad before the following dawn, the ideal was for the moon to rise an hour or so after we had all left our houses. Great credit is due to Captain T. R. Wells, 33rd Punjabis, attached R.F.C., for correctly computing the times of rising and setting of that irregular planet; for the only material available was a Nautical Almanac some four years old. From his predictions, the 30th July 1918 was eventually fixed upon as the best night. The moon would rise about 10.30 P.M., and 9.15 was fixed upon as a suitable time for all to leave their houses—if they could. This meant all would have been present at the evening roll-call, which took place during dinner at about 7.45 P.M.; and their absence, if no alarm occurred, would not be discovered until the check taken at dawn next day.

The advent of Cochrane to our party led to a reconsideration of the whole question of the food and kit we should carry on our momentous journey. His previous experience and that of Keeling's party was that 35 lb. was about as much as one could expect to carry across country consistently with making reasonable progress. In the end, however, we found that there were so many essentials that we should have each to take about 43 lb., exclusive of the weight of packs, haversacks, &c., to carry them. The following list gives some idea of our final equipment. Each member of the party was to take the following:—

Food—
- Sixty-eight biscuits, made by "Escapers Ltd.," five to the lb.
- Six soft biscuits, four to the lb.
- Sultanas, 4 lb.
- Cheese, ½ lb.
- Fresh meat (for the first two days only), ½ lb.
- Rice, 2 lb.
- Cocoa *or* ovaltine, 1 lb.
- Soup tablets (Oxo), 12 cubes.
- Chocolate, 1 lb.
- Tea, ¼ lb.
- Salt, about ⅛ lb.
- Emergency ration of chocolate, Horlick's malted milk tablets, *or* Brand's essence, about ½ lb.

Clothing—
- Spare pair of boots, or several pairs of native sandals.
- Spare shirt.
- Towel.
- Several pairs of socks.
- Felt mufti hat or service-dress cap.
- Vermin-proof belt.

Spare bootlaces.
Handkerchiefs (mostly in the form of bags round the food).

Miscellaneous—
Share of medicines, mostly in tabloid form.
One large and one small bandage.
Matches, two or more boxes, one being in a water-tight case.
Flint and slow-match cigarette lighter.
Cigarettes or tobacco, according to taste.
Soap, one piece.
String.
Mug and spoon.
Wool for repairs to socks.
Spare razor-blades.
Compass.
Clasp knife.
Whistle.
Tooth-brush.
Comb.
Notebook and pencil.

In addition, the following were to be distributed in more or less equal weights among the party as a whole:—

1 pair of field-glasses.
6 skeins of ¾-inch rope.
2 boot-repair outfits.
1 housewife.
3 chargals (canvas bags for water).
Map, original and copies, and enlargements from a small map.
Cardboard protractors.
"Sun compass."
Book of star charts.
Extra tea in the form of tablets.
1 aluminium "degchie" or "dixie" (cooking-pot).
1 very small adze (a carpenter's tool used in the East).
2 pocket Gillette shaving sets.
4 candles, } for giving red light sig-
red cloth } nals at Rendezvous X.
Small electric torch.
2 pairs of scissors.
2 iron rings, for use in the event of having to tow our kit across an unfordable river.
1 sausage of solid meat extract.
Opium.
1 bottle of "Kola" compound.
1 lb. tapioca.
Small reel of fine steel wire.
One ½-pint bottle of brandy.
Fishing tackle.

The actual clothes to be worn on starting were left to individual fancy. It was a question first of what one possessed; secondly, of what one anticipated would suit the temperatures we should meet, and best resist the wear and tear which our clothing would have to withstand. Some of us therefore decided on Indian khaki drill, others on home service serge, uniform; others again a mixture of the two. One of us had a rainproof coat cut down and converted to a tunic, which in practice was found to answer well. It was realised that we could not hope to pass for Turks by day, so no elaborate disguise was attempted. At night, however, a Turk's silhouette does not much differ, except for his head-gear, from that of a European—for a Turk is not a European, even though he is allowed a bit of European soil. We therefore decided to wear fezes, so that any one passing us at night would mistake us for Turks and ask no questions. For the daytime we would hold to our original Changri scheme of pretending to be a German survey party, and we would therefore carry either Homburg hats or British field service caps.

As to the best means of taking along all this kit, opinions were most diverse. The weary experiments which we had commenced whilst at Changri were continued with renewed zest at Yozgad, until by a system of trial and error each had worked his own particular idea into a more or less prac-

tical form. Our difficulties were enhanced by the necessity of concealing our experimental models from the eyes not only of brother Turk, but also of brother officers, so that all our tests were carried out in the somewhat confined space of the room cupboards. While so situated there was the risk of finding oneself shut in for half an hour if an officer not in the know came into the room to describe the events of the latest fox-hunt. Eventually the equipment of our party varied from a simple but enormous rucksack, with water-bottle slung separately, to a rather complicated arrangement by which the pack was balanced to some extent by biscuit-pouches, haversack, and water-bottle attached to the belt.

In all cases the total load carried, with water-bottles filled but chargals empty, amounted to close upon 50 lb.: of this 25½ lb. were food, 5 lb. water-bottle, and 12 lb. accessories and spare clothing; and the remainder the weight of the equipment itself—in one case as much as 8 lb.

A few notes as to the above food and equipment may be of interest. The soft biscuits were obtained at the last moment from an officer who had intended to decamp but was prevented from so doing by a game leg. They took the place of 1½ lb. of a kind of sun-dried meat known locally as "pastomar," similar to "biltong," but seasoned with garlic. This we had bought two or three weeks previous to the date of departure, for it was not always obtainable in the bazaar. It was therefore necessary to take it while the chance offered, in spite of the unpleasantness of having to keep such evil-smelling stuff in a living-room. Its taste to any one but the garlic-loving Oriental is as disagreeable as its scent, so that it was not altogether without relief that we found at the last moment that most of the pastomar was already breeding maggots, and we replaced it with the odd six biscuits apiece.

Having read during our captivity a good deal about Arctic exploration, we had also experimented with the local pemmican, but found it would not withstand the heat. The cheeses were from home parcels, and to save weight were taken out of their tins on the last day. The same was also done with the cocoa and ovaltine, which were then carried in bags made from handkerchiefs.

Two of the party also carried an extra pound of chocolate and some Oxo tablets, on the understanding that they were to be thrown away if the loads proved too heavy, for most of us felt that the last straw was already nearly reached.

Spare clothing was left for individuals to decide for themselves, and some of us carried some thin underclothing and a "woolley" in addition to the spare shirt and socks.

The medicines comprised quinine, aspirin, cascara sagrada, Dover's powders, and iodine,

these being supplied to us by our own doctors. Also some arrowroot and ovaltine in case any one had to diet himself. We had in addition, while at Changri, managed to obtain from the local chemist about fifteen opium pills per head. Most of us further carried either boric powder or ointment for the feet. The vermin-proof belts were to be more useful as a safeguard against chill than against vermin, as in the end we nowhere slept inside a Turkish dwelling.

With one exception all the compasses were of the poorest description, being of the more or less toy variety with a mirror on the back. Changri, however, produced one of superior pattern, which we purchased without arousing suspicion, and attempted to make more efficient with the luminous paint off the face of an old watch, but without very lasting success.

It is not easy to make a bag of canvas which will hold water, but by dint of fine stitching and a special kind of beeswax, our naval leader succeeded in producing three chargals which did yeoman service.

The map on which we were to rely was a French one, forty years old, which an officer had bought for five pounds from a Greek dentist at Kastamoni. As it happened it was not bought primarily for escape purposes, but we persuaded him to sell it to us on his leaving Changri for Geddos. In this the hill features were very indistinctly shown by vague hachuring, and even a big river such as the Kizil Irmak was in several places shown dotted, signifying not that this dried up during parts of the year, but that no one had surveyed it. An up-to-date but very small map had been received from home by means which had perhaps better remain secret, but, owing to our change of plan, showed little of our proposed route.

The "sun compass" needs some explanation. This was an invention of Captain A. B. Matthews, D.S.O., R.E., who had been a prisoner of war at Yozgad since the fall of Kut-el-Amara. Wishing to make a rough survey of the immediately surrounding country for the use of the Hunt Club, and finding that local magnetic attraction made a compass altogether unreliable, he bethought him of a simple means of utilising the sun, which in the wonderful climate of Asia Minor is rarely obscured throughout the spring, summer, or autumn. The "sun compass" consists merely of a thin wooden disc of say 5 inches diameter, with the outer edge divided into 360 degrees, and with a hole at the centre through which can be inserted a piece of stiff straight wire. A table of the sun's bearing at any hour on any day completes the instrument. In actual use the disc is held horizontally, with the graduations upwards and the wire kept vertical and protruding above the disc. Then, by turning the latter till the shadow of the wire falls on the sun's bearing plus 180

degrees, you have the disc set to read off true bearings in any direction.

Captain Matthews was also responsible for the star charts. By means of two maps of the heavens obtained from a book on travel, published by the Royal Geographical Society, he devised from first principles a "bus" consisting of three concentric cardboard discs. By means of these it was possible, almost mechanically, to read off the bearings of the brighter stars in the main constellations for any hour and any night of the year. It was thus possible to obtain a series of charts showing on which star one should march for any required bearing, and at any particular time—in our case for all hours of the nights from the 1st August to the 15th September 1918. This chart book was of value as a check on a magnetic compass by night, but, of course, assumed an elementary knowledge of at least those constellations which would be of use for the particular purpose in view.

Although we expected that, if we were to get through at all, we should have to avoid replenishing our supplies at any villages, it was necessary to take money in case we were compelled to do so as a last resource. For this purpose a certain amount of gold and silver was essential, because it was quite possible that, in paying for anything in an out-of-the-way district, the paper money would be received at its true value, namely, nothing at all. A certain amount of paper money was, however, advisable in view of the conditions we might expect if we were recaptured, as paper money was less likely to be taken away from us than gold and silver. We therefore decided to start if possible with at least £2 each in gold, £30 in paper, and two medjidies (worth four shillings each) in silver. This we succeeded in collecting, thanks to being able to cash a few cheques locally: for both the gold and the silver, however, it was necessary to pay five times their face value in paper. We bought silver coins, a few at a time, from various sentries. These men thoroughly understood our desire for them when we hinted at a pretty girl in England who would look very handsome with a necklace of medjidies round her neck.

While at Changri our party had succeeded in obtaining from other officers two *pukka* helio-mirrors, which had escaped destruction on the fall of Kut-el-Amara. With these we had fitted up a duplex heliograph, complete with signalling key and adjusting screws. Whereas, however, for the Samos scheme it would have been invaluable, for Rendezvous X its use was more problematical; and in view of the way in which essentials had gradually mounted up, it was in the end rather reluctantly decided that the helio must go by the board, as it weighed about three pounds.

Another decision now made was that in our party we

should not use violence in order to make our escape, unless it should be necessary on the coast itself to avoid throwing away a really good chance. It was recognised that if bloodshed occurred, the Turks would be quite capable of killing off the whole of our party, and possibly others, if recaptured. For this reason no attempt was made to procure firearms, though this would probably have been no more difficult than obtaining the fezes, compasses, and field-glasses.

As the time grew near for the great adventure, we entered on the last stage of our training. Every opportunity was taken of going out hunting, although the number was limited to a total field of thirty. Keenness in hockey died off, as many of us were afraid of sustaining some injury which might incapacitate us on the actual day. Running and hard walking round the garden became a regular institution in some houses; and several cupboards, if suddenly opened at almost any hour of the day and at many in the night, would have disclosed a member of an escape-party loaded up in the most extraordinary manner, and performing gymnastic exercises for the strengthening of leg and shoulder muscles.

At the same time efforts were made to build up the stamina necessary for a 400-mile march by eating the most nourishing foods obtainable, irrespective of the fact that the price of any food seemed to go up as the cube of its body-building value. To give one instance, sugar was at this time a sovereign the pound.

It was almost inevitable that, with so many preparations in progress, the secret of our intentions should leak out in the camp; and once suspicions were aroused many of our actions would go to confirm them. Thus it came about that a few days before the 30th July, the whole of the camp at Yozgad knew pretty well that attempts to escape were on foot; the shopping lists for the Changri division were alone enough to have set people talking. Everybody wanted bootlaces, straps, hobnails, rope, &c., in prodigious quantities. Unfortunately the Turks also appeared to have got wind of it. For the last week of July, sentries were visited and awakened with unheard-of frequency. Even the Commandant himself occasionally visited the different houses after dark. In the case of one house, an extra sentry was suddenly posted in the garden.

However, our preparations went quietly on; our "hosts" might have nothing really definite to go upon, and the more keen the sentries were now, the more weary they would be by the time the real day arrived. We therefore continued to make holes in walls, loosen iron bars, dig unnecessary irrigation channels in the garden, &c., &c., all as aids to egress from one house or another on the final night.

In the particular house of our original six (Cochrane and Ellis lived in another), we had come to the conclusion that our best chance was to prepare a hole through the outer wall of the kitchen belonging to our mess. This kitchen, it is necessary to explain, was built along the high enclosure wall of the garden, and was separated from the house itself by a narrow alley-way, over which one of the sentries stood guard. Next to the kitchen in the same outhouse was a little room with one small window opening on to the alley, the entrance being *viâ* the kitchen itself. This second room was used as a fowl-house, and it was here that we made up our minds to prepare a hole three-quarters of the way through the outer wall. How exactly those escaping from our house were to get across into the kitchen and finish off the hole on the final night was a problem of which the solution was only settled in detail at the last moment, and we will therefore leave our readers in a similar state of suspense. The essential was that all should be present at the evening roll-call, and yet the hole must be completed and everybody be across at precisely 9.15 P.M.

So uncertain were we of the means of effecting this that we had a second alternative in case the first scheme could not be carried out. This involved getting over the wall by ladders.

A day or two before the 30th July, representatives of the various parties met once again in solemn conclave to ensure that the various plans should not clash, and a few general instructions were issued to parties with a view to obtaining as long a start as possible. Every one was to be represented in bed on the night by a dummy; boots were to be padded, likewise the ends of khud-sticks; water-bottles were not to be filled because they gurgled — there's a fortune awaiting the man who invents a stopper to prevent them doing so; every man's equipment was to be finally tried on to make certain that it would not make any noise.

Lastly, a lamp-signal was arranged between houses in case any party should be caught just prior to leaving their house, for instance while completing a hole. If that signal were given, it would no longer be necessary for the other parties to wait until 9.15 before they started; on the contrary, they were advised to start away at once before the alarm reached the sentries in the other houses.

The 30th July arrived, but with it an unexpected complication. The news had just come through that an exchange ship was being sent out from England to fetch some of the worst cases of sick and wounded from among the British prisoners in Turkey. The boat, said the rumour, was due to arrive at some port at about the end of August, and the question therefore arose at the eleventh hour whether, if we set off now, it

might not give the Turks the pretext that our Government had informed us of the visit of this vessel and that we were making off in the hopes of getting aboard her secretly. The argument was of course, on the face of it, ridiculous, but then so is the Turk, and it would be a terrible responsibility for us if by our escape we destroyed the hopes of these poor sick and wounded men. A vote was therefore taken as to whether we would postpone the date, with the result that the motion was carried by a small majority.

This was a terrible disappointment, for it meant, we thought, another month of indecision. Moreover, there would be no hope of finding a boat still awaiting us at Rendezvous X, and it would be too late in the year for much chance of our finding crops to eat or hide in. It was the moon, however, which in the end decided that the postponement could not be for so long. On working out its time of rising, it was found that if we waited till the end of August the moon would only rise late enough to let us leave our houses at 9.15, when within four days of its disappearance. In this way we should be handicapped by having the maximum of dark, or practically dark, nights for our journey. The whole question was therefore revised in this new light, and it was decided that we must either start before the new moon came or else give up all hope of leaving in this year at all. The night 7th-8th August was then chosen. This would be a Wednesday, and the following morning a hunt-day, when the roll-call taken at dawn was confused by the movements of thirty officers dressing in haste for the day's sport.

The week's grace was spent in perfecting all our arrangements. One refinement was to collect our own and other people's hair when cut by our officer barber, and paste it on to the outside of a cloth bag stuffed with rubbish or towels made up to about the size of a man's head. These were to be the heads of our dummies. Meanwhile we were more careful with our shopping orders, and were relieved to find suspicions in the camp dying down. On the morning of the 31st July one officer, who was supposed to know nothing of the escape, had been called by his orderly and told, "They ain't gone after all, sir!"

CHAPTER V.

At last the long-deferred day had dawned—the cause rather of relief than excitement to our party, after their planning and scheming for eleven long months and active preparations for as many weeks. Our only prayer now was that we should at least have a run for our money, and be spared the ignominy of being led back into the camp

at Yozgad without the taste of even a few days' freedom.

The 7th August was a Wednesday, and at 11 A.M. the usual picnic party set off for the pine woods, the majority never dreaming for a moment of the intention of twenty-five officers—a quarter of all the officers in the camp—to escape that night. Their departure was the signal for feverish activity in completing preparations, which, by their nature, had to be left until the last day. Such, in the house then occupied by the present writers, called Hospital House, was the screwing together of the ladders required in case an alternative scheme for getting out of our house should prove necessary. Then there were rucksacks and haversacks to be finally made up, and the whole "Christmas Tree" to be tried on to ensure that there was no rattling. For reasons which will appear, it was necessary too for the Old Man and Looney to convey their kits across the alley into our kitchen and there leave them concealed, the one in a blanket and the other in a box. Meanwhile, Grunt and Perce had put the finishing touches to the hole commenced, as previously described, in the kitchen wall, until daylight could be seen through every joint in the outer skin of masonry, and until it was as certain as such things could be that the remaining stones would come away easily. Watches had to be synchronised to ensure that all six parties should start simultaneously; the fresh meat for the first two days to be issued, and so on almost *ad infinitum*. It was at this stage that we discovered the maggots in the "pastomar" or "biltong," to which reference has already been made.

That evening, before the hour when intercommunication between houses was supposed to cease, there were many visits from well-wishers living in other houses who knew of our intentions, and last arrangements were made with our British orderlies to play their part. Doubtless they did it well. One can imagine the delight with which they would put some of our dummies to bed after our departure, and as we left we heard their efforts in our house to cover our exit with the noise of a sing-song. If no alarm occurred before daylight, they were to remove the dummies after these had served their purpose at the 4 A.M. "rounds." One orderly had also volunteered to build up the hole in the wall as soon as the house and kitchen doors were unlocked.

At last all was ready, and we sat down to what, we hoped, would be our last full meal for many a day. Twenty minutes to eight came and went, the time when the *onbashi*, or Turkish corporal, usually took roll-call; but it was not till eight o'clock that evening that the six of the party in our house, who, with a Major A—— and the "King of Oireland," another escaper, formed the mess on the top floor, heard his footsteps on

the stairs. We returned his good-night with rather more than usual gusto, and waited till he had disappeared, as his custom was, into the next room. Now was the moment: Old Man and Looney slipped out of the room and downstairs into the kitchen, the door of which, with the side-door of the house, was allowed to remain open every night until our orderlies had "washed up." These two were to go across in their shirt sleeves and carrying plates, so that, if he noticed them at all, the sentry posted over the alley separating the main building from the out-house would naturally mistake them for orderlies. In the excitement of the moment, however, Old Man had forgotten to bring down his coat; and Looney, now safely ensconced in the kitchen, wondered why he had not followed him across. Next minute, however, there was a tremendous crash and a tinkle of broken crockery; for the Old Man, discovering his loss, had turned back and slipped on the stairs. Nothing could have exceeded in realism this unintentional imitation of an orderly. Moreover, the accident induced a change of mind, with the result that he lost no further time in crossing to the kitchen, sending back Orderly M—— to fetch the missing article, which arrived in due course.

Now followed an anxious few minutes. Sometimes it happened that the *onbashi* would miscount an officer or man, or count one twice over, and the check would then be repeated throughout the house. We realised that if this occurred on the present night it would be necessary for Old Man and Looney to reappear from the kitchen, and for scheme No. 2 to come into operation. Incidentally their kits, then in the outhouse, would have to be brought back in the blanket and box by our orderlies. Scheme No. 2 was to leave the house, carrying ladders, through a window on the eastern side; after which would follow a ticklish crawl between two sentries forty yards apart to the garden wall nine feet in height. The bars of the window in question had been loosened and cracked by Looney, with Old Man watching the sentries' movements, during some amateur theatricals held in the house on the previous night. To our relief, however, this plan had not to be put into execution. As was his custom, the *onbashi* locked the house and kitchen doors, and as soon as his footsteps had died away the advance-guard of our party were able to complete the opening of the wall. It was now about 8.20 P.M.; the work went on quickly but quietly; a few minutes only and the clear starlit sky was visible through the rapidly enlarging aperture. Then came another anxious moment; for as the two were relieving one another at the work, there suddenly appeared at the half-completed task the head of a mongrel dog. One growl or bark would suffice to draw the attention of the

watchmen over the vegetable gardens outside, who did not hesitate to fire off their ancient rifles on the slightest alarm; but the dog after one look in at the hole strolled on, and the good work was soon after resumed. One large stone, however, seemed likely to give trouble; indeed, it had almost been decided to let it remain, when it suddenly came away, and crashed noisily to the ground. But the sound, if heard at all, fell on deaf ears—although it must have been at about this very time that some of the party, still in the house and overlooking the wall, saw a man standing within a score of yards from the hole.

Their work completed, Old Man and Looney proceeded to screen it from any one passing casually along, by affixing a square of canvas over the outside with "blobs" of beeswax. It now only remained to arrange for the easy withdrawal of the staple of the kitchen door, so that the latter could be opened from the outside, although padlocked; then, having donned haversack, water-bottle and pack, to await the arrival of the remaining six from this house, four of our own and two of another party.

Their plan depended on the aid of Pat, an officer debarred from escaping himself by a crooked knee, but willing enough to help others to liberty. Punctually at 9.15, the hour at which the parties in the different houses were allowed to start, Pat's clear tones could be heard calling to the sentry on the alley-way, "Nebuchi, nebuchi, jigara dushdu," which, being interpreted, means, "Sentry, sentry, I've dropped my cigarettes." And indeed he had; one hundred scattered about a cabbage-bed should keep the sentry busy for some time. But the wretched man nearly upset all calculations, for, wearied with a quarter of an hour's duty, he was already almost asleep. Pat, however, was not to be denied, and five minutes later was no doubt explaining to the delighted old fellow from the upper window how he could have a few cigarettes himself and return the remainder next morning. In the meantime the other six were able to cross unobserved to the kitchen. They had been waiting, ready loaded up with their kits in a ground-floor room used as a carpenter's shop. This had a door, normally disused and locked, but easily opened and leading on to the alley-way. We sometimes wonder whether the sentry was foolish enough to mention to his relief about the cigarettes he had been given. At the time of writing we are still ignorant how long it was before our departure was discovered.

When Old Man and Looney had rushed off to the kitchen the other six of the second-floor mess had remained at table, talking and smoking as usual. The Turkish corporal taking roll-call reappeared from the room beyond the dining-room, and was told not to forget the "yourt" for the next day. "Yourt," a kind of junket, is a staple diet of the

Turk, and most of the prisoners became very partial to it. As it was hard to come by except through the medium of a sentry, it was their custom to remind him each evening, so that he might have some faint chance of remembering about it next morning.

A few minutes later they heard the kitchen door being looked, and heaved a sigh of relief. The advance-party had had enough time to get across to the kitchen, and roll had been correctly called the first time. Major A—— in our mess, who was not escaping, had offered to watch the Upper House for the alarm-signal, and he was left sitting in the mess-room, while the others set to work on various jobs. Grunt and Perce removed all obstructions to exit from the carpenter's shop door, and Nobby and Johnny took the four ladders from their hiding-place in a wood-store and tied bits of felt round the ends to deaden the sound when they should be placed against the wall. After this the ladders were taken into the cellar, whence scheme No. 2 would have to be worked. They then went upstairs to the bedroom, where their escape paraphernalia was stored. Here they hung towels and blankets over the windows, and started to dress by the light of a candle. It was a queer sight indeed. They were, at this point, joined by an escaping officer from a downstair mess and Pat. The latter was dresser-in-chief, and helped them on with their equipment. He was very miserable that he was not going himself, but under the circumstances, it would have been madness for him to think of marching over broken country by night. He now employed spare moments by repeating the sentences that he had learnt up for the benefit of the cigarette-dropping incident, on which depended the best scheme of getting out of the house. The bedroom was the one in which Old Man, Grunt, and Johnny slept, and those in the room now set to work to make up the dummies in the three beds. The heads had already been fashioned, and, with a few clothes stuffed under the blankets and the heads placed in position, the beds were soon occupied with three graceful figures in attitudes of deep repose. The small piece of towel forehead that could be seen over the edge of the blanket looked perhaps a trifle pale, but, apart from that, the beds seemed quite natural. They could not resist the temptation of calling the Major away from the mess window for a moment, just to have a look at the sleeping beauties, and he returned chuckling to his post. Water-bottles were then filled about one-third full with a thick liquid paste of cocoa. Although water was not to be carried at the start, on account of the impossibility of preventing a gurgle in the water-bottle, the cocoa paste was permissible, for, being only just liquid enough to pour, it made no noise. We

had decided in the morning to leave the bedroom before 9 P.M., at which time the sentries changed. A few minutes before this hour, the six officers gave their feet a gouty appearance by tying felt padding on to their boots, and then started down to the carpenter's shop. On his way, Johnny turned into the orderlies' room to say good-bye, thanking them hurriedly for their help, without which the preparations for the escape would have been almost impossible. A few days later he found in the pocket of his jersey, which had been mended by an orderly belonging to the Norfolk regiment, a small piece of paper on which was written, "Good-bye, and good luck, sir —B.," and he still has it in his possession. Going downstairs, they met an officer prisoner, who, not having been admitted to the secret, nearly had a fit at the sight of six such extraordinary objects. Grunt looked in at another orderlies' room above the exit, and asked them to blow out their lamp and make a noise. The six then crept quietly into the carpenter's shop, and waited breathlessly by the door. Sentries were changed, and once again all became still. One lived every second of that waiting. Then came Pat's first sentence—a pause; it was repeated, then again and again. After the party had heard him shouting for many hours (perhaps thirty seconds, as time is reckoned by a watch), the sentry answered. His form was just visible as he passed by a small iron-barred window, and now was the opportunity. An open door, three steps across the alley-way, a fumble with the kitchen door staple; another open door, a turn to the left, bend down or you'll knock your head off getting into the fowl-house, starlight showing in a black wall, through head first and almost on your face into long grass, and there you are—a free man.

Looney and Old Man, being already on the spot, had been granted the privilege of leading through the hole, the remainder following in an order arranged by lot, since ours was not the only party represented. It so happened that the two of the other party were sandwiched between the other four of ours, and this caused a temporary separation; for at the best it took an appreciable time to crawl through the wall and pick oneself up on the other side, but these two were especially slow. Grunt too had lost time when it came to his turn. Impatiently waiting to see the starry sky once more when the then broad form of Johnny should have ceased to obscure the hole, he eventually discovered that the cause of the darkness was not that Johnny had jammed, but that the canvas flap had fallen, and was covering the hole all too effectively.

Our main object at this stage was to avoid disturbing the garden chowkidars, and therefore each as he emerged lost no time in creeping along the high garden wall, and dropping

down into the friendly shelter of the river bed. For all its "hundred springs"—the meaning of the name "Yozgad"—the river for the greater part of the year consisted merely of a shallow and dirty stream, not more than ten feet broad, although its banks were as many yards apart, and from five to eight feet in height. It was along this that we all turned down-stream, Johnny now taking the lead. A few days previously he had suddenly developed a passionate interest in natural history. A polite letter, in which the word "ornithological" played a great part, was written to the Commandant, and Johnny was permitted to join two real naturalists in an expedition starting at 4 A.M. on our last Sunday morning at Yozgad. These two had been at Changri with us, so they knew we had intentions of escaping, and Johnny told them in which direction his party wished to start off, and this direction was now taken. Johnny counted his steps, noted landmarks which would be visible by starlight, and was able to draw a rough map of the country. All three dug at intervals for imaginary field-mice, until the sentry with them thought they were more insane than even the average Englishman, and said so. In the end, however, the strain of this great thought overpowered him and he fell asleep, giving Johnny the opportunity he required. He climbed a hill, took bearings, and was able to see our future route to within half a mile of a rugged piece of country known to the local hunt club as "Hades." On the return journey the three came back along the edge of the stream, which ran past the bottom of our garden wall, and in which we have just left the six of our party. The plan formed upon this reconnaissance and now carried out was to follow the river-bed until nearly clear of the most westerly houses of the town, then to turn right-handed up a stony track, passing between two high walls till the track ended. A few more paces to the west would then take us into the open country. These few paces, however, would be along a main road directly in front of two or three houses on the outskirts of the town, but the alternative of following the river-bed farther and then turning up would necessitate passing through vegetable-gardens, which, as already mentioned, were zealously guarded. In the event, the original plan was justified by success, despite the fact that the six of us, at this time unintentionally split up into parties of four and two, passed fully in view of a man sitting on one of the verandahs overlooking the road. It was probably thanks to our fezes that we escaped detection, for other disguise we had none. It was lucky that we had taken the precaution to cover our boots with felt pads, for the ring of an Englishman's boots on a metalled road would, we know, have aroused the envy and suspicion of any Turk who

heard it, accustomed as he is to the soft footfall of the country sandal or "chariq."

Once comfortably clear of the town, the leading four could afford to wait for the other two to come up, and with their arrival we began to enjoy our first taste of freedom from Turkish toils. The only question to disturb us now was whether Cochrane and Ellis had got out safely from their house. So far, at any rate, there had been no sounds of an alarm. We therefore lost no time in setting off to the rendezvous, where we hoped to join up as a complete party of eight. This was to be at the bottom of the "Hades" ravine, at the point where it was crossed by the telegraph line to Angora. The distance from our houses, as the crow flies, was perhaps two miles, for which, taking into consideration the darkness of the night and the difficulty of the country, we had allowed two and a quarter hours. At 11.30 P.M., any one who had failed to appear was to be considered recaptured or lost, and those who had arrived were to go on. An absurdly liberal allowance of time you may say; but even the six whose movements we have followed, and who had the advantage of Johnny's guidance over a route reconnoitred by day, took till 11 P.M. to cover these two miles. We were experiencing, some of us for the first time, the difficulties of a night march. In addition, it was our first trial of carrying our loads, weighing nearly fifty pounds, anywhere outside a cupboard. No wonder then that our progress was slow, and at one time we began to think that we must have already crossed the line of telegraph which was to lead us down into "Hades" itself. But there it was at last, and we were soon slipping down—only too literally—into the ravine.

Our first act, after quenching our thirst, was to fill up our water-bottles. As 11.30 approached, with still no sign of Cochrane and Ellis, we began to wonder whether, perhaps, they might not have gone on to another ravine in "Hades," and be awaiting the rest of us there; so some commenced scouting around, while others remained to show their position by periodical flashes with a cigarette lighter. At 11.30 we decided to give them another quarter of an hour; to delay after that would be to jeopardise the remainder of the party, for it was already only four hours to dawn. Great, therefore, was our relief when, at the last moment of this time of grace, we saw two forms appear on the skyline, and presently heard the rattle of loose shale as they picked their way towards our flashes. So far so good; and we were soon exchanging mutual congratulations on joining up, and saying that even this one night's breath of freedom, after two and a half years' captivity, would be worth all the trouble of our preparations.

But we must go back for a moment and narrate the ex-

periences of the late-comers in leaving their house.

This was called the Upper House, and to the east overlooked the main street below, but was separated from it by three shallow terraces, which boasted some treasured vegetables and a few fruit trees. To the north the ground fell steeply by two high terraces to a small patch of ground enclosed by walls. It was here that we used to play the four-a-side hockey. The upper terrace on this northern face was visible to a sentry at the main gate of the Hospital House, which was on the other side of a road running along the hockey ground wall. The two remaining sides of the house abutted on tumble-down cottages, from which they were separated by a narrow alley. At the north-western and south-western corners sentries were posted. The number of officers escaping from this house was five. The bars of a window on the side facing the main street had been cut with the aid of a steel saw, and at 9.15 P.M. the five climbed down a rope-ladder to the ground. Skirting the edge of the house at intervals of two minutes they crept quietly through the garden and reached the lower of the two terraces on the north side, keeping well under the high bank. Here they passed within three yards of the sentry's box, on the top of the bank above them. Absolute silence was necessary, and this was the reason that the two had been so late in arriving at the rendezvous, for each step had to be taken with extreme care.

The terrace a few yards beyond the sentry's box sloped down into the large market-garden to the west of the Hospital House. On the south side of this was a wall, along which they picked their way. Here, too, great caution was required. Look-out huts had to be passed within a few yards, but finally they were across the garden. A high wall had now to be climbed, but fortunately it was in bad repair and afforded good foot-holds. Here Cochrane and Ellis heard voices. An old woman had seen S—— and R—— and was wanting to know what they were doing. Our two did not wait to hear much more. Turning right, they were on the same stony track up which the first party had turned from the river-bed, and now they followed Johnny's route till they finally struck the telegraph post and arrived at "Hades."

Ellis had arrived puffing and blowing, but there was no time to be lost if we were to be at anything like a safe distance from Yozgad before dawn broke.

Five minutes before midnight, then, we started off a complete party, and were soon scrambling up the northern side of "Hades" on to the plateau above. Having left the line of telegraph poles for the sake of an easier ascent, we were unable at once to find it again. We therefore decided that, although it had been our original in-

tention to follow the telegraph wires as likely to lead over a passable line of country, we would waste no further time in a search for them, but would set off by compass and stars in a due westerly direction, and hope to pick them up again later on. The ground proved favourable: our course took us over fairly level country, a considerable portion of which was under cultivation, and for some time we were walking over stubble. Although there was no moon, our eyes rapidly accustomed themselves to the bright starlight, and hopeful progress was made, but not without occasional alarms. The first occurred within an hour of leaving "Hades." Looney was temporarily relieving Cochrane of his task of guiding the party, when the leading six suddenly found that the other two had disappeared, and inwardly cursed them for straggling. In reality, what had happened was this: the party, moving in no regular formation, had got a little separated, when suddenly the two in the rear had seen the glowing tip of a cigarette moving obliquely towards them, and immediately afterwards descried the shadowy forms of three mounted men. Quick as thought they lay down and waited till the horsemen had passed; the rest moved on in blissful ignorance of their danger, until, on turning for the others, they too saw the cigarette and realised what had happened. Those three men were almost certainly gendarmes. Apart from this, we occasionally found ourselves coming upon little groups of huts and villages, and these necessitated wasteful detours. We had, moreover, an uncomfortable feeling that we were leaving behind us a rather obvious track through the crops where yet uncut.

About 2 A.M. we once more picked up the line of telegraph poles, and were all the more glad to follow them as we saw difficult country ahead, and they were likely to lie along a practicable route. Practicable it was, but then it is practicable to reach the bottom of most slopes if you are prepared to sit down and slide; for that is what we had to do for the latter part of the descent into the steep-sided ravine, across which our telegraph line now led us. At least, however, we had the satisfaction of a much-needed drink from the crystal-clear water of a mountain stream. Here indeed would have been an ideal hiding-place for the coming day; we could have bathed and drunk to our hearts' content, shielded both from sun and view by enormous rocks which towered above us, almost on the water's edge. But we were only seven or eight miles from Yozgad, and an hour lost now meant one to be made up later on. After a drink, therefore, we climbed up the farther slope, to find as we struggled on that we were once more coming into open country, with less and less prospect of a suitable hiding-place. To turn back was out of the ques-

tion, and the first light of dawn caught us still moving forward, and within sight of a village. The sun had not risen before men and women were on every side of us, going out to work in their fields. We came to a stream running through a grove of trees, but it was too near the village to remain there. Our freedom was to be short-lived, we thought, as we took a hurried drink and proceeded across more open country. Eventually, at 4.50, we dropped down into a tiny nullah on the open hillside. The only merit of this spot was that it was not directly visible from the village. We realised, however, that we could hardly hope still further to escape observation from the fields if we continued to lie there all day, so Looney agreed to scout around for something better. A more hopeful nullah, with banks in places five feet high, was reported half a mile beyond the next low crest. To that therefore we moved in broad daylight, glad to find that we should at least have some water, for a muddy trickle flowed down the nullah bed. Without this the heat would have been intolerable, for, until late in the day, the banks proved too shelving to provide shade from the sun. Even with water, Turkish-bath conditions are conducive neither to sleep nor appetite. Not one of us slept a wink that day. As to the day's ration, it was with difficulty that we forced ourselves to eat a quarter of a pound of salted meat and nine ounces of home-made biscuit—not an excessive amount, even when you add to it one and a half ounces a head of chocolate, which Grunt produced from the store of extras he was voluntarily carrying.

We reckoned that we were perhaps ten miles' distance from Yozgad. After the events of the morning we entertained little hope of our whereabouts not having been reported, but we were to learn that we flattered ourselves as to the interest we aroused among the country people. The fact at least remained that we were left undisturbed in our somewhat obvious hiding-place: the only signs of life that we saw during the day were a shepherd with his flock of sheep grazing a quarter of a mile away, and a Turkish soldier who, in the early evening, came down to our nullah a little below us, and was probably himself a deserter and so a fugitive like ourselves. Towards dusk we stood up and watched a stream of men and carts returning to their villages after the day's work in the fields.

By 7.30 all was clear, and we lost no time in making our way to the line of telegraph poles which we could see disappearing over the crest of the next rise. Alongside we found a splendid track, which we were able to follow over undulating country for several miles. Nobby was in trouble with his "chariqs"; in spite of experiments carried out for weeks beforehand he

had not succeeded in getting a pair which did not gall him in one place or another. This was serious, as he was relying on these country sandals to carry him down to the coast, for strong English boots were hard to come by. On this night, after several delays as one after another of his spares was tried and rejected, he was eventually able to wear a pair lent him by Cochrane.

Twilight had now faded, and we were dependent once more on the light of the stars. The track, easily distinguishable while it kept to the telegraph poles, had begun to wind about as the country became more undulating, and in a little while could no longer be followed with any certainty. We therefore ceased to worry about the track and trusted to the telegraph to lead us towards Angora, until this too failed us, for it went too much to the north of west. We therefore proceeded on our proper course by compass.

We had started in the evening, feeling unexpectedly fresh, and it says much for our training that the first night's march had left none of us in the least bit stiff. Nevertheless the day in the hot sun and the lack of all sleep had tried us more severely than we thought, and we were now beginning to feel the effects. The idea had been to have the regulation five minutes' halt at the end of every hour's marching, but we soon found that we were taking ten minutes' rest every half hour. We were, moreover, consumed with an appalling thirst; even at night the heat off the ground in this arid tract of land was stifling, while the parched and cracked surface held out little hope of there being water in the vicinity. At 11.30 we decided we must have a long halt, in the hopes of a little sleep; Johnny and Looney agreed to share the watch. We marched on again considerably refreshed soon after midnight: our main anxiety now was for water. Two hours later we saw looming ahead a low ridge of hills, and decided to go and wait there until dawn should reveal the most likely direction for a drink. A little searching round then showed us a fair-sized stream in the next valley to the south-west: in Asia Minor, however, where there is a perennial stream, there is fairly certain to be a village or two, and so it proved in this case; but water we must have; besides, on the hillside, where we had rested till daylight, there now appeared a shepherd with his flock. Hastily gathering up our kit, we dodged up dry and rocky nullahs and over the next ridge. Once more it was broad daylight before we settled down for the day in our hiding-place, in rocky ground intersected with crevices just wide enough for a man to lie in. On the way we had to descend a steep slope covered with loose shale, and this proved a sore test for important portions of our clothing, for it was impossible to keep to one's feet. When four of the party

went to the stream below us to fill up the water-bottles, they found they were within a few hundred yards of another village, so that one visit to water had to suffice for the rest of the day. They had been seen by at least one boy who was looking after a flock of sheep near the stream. We were lucky, however, to discover, close above our hiding-place, a tiny spring, from which, thanks to a couple of water-holes dug with the adze by Perce, it was possible to collect about two mugfuls of water in an hour. Cochrane now told off the party into watches by pairs; but, on watch or off, there was little or no sleep to be had. During the morning we made a fire and "brewed" a little arrowroot and cocoa, and had three ounces of chocolate apiece. All of these Grunt and Ellis had carried in addition to their ordinary share of rations, and, try as we would, we found that, owing to the heat, we could not eat more than one and a half out of the ration of three biscuits allowed for that day. Of course this saved food, but it also meant the gradual exhaustion of one's strength, and no reduction in the weight to be carried next day.

Our progress on the first two nights had not been up to expectation, for we reckoned that we were still within eighteen miles of Yozgad, whereas we had hoped to cover something over twelve miles a day. If we were unable to maintain our average when we were fresh and not yet pinched for food, we could hardly hope to do better after days of marching and semi-starvation. Our advance on the third night was to provide little encouragement, for we barely made good another eight miles.

Having waited until 8 P.M. before we dared to descend to the stream, we halted there in the dark for a deep drink and the refilling of our water-vessels. Half an hour later we left the valley and found ourselves in a network of hills, from which we only emerged into open country shortly before eleven o'clock, passing but one small channel of very bad water on the down-stream side of a village. Our course now lay across an arid plain, featureless except for a few village tracks and low cone-shaped hills; and we began to wonder whether dawn would not find us without water or cover, when at 2 A.M. we dropped into a patch of broken country, and decided we would rest there till daylight. As a look round then disclosed no better hiding-place, we settled down where we were for the day. We found the remains of an old spring, but it was dry. Thanks to the chargals, most of our water-bottles were still three-quarters full; but this was little enough with which to start a day in the tropical sun. Most of us rigged ourselves partial shelters with our towels and spare shirts, supported on khud-sticks. We

gained, however, little protection against the fierce rays. But all things come to an end—even this seemingly interminable day; yet it was to be nothing compared to the night which followed.

CHAPTER VI.

There was not a drop of water in any of our bottles when, at 6.30 that evening, we emerged from our hiding-place and made our way down towards the open valley which had been running south of us and nearly parallel to our course of the preceding night; for this direction seemed to offer the best prospect of water. On the far side of the valley rose the wood-covered slopes of the Tchitchek Dagh, or Flower Mountain. Far away to the west we could see the purple ridges of the Denek Dagh, slightly to the north of which we hoped to cross the Kizil Irmak. Our hopes rose high as we saw beneath us a narrow streak of green which betokened the existence of the longed-for water; but if, in England, where there's a dog there's a man, in Turkey where there's a stream there are sheep. We soon found that all the flocks of the countryside were settling down for the night on the banks of our promised water-supply, while farther to the north-west our way was barred by the inevitable village. There was nothing for it but to lie where we were till the twilight had gone, and then to cut south-west with the idea of hitting the nullah at a point above the flocks. On doing so we were much dismayed to find that the nullah was dry. By this time we were all fairly "cooked"; Ellis, in addition, was suffering from a strained heart—for such it now turns out to have been. For half an hour we carried his kit and helped him along between us, but he still could not keep up, and at 9.30 we decided to leave him behind, in a dry nullah we were following at the time, with Grunt, who volunteered to stay with him while the rest went on to find water—if they could. The six plodded on with frequent halts, and resorted for the first time to the bottle of "Kola" tablets, which provided a much-needed stimulant. The country was still an arid waste with here and there a dry nullah, each one like the rest; and as time went on without a sign of water, those of us with Cochrane began to wonder how we would ever find the derelict pair again. A solitary light twinkled away to our left, another far ahead. Were these from villages or were they shepherds' fires? On trudged the six on their western course towards a jagged ridge which now met their view. An hour and a half after leaving the pair they crossed a narrow embank-

ment, which they recognised as that of a light railway, then under construction, between Angora and Sivas, for we had seen another bit of this on our way from Angora to Yozgad.[1] At length they came to water—a stagnant lake it proved and brackish, but at least it was water. Curiously enough, they discovered they were not as thirsty as they had imagined, but a paddle was most refreshing.

After forty minutes' halt, Cochrane, Johnny, and the Old Man loaded themselves up with the chargals and all except three of the water-bottles, and leaving their packs behind set forth on their urgent quest for Grunt and Ellis. The remaining three divided up the watches between them until dawn. Nobby and Looney had a midnight bathe, finding one place even deep enough to swim in; but it was chilly work drying on a couple of silk handkerchiefs sewn together which served as towel, scarf, or sunshade indiscriminately. Sleep was impossible, for the bank swarmed with mosquitoes and sand-flies, so after a while Nobby went a-fishing with a sultana for bait, but without result. At 2 A.M. the monotony was broken by the arrival of a dog, which stood a few yards away and proceeded to bark for about ten minutes. That light we had seen ahead, and which was now close by, was probably a village fire, so the three just lay low until, to their relief, the owner of the beast came and called it off, not worrying apparently to find out at what it was barking.

In the meantime Cochrane and the two others had to get back to the nullah where Grunt and Ellis had been left. They recrossed the railway embankment and eventually struck a nullah. As they proceeded this petered out, and the three started wandering over the country, whistling now and again, but they got no answer. At 2.45 A.M. they again struck the embankment and walked along it for an hour, but could not pick up their bearings. Accordingly they halted and waited for the light. After being heated by the strenuous marching, they soon began to shiver violently with the cold and had to take quinine.

As prearranged in the event of the others not having returned, Nobby, Perce, and Looney had at dawn moved off into hiding in the hills to the west, having first concealed the packs of the search-party under a ledge of the bank and covered them with reeds and grass. From the top of the ridge they overlooked the desolate country traversed the night before. Close below them stood an Arab encampment with its black camel-hair tents, from which both the light and dog had doubtless proceeded. A few ponies grazed near the water, now seen to be one of a series of pools lying stagnant

[1] Many of the British rank and file prisoners were employed on this, nearer Angora.

in a river bed. A man appeared leading a string of camels. The three were thinking that little prospect now remained of joining up again that day, when suddenly the watchers saw figures hurrying across the plain, and recognised with relief that they were Cochrane, the Old Man, and Johnny.

At the first sign of dawn they had marched eastwards for a quarter of an hour, and then had to give it up as a bad job, having failed to pick up their bearings. Accordingly, they turned round and walked westwards along the embankment as fast as they could. An hour and twenty minutes later they reached the point at which they had crossed on the previous night, and made for the water where the packs had been left. Here they could see Nobby's party flashing a mirror. It was now broad daylight. On their westward march they had passed a big railway working camp, and people were moving about. It was no use, therefore, for all three to risk being seen, so Johnny, after a long drink, put on his pack (in case it should prove impossible to join up as a complete party again), loaded himself up with three additional water-bottles and the big chargal, and started off once more to find Grunt and Ellis. Cochrane and the Old Man went off to join up with Nobby's party, having arranged to come down to the water the same evening to show Johnny the way. The latter, looking like a pantechnicon, passed several people in the distance and one man on a donkey at a few yards. Finally he spotted the tracks of the previous night, and eventually came upon the correct nullah. It could now be seen that there were three very similar shallow valleys running parallel to one another, and that is how the searchers must have lost their way the night before.

At 6.45 A.M. Johnny saw Grunt's head showing above the edge of the nullah. Grunt was almost done to the world and looked ghastly. Except for a little brandy (our emergency ration), he and Ellis had had nothing to drink for twenty hours. They had each tried to take an opium pill during the night, but simply could not swallow it. The very brackish water Johnny had brought provided Grunt with what he considered the best drink of his life. Ellis's thirst was unquenchable. On the previous night they had heard some one whistling in the distance, but had not dared to call out.

The three set about collecting sticks in the nullah and brewing some strong tea, which refreshed them immensely. Except for two halts for three-quarters of an hour, Johnny had been on the go for over twelve hours, loaded for the last hour and a quarter with a weight of about 67 lb., owing to the extra water he was carrying. The day was passed trying unsuccessfully to get some shade with coats placed over sticks. Johnny slept only twenty minutes that day,—it was a trying time.

The party was split up, and Heaven alone knew when we should be able to join up again. However, they had two more brews of strong tea—one at 2 P.M. and one at 5. The heat was too great for them to eat anything.

Meanwhile the Old Man and Cochrane had rejoined the three on the hill, who prepared them a welcome mugful of tea. On the way up they had noticed a small cave to which it was decided to move, in preference to their present exposed position. Eight o'clock accordingly found the five huddled up within the cave, thankful at least that they would be sheltered from the sun for the day, but miserable at the thought of what the other three must be going through.

An hour later a man appeared at the entrance, whom they at first understood to be a shepherd. He said he had seen the three arriving at dawn, and watched the five move down to the cave, but that they had nothing to fear. At the same time he rather anxiously inquired whether they had firearms. Without Grunt to interpret, the five were somewhat at a loss to follow the conversation that ensued, but, in dealing with this unwelcome visitor, they at least had the benefit of Cochrane's former experience of the art of escaping. The uninvited guest was welcomed in, and was soon afterwards squatting down and enjoying some of the party's precious 'baccy and biscuits. The ease with which he bit off pieces of the latter testified to the excellence of his teeth. When he was once more in a position to resume the conversation, he led his hearers to believe that he had already sent a message to the nearest gendarmes and was now awaiting their arrival. Possibly he was misunderstood, for cross-examination elicited the fact that as yet no one else knew of the fugitives' whereabouts, and it became evident that he would not be above accepting a bribe—a failing for which the Turk is perhaps more famed than for any other of his peculiarities. Casting longing eyes upon the clothing which protruded from an open pack, he asked to have a look at a shirt. This seemed to be to his taste, so it was thought expedient to offer it to him as a gift. It was not disdained. That "woolley," too, looked warm and useful. He might as well have that. A skein of rope now caught his eye, so that also changed hands. Had they any gold? was his next demand. One must cry a halt somewhere to such greed, so the five regretted they had not, but later had to compromise and gave him paper money. With the addition of some more 'baccy and biscuits he appeared temporarily satisfied, and agreed to bring along some water and sour milk from the Arab encampment. Nobby requested him to conceal his gifts, which he did by the simple expedient of winding shirt, "woolley," and rope round his waist beneath his cummerbund. True to his word, he reappeared shortly afterwards with a skin of water and a copper bowl full

of sour milk, promising to bring more in the evening. He insisted, however, that his protégés should not show themselves outside the cave. To this they agreed, although the latter was too cramped to be comfortable,—nowhere was it wide or level enough to permit of any real rest of body, and peace of mind was out of the question so long as the fate of the missing three remained uncertain. It was decided not to risk a "brew," although the "shepherd" had said they might safely do so, and fuel in the shape of dried camel-thorn lay ready to hand.

As evening fell, the friend was back again, this time bringing water only. His appreciation of the biscuits and tobacco, however, remained unqualified.

Conversation was turning to lighter subjects, when it was interrupted by the entrance of another chance (?) comer, who made no bones as to the price of his silence, and proved a much more difficult customer to square. He eventually accepted five liras in gold—the party had discovered that they had some after all—together with some more paper notes. He also said he was badly in need of a watch, so Cochrane handed over his, omitting to mention, by the way, that it could only be coaxed to go for a few hours at a time! Even so, it was not until 7.15 that our cave-dwellers were able to get rid of this persistent stranger. The next step was to effect a reunion with the missing three. By the light of the young moon they accordingly moved off clear of the cave, the track past which constituted a danger; and No. 1 scallywag was then informed that the five were not the only members of the party, and that the other three must be collected before they themselves could go on. In case the others should have been recaptured, it was thought advisable not to send still another member of the party back to the pond, for fear the spot where they had been should now be watched. No. 1 was therefore impressed for the task, and provided with a note to show the absentees, if they arrived, and instructed to come back if they had not returned within three hours. At the best the Turk has a poor idea of time. Two hours later he was back without the missing three, but once more accompanied by No. 2. No explanation was either asked for or given as to the latter's reappearance: it was quite evident that the two had been in league from the beginning.

They now put forward a proposition: the Turkish authorities, they said, were very much concerned about the escape of the twenty-five officers from Yozgad. All the roads and paths round about were being watched, and that very morning about sixty soldiers had been seen passing by the locality, presumably looking for them. They suggested the party should lie hidden in the cave for another three days, while things quietened down a

bit, after which they would themselves come along with us and clear out of the country. Their story seemed likely enough: they had at least named the correct number of officers who had escaped. Moreover, it was impossible to think of going on without a final search for the others. The five therefore fell in with the proposal provisionally and returned to the cave. Looney then went down to the pool in the company of the two "guides," to look around for the missing three. These had started down their nullah at 6 P.M., and taken things very slowly with long halts for Ellis. In any case, it would have been dangerous to cross the line again during daylight. They therefore stopped in some shrubs a quarter of a mile short of the embankment, and waited until 7.30 P.M. before marching straight for the pool, which they then reached in half an hour. Cochrane was nowhere to be seen. All three now stripped, and had their first wash for five days. Where they were the pool was very shallow, and they discovered that the only way to wash the soap off was to lie first on the back and then on the face. Cleaning the teeth they found refreshed them greatly. Despite all the water and tea he had had during the day, Grunt drank twelve pint mugfuls of the brackish water straight off the reel. This may sound incredible, but the fact remains. After their bathe they dressed and felt very clean. To sit and wait for Cochrane was the next thing to do. The night was cool, and it was no use all keeping awake, so Johnny took the first watch, while the others tried to sleep; but the sand-flies and mosquitoes saw to it well that they did not get the chance.

At 11 P.M. approaching steps could be heard,—Grunt and Ellis crept down the bank into hiding, and Johnny waited on the top. As the shapes became visible, he was horrified to find that he did not recognise them, and thought he was in for it, till Looney spoke. The latter gave a hurried explanation of the presence of the two murderous-looking strangers with him.

The four officers and the two brigands reached the cave about 11.30 P.M. Here was quite the stage-setting for villainy of the deepest dye. Two slopes meeting in a V stood out very clearly against the bright starlit night. In the V a small crater was filled with the most ruffianly-looking fellows in fezes, which English and Turks wore alike. The peaceful shepherds, as we sometimes called them, talked a lot and again agreed to come with us. They tried on our packs and strappings. Cut-throat No. 1 appeared to be keen on joining us; No. 2 we thoroughly distrusted. At one side of the crater was the entrance to the cave, at the end of which burned a candle, throwing flickering shadows into the crater outside, and lighting up first one unshaven and haggard face and then

another. The peaceful shepherds took their departure exactly at midnight—another touch of true melodrama—each the richer by about thirty paper liras and some gold ones. The first shepherd promised to bring some more milk and water in the morning.

It was too cramped in the cave, so we slept in the ravine outside—a long sleep of nearly four hours. This was as much as we had had in the previous five days. Grunt had slept least. The day Johnny took him the water Grunt took some opium and slept for half an hour in the afternoon, and this, with five minutes now and again at halts on the march and his longer sleeps during the day, made a total of under four and three-quarter hours out of one hundred and seventeen. Without sleep, days spent in the hot sun and nights in carrying fifty pounds over difficult country without any moon at all are apt to take it out of one, and this we found was the case. We were becoming visibly thinner.

Next morning the second peaceful shepherd told us that yet a third peaceful shepherd had discovered our whereabouts, and though he did not put in an appearance, his friend, kindly acting on his behalf, took another thirty liras from us. This decided us to go off that very night, as our money affairs would not stand the constant drain. To be once more a complete party, however, was a great relief. Although cramped for room—for we crowded ourselves into the smallest possible space at the dark end of the cave—we were out of the burning sun. Our spirits went up and we were all cheery, quite a change from other days. By 11.30 A.M. we had already made three quite good jokes. We were able to eat more, most of us managing several biscuits and two ounces of cheese. This also could be accounted for by the shade. The cheese was excellent, and was called by the endearing cheesy diminutive of "Chedlet." It was eaten in the approved style, with a penknife and by cutting pieces off towards the thumb. At about noon we all momentarily held our breath, for we thought we heard footsteps. No one appeared, however, and after a while we discovered the noise came from a tortoise, which was scratching the ground at the entrance to the cave.

During this day a decision was arrived at which affected the whole trend of events. As the two brigands were going with us, we determined to change our course and make almost due south, thereby reducing the length of our march to the coast by about a hundred miles. By taking this route we should, of course, have no boat to meet us, but we relied on our guides to get a dhow. We thereupon proceeded to cut down the food supply and kit which had been necessary for the longer journey, and rely on our delightful friends to purchase food for us from any convenient villages we might pass. Travelling

lighter, we should be able to move more quickly. We knew that the Salt Desert had to be crossed on our newly-chosen route, but we were prepared to take the risk of having a few thirsty marches. The last sentence written in Johnny's diary that afternoon was, "Grunt, I am glad to say, is sleeping."

At 8.15 P.M. a miniature avalanche of stones rattled over our cave, and thus heralded the peaceful shepherds entered. They were late, but the slight delay did not matter, as in any case we could not have gone down to the water near the tent encampment until it was quite dark. They told us they were going to take us to a spring of sweet water, and not to the brackish pool, so we followed them. About one hundred yards short of the water we were made to halt. Shepherd No. 1 then took us in pairs to get a drink and fill our water-bottles: one pair had nearly got to the spring when the shepherd suddenly froze and then squatted down—actions which his companions hastened to imitate. Some one had arrived from the camp to draw water. Nothing happened, however, and when the footsteps died away they went on to the spring, rejoining the party shortly afterwards.

We now retraced our steps up the ravine, and here once more our friends stopped us. Before going any farther, they wanted to know what they were going to receive for their trouble. We told them that when we got to the sea we would take them with us to Cyprus, and there give them each £200. The arrangement, however, was not at all to their liking. What they wanted was ready cash, and they now demanded from each officer fifteen liras down. To comply with this demand was of course impossible, as it would have run us out of nearly all our money, with most of our journey still to go, especially at the present rate of meeting peaceful shepherds. We therefore told them that all the money they were to expect was a lump sum down when we were free men. At this the ruffians refused to come with us. Warning them that if we were caught by gendarmes we should know who had given us away, we promised to make known to the officers of the law how good our friends had been to us. After an hour's irksome haggling we decided to go on without them, so we set off, and had not climbed one hundred yards up the hill when the kind shepherds changed their minds and offered to accompany us without thought of profit.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF OUR SUBMARINES.

BY KLAXON.

I.

THERE has naturally been a great deal of ink spilled during the War on the subject of the U-boat. The British Submarines have worked unseen and unheard-of. Occasionally a few official lines have appeared in the newspapers about them, but the very nature of the work they have been doing has precluded any divulging of their activity. With the permission of the Admiralty I am about to speak now of some of the work they have done, and to give their own reports describing some of the many occasions on which they have been in contact with the enemy.

On August 4, 1914, we had in our Submarine Service the following boats: 9 E class, 8 D class, 37 C class, 10 B class.

Of these, the B and C classes were 320 tons submerged displacement, and were not suitable for the patrol round the mouth of the Bight. The D and E boats were designed for that purpose, being of 600 and 800 tons submerged displacement respectively. The B and C classes were used in the War for local patrols, defence of the coast and ports, and as the War progressed and they became obsolete, for instruction of new entries of personnel.

Before I get on to the War itself I want to give a short description of the entry and training of our personnel both before and after the War began.

In peace time an officer who wished to join the Submarine Service had first to receive a recommendation from his own Captain. He then had to produce either a first-class certificate for his Torpedo examination for Lieutenant, or, if he had not that qualification, a certificate from the Torpedo-Lieutenant of his ship to the effect that he showed special zeal in that branch of his duties. If his name was accepted it was placed at the bottom of the candidates' list, and in due time, after an interval which varied from year to year, he was appointed to Fort Blockhouse, the Submarine Depot at Gosport. There the batch of new officers were medically examined, and (the standard being high) the unfit were weeded out and returned to their ships.

For the next three months he went through a course of practical submarine instruction, his training period terminating in examinations which provided another obstacle, the meshes of which prevented certain candidates from proceeding further.

The officers of the class were then sent as "third hands" to different boats to await vacancies as First Lieutenants. After

two to four years as First Lieutenant (the time varied with the number of new boats built), an officer obtained command of an A boat (of 204 tons), from which he rose by seniority to larger and more powerful commands.

The men entered in much the same way, being recommended, of first-class character and of excellent physical standard. They went through a less comprehensive training course, but had the same weeding-out to undergo, so that as far as possible the "duds" were got rid of before they had cost the country much in useless teaching.

In war-time it has not been possible to spare the time for the full instructional courses, but the courses continued, although much shortened. The shortage of personnel in the Navy generally cut down the field from which volunteers were drawn, but in spite of this the Submarine Service was able to keep up its volunteer entry, and to continue to retain its standard by drafting back those who were by nature or capabilities unfit for such work. The submarine sailor is a picked man, and is the admiration of his officers. There is a Democracy of Things Real in the boats which is a very fine kind of Democracy. Both men and officers in a submarine know that each man's life is held in the hand of any one of them, who by carelessness or ignorance may make their ship into a common coffin; all ranks live close together, and when the occasion arises go to their deaths in the same way. The Fear of Death is a great leveller, and in submarines an officer or a man's competency for his job is the only real standard by which he is judged.

In the German Navy, before the War, the Submarine Service had not received the attention it might have done. There, the submarine officer did not hold the status in the eyes of his Navy that was held by his destroyer or battleship brother. Since the accident to U-3 at exercise practice, also, certain rules for exercise had been introduced, which precluded practice attacks on target-ships going at high speed, and had circumscribed the areas (by defining "safe" depths of water) in which exercises might be carried out. In our Navy it had always been recognised that risks must be incurred in peace, so as to ensure greater safety in war. As far back as 1912 our submarines were practising attacks on destroyers zigzagging at high speed, and were diving in any waters, and generally reproducing war conditions as far as possible. While even in 1904 the early boats on manœuvres were allowed to dive under surface ships, and destroyers were allowed to use wire-sweeps against them.

For years before the War a Submarine Defence Committee of officers was working to find the best antidote to the submarine menace, and experiments were carried out by the Committee with our own boats. The result of this was that, on

the War coming, both the submarine officers and those of our Navy whose task it was to deal with the U-boat had considerable experience to begin on.

The British Submarine Flotilla, as shown in the preceding list, comprised in 1914 far more small boats than seagoing ones. This was altered later as the strategy of the War crystallised, but when the War began it had never been expected that the enemy Fleet would remain so inactive. The Navy's view had naturally been that the German had not built such a fine Fleet if he wasn't going to use it, and so the majority of our boats, instead of being designed for "Over There" work, were designed for "half-way over." And very good boats the C boats were, too. If the expected War of Movement had taken place, with a North Sea dotted with racing cruisers, and ships of both sides looking for a fight, every boat in our service would have been in the thick of the trouble. As it was, the course of events very soon showed that the ring round the Heligoland Bight—the blockading patrol—was to be the chief station of our submarines in Home waters.

Both belligerents began to design and build at once. The German went straight ahead on the one type, which, with variations, has served him throughout the War—viz., the commerce-destroying medium-sized patrol boat. To this type he later added the mine-laying submarine, and towards the end of the War he evolved the large commerce-destroying cruiser boat.

Now, both before and during the War, we held a lead over our enemy in the matter of submarine design. That statement is confirmed by the data given by the U-boats arriving at Harwich as I write. Some time ago the British Navy prepared an antidote to a design of submarine which it was thought the enemy must, by logical reasoning, soon produce as being the obvious thing for him to think of. Our antidote has not yet had a chance to be used, as it was only recently that the German designers got to that stage in their reasoning.

But what did we build? Well, we did not want commerce destroyers at least; such work as the cutting of the Turkish communications in the Sea of Marmora and the sinking of transports in the Baltic could be done by our ordinary E boats. But we did want mine-layers, and we built those. What else? Well, I must branch off into a dissertation on submarines generally.

A submarine may be any kind of surface vessel, with the advantage added to her of being able to dive. She need not necessarily be a diving boat with a few torpedo tubes and a couple of guns. She may be anything. A surface ship can only be one thing; you cannot have a cruiser-monitor or a destroyer-battleship. But a submarine may be two things at once;

and a submarine can, as a result, act unsupported. Take the case of a scouting submarine. What is the alternative? If we had no scouting submarines we would have had to keep a ring of destroyers out to watch the Bight. Those destroyers might, being out near the enemy's coast, be attacked by enemy cruisers, so that it would be essential to keep our cruisers out in support. Then if the enemy brought out—and so on—up to the final result of our battle fleet being continuously at sea, which would have been not only unnecessary wear and tear on the big ships, but a good opportunity for the U-boats if they had cared to take a chance. Take the case of the submarine mine-layer. She has the great advantage, to begin with, of not only getting to her position unseen, but of being able to lay her unpleasant cargo down unsuspected and unobserved. Then, again, she does not need a supporting force to follow her in case she meets with trouble. She does not look on a big enemy ship as a trouble, should one interfere with her; she would rather describe the big ship as a "gift." She is open to the usual anti-submarine methods, and can be dealt with by destroyers, seaplanes, and so on; but if she succumbs to their attacks—well, that is another submarine gone, but it might have been a big surface ship.

By the nature of the German strategy our lines of design were indicated. The chief type we needed were scouts—in other words, patrol boats. We built these in considerable numbers, for the several types of patrol boats we diverged into were capable of doing any of several things. They could do the Heligoland Bight patrol, attacking the enemy if met with, and reporting to the C.-in.-C. what they saw on their patrols; they could go out into the Atlantic to hunt U-boats on the traffic lanes, or they could go to the Mediterranean to work in the Adriatic. They were the general-utility craft of the Submarine Navy.

The mine-layers were of the patrol boat type, getting larger as the war went on, but always with the torpedo-tubes (reduced in number) built into them to allow them to become normal submarines when a chance arose.

In the early part of the War there were some additions to the Submarine Flotillas in the shape of V-W and F boats of 500 submerged tonnage. These were experiments by the Admiralty in building boats of foreign design, drawings being used of the Laurenti and Fiat firms. After these boats had been tried and their best points copied into our own designs, the standard British ideas were reverted to for war construction. The building of these boats served its purpose in giving us an insight into the lines upon which other nations were working, but foreign designs were not continued owing to the better performances of our own boats.

The G and J class were patrol boats—the G's being of 975 tons submerged displacement, and so larger and with more beam than the E boats; the J's were 19-knot boats of 1820 tons submerged, and marked a great advance in the big-submarine type. The year 1915 gave us the addition of a number of E class, while the G's began to join up with the Flotillas in November of that year. The first J boat commissioned in the spring of 1916.

The 4th August 1916 saw the commissioning of a boat which was a revolution in submarine design. This was the first K boat. This class was designed for the expected Fleet action: their qualities were to be—that they should have several knots in hand over the speed of the Battle Fleet, that they should be seaworthy and able to cruise with the Fleet, and that they should have the necessary submarine qualities to enable them to deal with the High Sea Fleet when it should be met. These qualities they have; but it is regretted that the enemy gave them no chance of trying their luck in action. They were used on patrol to keep them from getting stale during the long wait for their "Day," and their experiences on patrol, and when at sea on the periodic occasions when the Fleet went hurrying out in reply to reported enemy activity, have given invaluable data for future construction of large and fast submarines. These boats are of 1880 tons (surface) and 2550 tons (submerged) displacement They have a speed of slightly over 24 knots on the surface, can carry a good gun-battery if required, and their hulls being low and well streamlined, and their torpedo armament powerful, they can act both as destroyers by night or as submarines by day.

These boats have a battery capacity sufficient for a day's Fleet battle, but no more. They may be described as having great *strategic* speed and capacity, but small tactical radius: that is, they can get to the place where they are wanted quickly, but are circumscribed in their capabilities of remaining submerged in that spot for long, or of moving fast submerged for more than one attack without rising to recharge their batteries. In submarine design as well as in that of surface ships, you can't have everything; each type is a compromise.

At the other end of the scale we built the R boat. These were also "specialists," but of opposite qualities. Of 500 tons (submerged), they have a surface speed of about 8 knots, but a submerged speed of 14½—a speed which will probably be slightly increased by alterations. These boats only joined up in the summer of 1918, and the enemy surrendered before they had really shown what they could do. A boat of this type (they are perfectly stream-lined, and, inside, they are all battery and torpedo-tubes) can jog out to her assigned area at her leisure—it is no use sending her to cut off

or meet a definitely reported enemy, as she wouldn't get there in time—and once in that area she can use her diving batteries for days without having to recharge them, should she be kept down by enemy hunters, and her high submerged speed and radius make her very dangerous to any target (U-boat or otherwise) which passes within periscope range of her.

There remains the submarine monitor, which will be described in due course. I will interpolate here an account of a typical trial of a new boat, using an E boat of the early 1916 vintage as an illustration.

II.

The boat I would use as an illustration was in 1915 very new indeed. She was just a standard E boat, with war-taught improvements and additions, and with a war-taught complement of officers and a half-taught complement of men. For a month the men had been given a queer but useful course of instruction by being taken by their First Lieutenant at "Diving Stations" in a disused shed in the building firm's premises. On the walls and floor names and rough sketches of most of the important valves and wheels of the boat herself had been chalked, and though the men laughed and swore at the make-believe, they had learnt a good deal of their drill and the probable sequence of diving orders, without the work of the builders of the E boat being interfered with. Except in the dinner hour, or during the infrequent holidays, no drill could be carried out aboard owing to the crowds of men working there. Overtime had been continuously worked, and nothing could be allowed to interfere with the firm's sacred "date"—the day on which the Admiralty had been promised delivery.

The day dawned clear and fine, with no wind and every promise of calm spring weather. At six o'clock the submarine's whistle blew shrilly, and a few tardy passengers approaching from the direction of the yard gates broke into a run. As they climbed the iron rungs up to the low grey-painted bridge, the gangway by which they had boarded was lifted clear into the air and swung away to the basin-side by a hissing, clattering, 10-ton crane, and at an order from the boat's Captain the securing wires and hemp hawsers splashed into the oily still water. The telegraph clanged decisively, and to an answering whirr and boil under her stern the boat moved slowly ahead towards the open basin entrance. She increased speed as she neared the narrow passage, and the swirling eddies of a flooding tide outside came in view. As her stem came out into the river she took a sharp sheer up-stream, then came sharply round towards the open sea as the twenty degrees of helm that she was carrying

took effect on her. Little puffs of white and brown smoke began to show round her stern as the engines were clutched in and started, and in five minutes she was heading down-river at a fair twelve knots, with the low sun glancing from her round hull and lighting the queer mixture of Futurist painting that covered her.

She carried a matter of eleven people on her bridge—a bridge designed to accommodate, perhaps, four or five. Her fighting complement was thirty-one all told, but at this moment she held over fifty. Needless to say, it was the passengers who seemed to take up most room. They comprised overseers, foremen, chargemen, a manager or two, about a dozen caulkers and engineers, and a pilot. In addition she carried an overseer of overseers — a Commander from the submarine Commodore's staff. He was present as schoolmaster, judge, and as friend to the Captain of the boat, and his job was one the Captain of the boat was not in the least envious of. The Captain knew that his crew were only partially trained, that he himself was new to E boats, and that the boat might not be all he hoped to find her in the way of reliability and hull-strength, but he felt that at any rate he knew more or less what the personnel, including himself, were like, while the Inspecting Commander must be, or ought to be, the most nervous man in submarines, with his job of travelling from trial to trial, unbroken by a chance of a trip in a fully-tested boat with a fully-trained crew.

As they swung round the last river-buoy and saw the outer lightship draw clear of the land, a destroyer overtook them, and passed on ahead to lead them to sea. The boat was going thirty miles out to get deep water for her hull-test, and it was not safe for a British boat to be that distance, or even a third of that distance, from the mouth of a British harbour unescorted, unless she was there on her war business. This was not because of the enemy—far from it; it was to save her from the enthusiastic but misguided attentions of the multitudes of "Fritz-hunters" who drew no distinction between submarines of their own or the enemy's flag. As she neared the light-vessel, the submarine increased speed and some of the "yarning-party" on the bridge departed below down the conning-tower. The programme included a full-speed surface-trial which was to start from the lightship and finish at the diving-ground, and for the next two hours the engineers and engine-overseers were to be the only busy passengers. From the engine-room bulkhead to the bows, the crew and officers moved to and fro—testing, instructing, and, it should be added, grumbling continuously, for the multitude of passengers were a considerable handicap in the way of an efficient and (the great ideal) an unexciting and placid diving-trial.

The inside of the boat was

incredibly dirty from a naval point of view. She had not been built at one of these yards where no workman can live without a quid of tobacco in his cheek (in fact by the trials standard of some yards she was clean), but it was obvious that she would take a good month's scrubbing and polishing before she was, in her officers' estimation, even sanitary.

At ten o'clock an order came from on deck, and a couple of sailors ascended the conning-tower carrying a few rounds of 12-pounder ammunition. The trials she was to do were to be complete and to everybody's satisfaction, and the building firm, being a firm which would sooner see their work over- than under-tested, had suggested a few rounds from the bow-gun before the dive, with the idea that if the gun-mounting was going to cause leaks through to the hull as a result of recoil, it should be given the chance to do it now instead of later when the boat was in enemy waters. A biscuit-tin was dropped, the boat circled round, and at a range of a hundred yards the gunlayer proceeded to miss the box completely. However, the shooting did not matter—the gun had recoiled a few times and that was all that was required. The fact of the gunlayer finding later that he had shipped the sights of the H.A. gun on to his bow-gun before practice, was a merely trifling incident among the errors that one might expect to occur on trials.

At eleven o'clock the destroyer, which had been jogging along a few cables ahead, circled round and slowed up. The Submarine Captain rang "Slow" on his telegraph, smiled encouragingly at the civilians who still remained on the bridge, and made a pointing gesture with his thumb at the open conning-tower lid. The civilians, with a nervous straightening of bowler hats and several lingering looks at the sunlit sea and sky, clambered slowly below, and the Captain remained watching the whirling arms of the semaphore on the destroyer's bridge. He dictated a reply to his signalman, then rang down "Stop," and, leaving the lid open, descended to see what order his First Lieutenant was producing out of the crowded chaos below.

From the foot of the conning-tower ladder he could see nothing but a mass of humanity, mostly civilian, through which his uniformed crew moved apologetically and bent double. He moved forward into the crowd and assisted his officers in their efforts to station the passengers in positions where they would be as much out of the way as possible, and would at the same time be comfortable enough to lose their desire to move about. At the end of five minutes comparative peace reigned, and the crew were standing at their stations looking at their officers for orders across a new deck of caps and tilted bowler hats.

The Captain took a sweep-

ing glance fore and aft, then ascended the conning-tower. He ordered the signalman below, looked across at the destroyer through his glasses, and then descended, closing and locking the lid above his head. As he re-entered the boat, he caught the eye of the First Lieutenant. "Flood one, two, five, six, seven, and eight," he ordered. "Slow ahead both—keep her level." The vent-valves indicated their opening with a snort and a roar of air, and the rush and gurgle of flooding tanks cut off the chatter of the passengers, as the clang of a closing breech-block brings silence to a gun's crew. A few seconds later the Captain spoke again. "Flood three and four—take her down." Each order was repeated by the First Lieutenant—an officer whose eyes seemed to note the doings of every man in the boat at once. As the Captain moved to the diving-gauge by the periscope to watch for the first slow movement of the long black needle, the First Lieutenant's hand shot out and gripped the neck of a seaman by the starboard pump, and he spoke in a voice of concentrated, hissing rage. "*That's* the main line, you fool! Close it, quick, and don't you dare touch it till I tell you!"

The gauge-needle quivered and began to rise. At eight feet the Captain stepped back, and, taking the periscope training-handles, began to look into the rubber-padded eye-piece.

Check at twenty feet," he said. "Take the angle off now, coxswain." "Twenty feet, sir, horizontal." The coxswain sat on a low heavy music-stool facing another white-faced diving-gauge, his big brass hydroplane wheel moving a turn or two each way under his hand. "Pump on Z internal—*don't* start till I tell you." The Captain was watching the hydroplane helm indicators beside him, which showed, by the amount of "rise" helm they were carrying, that the boat had a touch of negative buoyancy.

"All ready the pump, sir!"

"Start the pump—keep her *up*, coxswain."

"Coming up, sir—horizontal, sir."

"Stop the pump—close main line—close Z internal."

On an even keel the E boat ploughed along—her periscope top four feet above the surface, and the periscope-wake bubbling and foaming on the perfectly smooth sea. The watcher in the following destroyer saw the wake die down till it was a barely visible ripple, as—her trim correct—the Captain eased the boat's speed down to less than two knots. Then the shining periscope began to disappear, slowly reducing in height as the planes took the boat down for her deep hull test.

Inside her hull there was silence except for an occasional whisper from one seated civilian to his neighbour. The gauge-needles crept slowly round, and as the depth increased the little spot of daylight thrown by the periscope eye-piece on to the pump-starter abreast of it

changed from yellow to green of ever-darkening shades till the last link with the sun above them died away.

At ninety feet the Captain spoke again, and the hydroplane-wheels spun as her downward way was checked. "Keep her at that," he said. "Mr Ramage, will you send your men round now? We'll mark leaks before we go further."

The foreman addressed rose from his seat and called to his half-dozen caulkers sitting at hand. The boat dived easily on while the men passed fore and aft painting red dabs on rivets and seams overhead where trickles of water spoke of red-lead or packing which was not yet "set" or in condition to face the pressures of active service. Their tour over, the party settled back to their stations, and at a nod and gesture from the Captain the hydroplane men tilted the bow slightly down again for further descent. At a hundred and twenty feet the order came for the motors to stop, and with failing headway the boat sank gently down. One or two men (naval as well as civilian) reached out a hand to grasp for support as they stood, for the moment before touching bottom is always one of slight uncertainty; for, however reliable the chart, it is yet possible to bounce roughly on these occasions on such unexpected obstacles as isolated rocks or even wrecks. But there was no need for bracing against the unexpected to-day. The boat touched and slid on to a standstill so gently and imperceptibly that her Captain watched the gauge for at least thirty seconds after she had landed, with the suspicion that she might be only "statically trimmed" and that she had a fathom or two farther yet to fall. Then he spoke—"Flood A—hydroplanes amidships."

There came a bubbling roar from the vent of A, well forward, and then the clang of a heavy "water-hammer" in the pipe as the tank filled. The boat lay now as he intended her to do, bedded with negative buoyancy and with her bows well down, so that her screws and rudder were clear of the oozy mud in which she lay. "Carry on—all hands—and look for leaks."

The caulkers did not linger over the task. They did not (and small blame to them, for they were not case-hardened to the situation) relish the idea of staying longer than was necessary at a hundred and thirty-six feet by gauge and with a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch trying to force the round steel hull inwards on itself. In a quarter of an hour they reported "All leaks located and marked."

But their ordeal was not yet over. The gloomy-eyed First Lieutenant (a pessimist, as all First Lieutenants should be) had found a new leak right aft, and the Captain was called into consultation over it. For ten minutes more the two officers conversed and searched, then came leisurely forward again. "That's all right, I think," said the Captain cheerfully. "Anybody want to look round any more? I can stay down here while they

do—there's no hurry, you know."

There was an enthusiastic chorus from a group of overseers and officials—"Not at all, not at *all*, we're *quite* satisfied—quite . . ." The Commander, who throughout the dive had sat unmoving by the periscope, notebook in hand and his eyes half closed, allowed himself a faint smile and a lazy yawn.

"Blow on A—fifty pounds—Blow one and two externals."

The air hissed and whined along the pipes, and the eardrums of those aboard tingled to the rising pressure from overloaded relief valves. For five minutes the hissing and roaring continued, then at a shouted order the noise stopped. The First Lieutenant looked back from the motionless gauge to the Captain. "Shall we put more on A, sir? Fifty pounds won't have moved any out at this depth . . ."

"No—don't put any more on, I've got One and Two pretty near out and the fifty will blow A as she rises. Then I'm going to fill One and Two again and catch the trim before we break surface. She's stuck in the mud, that's all, and we'll have to pull her out. Stand by the motors, aft there!"

The passengers were fidgeting slightly, and the Commander, noting the fidgeting, looked up and spoke, laughing, to the youthful Captain—*apropos* of absolutely nothing at all. The Captain laughed back (for publication and as a guarantee of good faith) and turned to the motor-room voice-pipe: "Slow ahead Port—half ahead Starboard"—a pause, filled by a dry humming from right aft where the big motors purred. "Stop both—slow ahead Starboard—half astern Port"—another droning pause, and then—"Stop Starboard—half astern Starboard." The boat quivered, then with a lurch she pulled free and her bows rose sharply. "Stop both—half ahead both—flood One and Two—Blow A—*Dammit*—hard-a-dive, coxswain."

The angle increased fast, faster than the forward tanks could fill, and the boat rushed upwards with chests, men, and other loose impediments sliding and slipping aft. At eighty feet she began to level slightly, but the angle could not be taken off her in time,—the destroyer men had a vision of a grey conning-tower foaming ahead for a few seconds, surmounted by fifteen feet of silver periscope, before, to the drive of her powerful screws, the boat dipped again till only the tops of the hooded lenses showed as she settled at her diving depth.

"*Rotten*," observed the Captain gloomily to the First Lieutenant. "I mustn't break surface like that when we get to the Bight, or we all go West one-time,—I think that'll do for the dive, though. She'll be tight as a drum when the firm's had another day or two at her. We'll do the helm and speed trials now and then go in. Hands by the blows! *Surface!*"

III.

The Submarine Flotillas began to move to their war bases on the 29th July. By the 4th August they were ready to begin their work. The VIII Flotilla ("D" and "E" boats) were at Harwich, a port which throughout the war has remained the chief Heligoland Bight Patrol base. The "C" boats were spread all up the East Coast, with a Channel guard at Dover and a large number of them at Leith.

The Heligoland Patrol started on the 5th. The boats of the VIII Flotilla met patrolling in the Bight guarded, till the 13th August, a line drawn across the northern entrance of the Channel (between the Belgian and English shoals) till the Expeditionary Force was safely over. During the passage of this force, it was fully expected that the enemy would show naval activity and make an attempt to hinder or prevent the passage of troops. Precautionary measures were therefore taken. That the enemy made no attempt to interfere or to dispute the command of the Channel was a surprise to our War Staff, who based their calculations on what an enterprising Naval Power would do in similar circumstances. A possible reason for the enemy's sluggishness at this time is that he does not appear to have at all expected to be at war with England.

"From Commodore (S),
To Chief of War Staff, Admiralty.
7th August 1914 (Midnight).

"Propose to postpone oversea operations from Yarmouth, and to concentrate all submarines in area arranged until after transit of Expeditionary Force. How many days will passage occupy?"

On the 14th the patrol in the Bight continued.

The following despatch is a typical report of an E boat's trip into the Bight during these early days of war:—

H.M. Submarine "E 6,"
15th August 1914.

Sir,—I have the honour to submit a report of the proceedings of Submarine "E 6" on August 6th and 7th, when working in the Heligoland Bight.

August 6th—

1 A.M. Slipped by *Amethyst*, 30′ N.N.E. from Terschelling Light vessel, proceeded N. 69 E., 12 knots, making for allotted area, and avoiding T.B.D. patrol.

3 A.M. Dived to check trim; day breaking on rising; sighted two steam trawlers 4 to 5 miles to southward; dived away from them; 3 miles.

4.25 A.M. Proceeded E. × S., 12 knots.

6.30 A.M. Altered course S.E.

7.25 A.M. Sighted German cruiser, *Stettin* class, hull down, E.N.E., beam on, steering N. (approx.) Dived E. by N. 1 mile to avoid being seen; cruiser too far off to attack.

8.5 A.M. Rose. Sighted trail of smoke and yellow funnel, E.N.E.

Dived to attack, course N. 30 W., full speed.

8.55 A.M. Abandoned chase, enemy steaming very fast west (approx.)

Dived to avoid steam trawler, which had passed over boat during attack.

9.45 A.M. Rose. Proceeded to westward charging batteries.

11.30 A.M. Stopped. Charged on surface.

1.15 P.M. Proceeded S. 72 E., 12 knots.

2.45 P.M. Dived to avoid steam trawler, remaining on course S. 72 E.
3.40 P.M. Rose.
3.50 P.M. Sighted German large T.B.D., or flotilla cruiser, 10 miles to northward, steaming very fast E. Too far off to attack.
4.15 P.M. Proceeded S. 51 E., 12 knots.
5.45 P.M. Position W. ¼ N. 23′ from Heligoland. Nothing in sight except numerous trawlers, chiefly sailing. Turned to N. 60 W., 9 knots. Sea rough.
8.10 P.M. Increased to 10½ knots. Many trawlers in sight at nightfall.
9.30. P.M. Stopped. Dived 50 feet on "grouper down" till—

August 7th—

2 A.M. Rose. Very dark; dived 50 feet.
3.15 A.M. Rose.
3.30 A.M. Proceeded under one engine, 8 knots, working round a large fleet of sailing trawlers making to southward; making for route of warships seen yesterday.
6 A.M. Altered course 12 knots.
7.45 A.M. Altered course S.E.
8.15 A.M. Sighted German submarine on surface, S.E. 4 to 5 miles distant, beam to beam. Dived to attack. At first thought she was stopped and had then dived, not sighting her through periscope till 8.45.
8.45 A.M. Sighted her steaming west, 4 or 5 miles off. Followed, diving.
9.30 A.M. Rose. Submarine not in sight. Followed, diving, for ¼ hour, in hopes of finding her stopped.
10.30 A.M. Proceeded S. 56 E., 12 knots.
12 noon. Stopped to let steam trawler pass across horizon, ahead.

Note.—Since about 7 A.M. I had given up the idea of trying to keep out of sight of trawlers, merely avoiding going within a mile of them.

12.10 P.M. Proceeded.
12.54 P.M. Altered course south, observed position being further north than intended. The steam trawler sighted at noon seemed suspicious of E 6, altering course so as to keep me in sight without getting close.
3.30 P.M. Turned and steered for trawler, signalling her to show colours (German), and to stop. Trawler fitted with W/T. Crossed her bows and shaped course N. 87 W., 14 knots. Position then N. 43 W. 37′ from Heligoland. Trawler proceeded, apparently shaping course for Emden. Steered to avoid our T.B.D. patrol.

August 8th—

6.30 A.M. Made Swarte Bank Light-vessel. Proceeded to Lowestoft to report.

Note.—The Heligoland Bight contained a very large number of trawlers, chiefly sailing, including a few which were apparently Dutch; they became more numerous closer in to Heligoland. I did not notice W/T in any except the one I spoke.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

(Sd.) G. P. TALBOT,
Lieutenant-Commander.

The Commodore (S),
H.M.S. *Maidstone.*

That is the sort of way the submarine officers describe their experiences. The method is curt and unsatisfying somehow. I will try and give an idea of a submarine captain describing a trip during, say, the winter of 1915-1916, to an army brother:—

Yes, we got in yesterday. No—we had no luck. It's getting dull inside there now; it's not so much fun if there are no big ships about and only small craft chasing you. Well, you see, we left about 4 P.M. on Monday and had a poor sort of trip across—blowing from the north-east, so that we were head to sea, and even at eight knots we took nearly every wave over the

bridge. They're a fine sight though, the E boats, when they're butting into it like that; they get out of step so, and you can feel just about when they are going to take a good one; you see more and more of her bow going dry as she goes wrong, and then she puts a great length of herself over a hollow, and that's the time to duck your head and hold tight to a rail, because she comes down wallop just in time for the next one to roll right over you. It was fairly clear, but devilish cold, and there were snow-squalls about one to the half-hour. We gave Terschelling (the corner, you know, round Holland into the Bight) a seventeen-mile berth, as the tide sets in pretty strong there, and turned in for our billet. My orders were to work between Heligoland and the north of the Elbe. There are two ways of getting in, you see—close along the shore in seven-ten fathom water, and over and under the minefields farther out. We took the deep channel, as we don't do the other at night if we can help it—over and under? Oh! you see, there's a minefield set for submarines in one place—fairly deep laid, and farther on another set for surface ships, so we go over one and dive under the other—anyhow, they're both only reported fields, and their position isn't accurately known, and also one doesn't quite know one's position if one doesn't get sights or see Terschelling Light, so it's a matter of luck, really. Well, we didn't get any excitements going in, except that my R.N.R. officer pressed the button with his shoulder when he was coming up to relieve me, and he and I only got down just in time to shut the lid. You see, we run with mighty little buoyancy on patrol when we are on the surface, and if you press the button you go down in a few seconds at twelve knots or so. The button? why, that's what dives the boat; if you press that (it's just under the conning tower lid) it rings the Klaxon horns fore and aft the boat, and then it's up to you to come down quick because the crew know it means business, and they don't waste any time. They open all vents and put her nose down, and in a few seconds there's just a "plop" on the surface and you're looking at a gauge-needle going round down below. But if you come on watch with too many lammies and clothes on, you may give the alarm by mistake like my feller did.

Well, we got better weather after we rounded Terschelling, and after Borkum Riff it was nearly calm. We got to the billet and dived at 4 A.M.—thirty-six hours out from Harwich. The soundings were right when we touched bottom—about 95 feet—so that checked our latitude a bit. Then we all went to bed. It was pretty cold and jolly wet too, as she leaks a bit overhead besides the usual sweating. What's sweating? Why, when the hull's cold it sweats, you know—water runs down the inside—condensation really, I suppose. Well, then we all turned in, as I say, and I put

a lot of blankets over me to dry my wet clothes. . . . I was too tired to change, and as a result I was all aches in the morning (that is, at daylight about three hours later). I reckoned it would be getting grey about seven, so we rose then, and after a few minutes at fifty feet, just to listen for propellers, we broke surface. It was all clear and still fairly dark, so we charged batteries for twenty minutes and ventilated.

Then we went under and started diving patrol. I took first periscope watch, as I wanted to fix position by steering north-west for Heligoland. At eight o'clock the patrol trawlers came by. You see, they have eighteen trawlers out between Schillig Road and the Island. They work in pairs, each pair doing a sort of sword-dance, and making Saint Andrew's Crosses along the line. They come out in the morning, and we just sheer out of their way to let them by. Then at sunset they all begin edging towards home (that's Wilhelmshaven), until the senior one hoists a signal, and they speed up and hustle into bed. No, we don't worry them—we haven't enough torpedoes to chuck them away on trawlers; and anyhow, you may miss a chance at something big if you get seen on your patrol. Those small craft don't see you unless you worry them. One dives around all day with several of them in sight, but so long as one doesn't show the periscope much, and doesn't get too close, they don't see. If we once started strafing them, they'd keep a better look-out, but nobody keeps a good look-out unless he's scared—so we don't scare them.

Well, that's about all we saw that trip. A destroyer passed—out of range—on the third day, going about twenty-five knots, and we had some trouble on the fourth. No, not dangerous, just aggravating. You see, we got seen by some idiot, and they sent out the usual four torpedo-boats in line abreast against us. They're just small high-bowed old boats, and aren't worth a torpedo. They came fussing along and saw my periscope at fairly long range, as it was flat calm. I went down to ninety feet, and they let off squibs over us—just little depth charges that didn't even break a light globe. Still, they kept me under till dark, and when we came up then I knew I was going to have trouble and worry getting my charge in, as they'd have all sorts of packets barging round my patrol at night looking for me; so we thought it over, and decided the best place to sit and charge would be on the shoals off the Schillig Road boom defences, because they'd never look for us there. Well, they didn't; we sat there and had an absolutely undisturbed charge for the first time that trip. We saw a lot of small craft go by, all heading out to sea to put in a hate against us; and the joke was that we were only in six fathoms there, and couldn't have got the whole boat wet if we *had* been strafed into diving there. And what's better, I was told to-day that some of their destroyers looking

for us that night had a scrap among themselves,—he's such a jumpy feller the Hun: they seemed to have damaged one packet pretty thoroughly, according to the Intelligence people.

Why do we have to sit up at night? But we don't. We only have to stay up long enough to charge the batteries for next day, and then we pack up and go to the bottom till morning. That's why winter's the best time to patrol—for comfort, anyway. In December you can only see decently through a periscope for about nine hours—then you come up and charge and get to the bottom for dinner. In July it's more like work: you dive twenty-one hours, come up and charge, and dive again about 2.30 A.M. There's no time for a rest on the bottom, but if you're inside the Bight it's quite exciting getting your charge in. You get put down in the middle of the performance by black shapes coming right on top of you. They're usually trawlers on patrol; but sometimes you see a big bow wave, and that means a destroyer, and you crash-dive in a few seconds. You see, a boat charging like that is like a crab with its shell off; you never feel safe in a boat until you are submerged. On a clear night you can deal with destroyers or any other craft, but these pitch-black nights, or nights when it is foggy or snowing, are the deuce. I never feel happy on those nights till we get to the bottom. It gives me cold feet all the time when I'm on the surface inside there. This trip we got put down at least once during each charge, except the night I went into their front garden to hide. One night, however, I thought we'd never get charged up; we kept getting put under, so that it was a case of twenty minutes' charge and ten minutes' dip for half the night. What's "putting down" like? Well, you see, when you decide it's dark enough to come up, and you've seen the trawlers go home, you pass the word to "Stand by for surface" and to get the engines ready. All the hands wake up and get busy (they read and sleep most of the day), and then when they report "Ready" you blow about five to ten tons out of the tank, and you come up. There's a routine for the business, you see, and they don't want telling much. I open the lid as soon as it's clear of the surface, and a hand follows me up on to the roof.

I have a look round, and if it's all clear I sing out below to start the charge. They get on with it then, and the engines start bumping the batteries up full bore, and at the same time we move slow ahead. I only keep just the conning-tower out, and no more buoyancy, so we have men on the hydroplane wheels to keep her from doing a dive accidentally, and as we're moving ahead a little "up helm" keeps her fairly dry. The hand on deck does "look-out" astern and I look-out ahead; meanwhile the people below carry on smoking

(that's the chance they've been waiting for all day). If the look-out sees anything at all he gives a yell and points at it, and then jumps down inside the conning-tower. If I don't like it when I turn round and see it, I press the button and follow him down. If I see something first I hit the look-out, and he jumps down and I follow. They're all on the top line below, so as soon as I press the button and the horns sound (they make a din all over the boat) they open the vents and put her bow down with the planes, and then by the time I've closed the lid over my head the gauge is showing fifteen feet, and she's going down at a big slant. If I'm slack on the lid I get wet. If I'm too slack and the First Lieutenant thinks I'm not going to get the top lid shut before she's under, he slams the lower doors and either leaves me isolated in the tower or else swimming around on the surface till he comes up later to look for me. (No—I've never got left like that yet, but some people have been pretty near it. It's not safe for the First Lieutenant to hang on too long for you—he might fill the boat.) It's quite simple. With a well-trained crew anything's safe, and you can cut it as fine as you like. When you've heard the propellers ffom overhead[1] you just keep along at sixty feet for ten minutes or so, and then you come up and get on with the work again. Oh! I'm bored with all this talking. You ought to be able to run a trip inside by yourself by now. But there's one thing always makes me mad, that's the Heligoland leave-boat. She leaves the island on Friday afternoons and she comes back on Monday morning. She's a big flat-bottomed coal barge—too shallow draught to torpedo—and crammed with men. You can't use a gun, because she's towed by a small tug with a big gun forward and a little one aft; and besides, we're not allowed to give away the fact that we're there by having a joke with small craft. But it's devilish aggravating, all the same, to see the bloated Hun going off for the week-end while we dive up and down for a week waiting for something to turn up. We get our leave all right though. We get three days to the half crew each trip, so that each of us gets leave every other trip. The business is too exciting for me to take leave seriously. I just go to all the revues and amusements I can if I go up to town, and if it's wintertime like now, I get in three days' shooting here. The local people are jolly nice to us, and even if they haven't got a regular shoot going, one can get out to the marshes and shoot duck. After the leave we come back and do a couple of days' exercise-diving and torpedo practice, and then we go out again for another trip. It's awfully interesting,

[1] The date the speaker deals with is before the general use of the hydrophones in submarines.—KLAXON.

because we work in the Huns' front-yard in a way, and it seems so cheeky somehow. Makes us want a drink? Well, I guess not. If you've got cold feet you don't want a drink, because you daren't have it. That's why we don't carry any in the boats. You see, the Owner here looks on us as so many race-horses he's got in training, and if one of us shows symptoms of breathing a bit short, he gets classed as a roarer, and leaves the job altogether to repent in a big ship; there's lots more waiting to take our place, and the Owner's got no what you'd call "motherliness," if he thinks you're not all out for business. Hearing propellers? Oh yes, you can hear them quite clearly from any quiet part of the boat; the fore torpedo compartment is a good place for listening, and so is the space abaft the main motors. You can hear what speed he's going, and when you're used to them you can make out what kind of craft he is—trawler or destroyer. The best time, though, is when you've finished a day's patrol and charging and all, and gone on down to the bottom. I allow the whole crew one cigarette apiece, and they have a concert. They gather round the periscope and sing for an hour before turning in, and the orchestra plays—(that's a concertina and a couple of mandolines),—we've got quite a lot of talent in the boats. Smoking like that overnight doesn't matter. If you keep the circulating fans running the smoke all goes away while you're asleep. I don't know where it goes to, 'cos it can't get out; but it goes somewhere. I allow the officers a couple of cigarettes apiece during the day-time, and I smoke whenever I feel scared,—that gives me about nine cigarettes a day. Of course you can't smoke at the end of a long summer's day; after about fourteen hours' diving you can't get a cigarette to burn, and a match goes out as soon as it's struck. But you can smoke a bit in the forenoon without spoiling the air in the boat—and besides, on occasions like when somebody is chasing you and dropping those little depth bombs they use, and you've gone to ninety feet or so to keep clear of them, it's a sort of guarantee of good faith if the skipper walks away from the periscope and lights a fag. It looks contemptuous somehow, and the sailors approve. You see, they never know the facts of what's going on. Only the skipper knows the situation, and so they watch you all the time. They spend a trip sitting or lying by their stations, and obeying orders and trusting to their boss not to kill them unnecessarily if he can help it. I tell you, the submarine sailor, once he's past his probation time and been tested on patrol, is a hand worth writing home about! Now, if you'll stop listening a minute and struggle out of that chair, I'll take you round the boat. She's pretty filthy still, but we'll get her clean again by to-morrow.

THE BENCH AND BAR OF ENGLAND.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

IX. YOUNG LIFE IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

"The Inner for the rich man,
The Middle for the poor;
Lincoln's for the gentleman,
And Gray's Inn for the boor."

THIS is one form of an old rhyme which most barristers have heard in various forms, some not suitable for publication, as the newspapers say. It must have been composed when Gray's Inn was at the worst of its fortunes, for it was not true of it in its early days, and it is not true of it now. Gray's was once the greatest Inn of Court, and it will for ever be the Inn associated with the mightiest name in English Law—that of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Chancellor of England and Treasurer of Gray's Inn.

Still, no doubt when the rhyme was first written there was, as there is still, much truth in it, so far at any rate as the three other Inns of Court are concerned. Lincoln's Inn was and is the Inn for gentlemen. It is still the home of the Chancery counsel, who, as everybody knows, maintain a higher standard of culture than do those of the Common Law Bar. There is no doubt but the more intellectual and cleanly work of equity attracts highly educated and refined men more than the rough-and-tumble of common law practice; and so it is not to be wondered at that Lincoln's Inn should be full of gentlemen and scholars. Nor is it to be wondered at that it guards its precincts with a certain reserve and reticence not shown by the other Inns, though, unlike the Inner and the Middle Temple, it does not, nor, so far as I know, ever did, reserve its chambers for its own members. But if it opens its chambers to outsiders it does not open its gates. By a queer coincidence the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn have each about the same number of entrances—some seven or eight. While the other Inns keep all theirs open to everybody who likes to enter till ten at night, Lincoln's Inn closes its to strangers—all at seven and some at five. Even members occasionally are in doubts as to how they can get in, and when they are in are in doubts as to how they can get out. This practice, I suppose, arose from the aversion of the gentlemen to too free intercourse with "the *οἱ πολλοί*," as Gilbert says.

And the old rhyme's reference to the two Temples still holds good. Among common law men the Inner is to this day the Inn of the rich men. That is perhaps why it is such a dull place as compared with its cosmopolitan neighbour, the

Middle. King's Bench Walk and the Gardens are delightful; but the Hall is commonplace. Paper Buildings are an anomoly as are Temple Gardens in the Middle. But all round the Middle is the beautiful and piquant sister beside the plain and dull one. Most of its buildings are quaint and of another world, and its ancient hall has a charm no other hall I have ever seen equals. It is Elizabethan, and in it Elizabeth herself watched the performance by Shakespeare's company of Shakespeare's plays. Nor is that the only glorious literary recollection attached to the Inn and its buildings. Among its residents were Evelyn, Selden, Blackstone, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Thackeray; and among its members were Raleigh, Clarendon, Fielding, Congreve, Rowe, Cowper, Burke, Tom Moore, Sheridan, De Quincey, Dickens, and Blackmore. Gray's Inn can boast of Sidney and Bacon; Lincoln's Inn of More and Macaulay; the Inner Temple of Beaumont, Wycherley, and Lamb; but what other place of the same size in the whole world can show a list of the illustrious in literature approaching this?

The Temple, whether Inner or Middle, differed in my young days from the other two Inns in one respect. Lincoln's and Gray's had even then ceased to be the residence of their younger members. Gray's Inn's chambers, high and low, had been given up to solicitors and newspaper men; now they seem to be occupied largely by women writers. Lincoln's Inn's chambers were used almost entirely as business places for practising barristers and for solicitors who lived elsewhere. But the higher floors of the houses in the Temple were then filled as dwelling-places by the younger barristers and the older students of the two Inns. Things have changed since that time. The two Inns' younger members have now, like so many of our brave soldiers, "gone West," but in a different and less noble way. The "rough comfort and freedom," which, as Thackeray has said, "men always remember with pleasure," are not enough for the present-day youth: he wants comfort without the roughness, and he does not care for freedom; so he has gone to bachelor flats or furnished apartments in St James's or South Kensington, or Bayswater or the suburbs, according as his taste and allowance suggest. Let us hope that one good effect of the Great War will be to make him more of a man in the future.

When I first joined the Middle Temple young men were still as Thackeray knew them. Those of our junior members who had homes in or about London naturally lived there, though even among them there were exceptions; those who came from the provinces or from Scotland or Ireland looked to the Temple as their new home, just as lads going to Oxford and Cambridge look to their colleges as theirs. Resident

chambers were then allotted only to members of the Inn, and were allotted by seniority; consequently, as the demand was great, he was regarded as a fortunate man who secured a set while still a student. I myself did not go into residence until I was called, and then I came in as the sub-tenant of a friend who had secured a set of four rooms, two of which he did not need.

That was nearly forty years ago, and yet I remember the first night I slept in the Temple as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I had been lodging for a short time before at Denmark Hill. That place was very much as it was in Ruskin's day—a quiet village composed chiefly of large Victorian villas, with great gardens and a few terraces of quaint Georgian houses. Open lands lay between it and Dulwich and Norwood. My lodging was as still by night and day as a house in the Chilterns or the Cotswolds. The evening I took possession of my rooms in the Temple I had been to the theatre, and I came to Temple Gate just as the theatres and music halls were pouring out their population. As I walked up to Temple Gate, Temple Bar, though it was near midnight, was "roaring" more fiercely than it roars at midday. Thousands of people were hurrying home along its footpaths; its roadway was crowded with buses and racing cabs and hansoms. I thought to myself what a contrast my new lodging would be to my old one. I knocked at Temple Gate. When I went in and the door was closed behind me, I was astounded. The stillness of Denmark Hill was as nothing to the stillness of the Temple by night. The whole tumult and turmoil of the street without departed as if by magic; and as I walked down Middle Temple Lane, the silence about me was so deep that I was startled by the sound of my own footsteps.

And what a contrast my Temple rooms were to those I had left at Denmark Hill! There, though the house I inhabited was of respectable antiquity, I had at least most of the fittings and conveniences of modern life: here I had none. My chambers, which were among the most ancient in the Temple, and which I had never before seen after dark, were up three pairs of gloomy, winding, and rickety stairs; the rooms were divided from each other by thin partitions of wood so warped by weather that the wind circulated freely through it, and so decayed by age that it filled the whole air with a dull, dead smell; the ceilings were low, cracked, and yellow, and hung down in the centre like inverted umbrellas; and there was no supply of water or light—light being provided by lamps or candles (I chose, like most Templars of that time, candles, since, though they might not give as much illumination as lamps, they gave less smell), and water being provided by the laundress, who fetched your allowance of what

Thackeray calls "that cosmetic" from Pump Court each morning, and who was very discontented if you required your allowance to be more than of the regulation quantity. And yet I am one of those who, to repeat Thackeray, always remember the rough comfort and freedom of the Temple with pleasure. Still, when I got a chance, I removed to more commodious chambers.

The laundresses of the Temple are a class by themselves. They succeed to their positions by inheritance or family arrangement: the lady who "did" for me most of my years in the Temple received hers from her mother, who was my first laundress, as a marriage portion. They are very kindly and considerate to the young gentlemen for whom they labour, provided they do not demand too much tidiness. Nothing will persuade them to keep themselves fairly clean; it has been said that they are called laundresses because they never wash. The extent of the services they render is strictly fixed by ancient custom, to which they as strictly adhere. To residents they come twice a day —once in the morning to "do" your sitting-room, and once in the afternoon to "do" your bedroom. They are also supposed to prepare your breakfast. Mine prepared my breakfast for a month or two after I went into residence; but she made such a botch of it that by the end of that time —when I had found sufficient courage to speak to her — I forbade her messing with it any more. After that I cooked my morning meal myself—in the winter on my sitting-room fire, in the summer on a spirit-lamp; and with a little practice I did it, I think, very well.

There were at that time many senior students and junior barristers living in the Temple, and we all knew one another more or less; but we congregated in sets. Each set consisted of men who, as a rule, had known one another long before they ever saw the Temple—men who had been old schoolfellows or college chums. It is impossible to describe how close the friendship between them was or how intimate were their lives. We differed very much in our circumstances and in our success in the struggle of life; but no man was ever allowed by the other men of his set to go under, however badly fortune had behaved to him. If he was short of cash he applied, as a matter of course, to one of his friends who was not; and the friend, as a matter of course, supplied his deficiency. Seldom indeed was this mutual generosity imposed upon. I myself heard of only one case. A gentleman who had got greatly behind in his rent was turned out of his chambers. He at once went to a prosperous and dandified member of his set and explained his position. This was just at the commencement of the long vacation. "Billy, my boy," said the dandy friend, "you have come to the right shop.

I'm starting off to spend the long abroad; you jump into these rooms till I come back: that will give you time to look about you. And, Billy, you'll be wanting a whisky now and then. Well, there's the key of my cupboard; it contains six dozen John Jameson; but keep the door locked, for the laundress likes it." Billy jumped in as suggested, and his dandy friend went abroad. When Michaelmas was drawing near and work was once more beginning to come in, the dandy returned. He found Billy still in possession. After a friendly chat the dandy said, "I'm done up with the long journey home: I think I'll have a whisky." Billy handed him the key of the cupboard. He opened it, but all the Jameson was gone. "Well, Billy," said the dandy, a little ruefully, "you have had plenty to drink while I was away." "I have," answered Billy shortly. A little put out, the dandy thought for a moment and then said, "Well, I suppose my mother will expect to see me. I think I'll dress and dine with her to-night." He went to the wardrobe. On opening it, to his amazement all his clothes were gone. "Hillo!" he exclaimed, "what the deuce has happened to the dozen suits and overcoats I left here?" Billy replied calmly, "Well, you see, you left me plenty to drink, but you left me nothing to eat, and so," taking a fistful of pawn tickets out of his pocket, "I had to dine on your clothes."

Men of the same set usually find it convenient, if not absolutely necessary to spend their days separately. Most of us had some other employment besides the practice of the law, which itself occupied little of our time. Literature, or rather occasional journalism, was the most common; but reporting law-cases, writing law-books, conducting civil service and university examinations and many other things, were also to many of us modes of industry and sources of income. Not that most of us actually required such income: we usually had allowances sufficient to provide for our needs; but they were very far from being sufficient to provide for our pleasures; and we were at the age when pleasures are sweet, and we were willing to work for them. When the day's labours were over, however, we forgathered for the evening, which was sometimes prolonged into the night till "the winds were sighing low and the stars"—or even occasionally the sun—"were shining bright." When commons were on we dined in Hall, one of the set arriving early to secure a mess for us by turning the forks according to custom, for at that time the Hall was often crowded: now young barristers have ceased to dine as well as to live in the Temple. When commons were not on we dined together, usually at one of the old taverns which then flourished in Fleet Street—the Cock, Dick's, or the Cheshire Cheese. Only the last of these survives; and it has become

the resort of American ladies, who show their devotion to literature and their ignorance of history by going there under the delusion that the great Dr Johnson once frequented it. We seldom went farther west for dinner than the old Gaiety Restaurant, which has also disappeared. After dinner we adjourned to chambers for a game of cards; or we went to the Temple Forum in Fleet Street, or the Society of Ancient Cogers in Salisbury Square, to indulge in free speech for ourselves, and sometimes to pay for free drinks for others; or we witnessed, from the pit, a Gaiety burlesque, or a Surrey pantomime, or a tragedy at the Wells, or, best of all, a Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Opéra-Comique, or later at the Savoy. Not unfrequently we crossed the silent and deserted City and penetrated into the boisterous and crowded East End. Whitechapel Road, Petticoat Lane, Leman Street and its theatre, Ratcliffe Highway and its dancing dens, were familiar to us. Some of these, and particularly the last, were far from safe resorts for young gentlemen at that time, and more than once we were warned by the police of the risks we were running; but so far as I know none of us ever came to the slightest harm. My own recollection is that we were nearly always treated not merely with courtesy, but with deference—like "young princes come to visit their father's subjects," as Thackeray says. At any rate, London was even then the safest of the great cities of the world, for which I think we have to thank the people at least as much as the police. I have been more often in imminent danger during the few months I have spent in Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam than during the forty years I have lived in the capital of Europe: I understand that New York is now the capital of the universe.

The most dismal times we Templars experienced in those old days were the festive seasons. Most of us at Christmas and Easter could find shelter at the houses of relatives or friends; but some of us could not, and some of us who could had work which tied us to town. And town, when everybody else was rejoicing, was to us a place of misery. The Temple was nearly uninhabited; and from being delightful it became desolate. I remember a friend of mine, left alone in it at Eastertide, becoming so desperate that to bring up a semblance of Easter at home he got a dozen eggs and boiled them hard, and ate the whole lot at one meal. He lived, I understand, the rest of the vacation on physic.

My work—and I did a great deal of it—was of a kind which left me free to go when and where I liked during the holidays, and many a pleasant visit I paid to country houses when things were dreary in town. Sometimes friends went with me, and sometimes these friends were not over-judicious. I remember going with one to spend Christmas at a bungalow

at Birchington in Kent. The day after we arrived an icy wind was blowing in from the sea. My friend, who hated cold, did not wish to go out; but our host was eager to take us around to display to our admiring gaze the beauties and amenities of the shore. As we crawled along the chalk cliffs, shivering in the biting blast, he stopped, and turning to us, said proudly, that there was nothing between where we stood and the North Pole except the sea. My friend answered that he believed there was not even that. Our host took this too complete agreement with him not at all in the spirit in which it was offered, and we were never again invited to his bungalow, which I regretted, because I understood that Birchington is a tolerable enough place in the summer.

There were, however, two festivals which brought us nothing but delight, provided we could contrive to get away from our work to enjoy them, which was not always easy, since they both came round when the courts were sitting. One was the Derby, the other the University Boat Race. It was regarded among us as a sort of high treason to sport not to partake in their delights; and when any of us happened to have a case—which was not very often—fixed to be heard on one of the days, the tricks and devices we resorted to in order to get it postponed to a more convenient season were marvellous in their ingeniousness and duplicity. We had good countenance, however, for these tricks and devices in some of Her Majesty's judges of sporting tastes, who resorted to similar practices themselves. A story used to be told of Mr Justice Hawkins, which is characteristic if it is not true, but I believe it is true. He had a heavy case on his list for Derby Day. The leading counsel for the plaintiff was a certain distinguished K.C., notable for the austerity of his life and the contempt with which he regarded all the follies and frivolities of man. Hawkins sent for this K.C., the afternoon before Derby Day, and asked him as a personal favour to apply to have the case allowed to stand over till the day after the Derby. The K.C. was anxious to oblige his lordship, but could not imagine any ground on which to base his application. "Oh, simply say personal convenience," said his lordship. "You may be sure I'll raise no difficulties." So just before the court was to rise the puritanical K.C. duly applied as requested. Hawkins, with his usual perversity, demanded sternly what the personal convenience was on account of which he was asked to waste the public time. The K.C. was irritated, and was proceeding to explain that he did not care much whether the case stood over or not, when his lordship hastily granted his application. But Hawkins was irritated too, and when the court rose he took his revenge. Leaning over the bench he said in a bantering whisper, which all in court could hear,

"Ah, you wicked old humbug, *I* know where you want to go to-morrow!"

We Templars were then such clubbable fellows that most of us had at least two clubs—a stately one in Pall Mall or St James's Street, which we joined as a duty and frequented very little, and a homely one in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street or the Strand, which we joined for our pleasure and frequented very much. My homely club was the Savage, then housed in the Savoy. It was composed of journalists, most of whom were also barristers, actors, artists, and entertainers. Journalists then had not become mere gramophones through which you hear their proprietor's voice, but were independent writers and thinkers, and excellent company; and the members of the club really were what they still call themselves, "brother Savages." Every night entertainment could be found among them; but Saturday night was the night. Then there was a house dinner followed by a sing-song, as there is still. It was my habit to bring my Temple friends to these festivities; and it is a little pathetic now to remember the heartiness with which we youngsters applauded the singer, laughed with the humourist, and admired the skill of the conjurer and ventriloquist. Ah, it is a good thing to be young. Pity it is that "youth is stuff will not endure."

"Oh, the mad days that I have spent!" says Justice Shallow, "and to see how many of mine old acquaintances are dead!" Life in the Middle Temple in my youth was not quite so mad as life in Clement's Inn was in the youth of Justice Shallow, according to his own account. So far as I know, none of us ever, like Falstaff, broke a man's head at the Court gate, or, like Shallow himself, fought a fruiterer behind Gray's Inn. But perhaps Shallow's story is a little overcoloured. Falstaff's comment on it casts some doubt on its accuracy; he says that every third word of it is a lie. However that may be, in one respect his story ends like mine: "And to see how many of mine old acquaintances are dead!"

(*To be concluded.*)

THE RETURN PUSH.

BY QUEX.

IX.

B BATTERY had been ordered to move about half a mile beyond G——, and come into action off the road that led towards the extensive, low-lying village of C——, through which the enemy front line now ran. Major Mallaby-Kelby had gone forward and the three remaining batteries awaited his return.

I clambered my horse over the shell-holes and rubbish heaps of G——, a preliminary to a short reconnaissance of the roads and tracks in the neighbourhood. Old Silvertail, having become a confirmed wind-sucker, had been deported to the Mobile Veterinary Section; Tommy, the shapely bay I was now riding, had been transferred to me by our ex-adjutant, Castle, who had trained him to be well-mannered and adaptable. "A handy little horse," was Castle's stock description, until his increasing weight made Tommy too small for him. I had ridden about six hundred yards past the sunken road in which B Battery's ammunition waggons were waiting, when half a dozen 5·9's crashed round and about them. I turned back and saw more shells descend among the empty Nissen huts in G——. Two drivers of B Battery were being carried away on stretchers and the waggons were coming towards me at a trot. They halted four hundred yards from the spot where they had been shelled, and young Beale said they counted themselves lucky not to have had more casualties.

The Boche by now had got his guns in position and began a two hours' bombardment of G—— and its cross-roads. It was not until 7 P.M. that Major Mallaby-Kelby returned. He was tired, but anxious to go forward. "We are the advanced brigade for to-morrow's show," he said. "The battery positions are only 1600 yards from the Boche, but I think they will be comparatively safe. . . . I want you all to come along and we'll arrange a headquarters. I've got my eye on a sunken Nissen hut. There's a section commander of another brigade in it, but it ought to be big enough to hold us as well."

So the major, the adjutant, Wilde, and myself walked at a smart pace along the road to C——. The Boche shells were mostly going over our heads, but whizz-bangs now and again hit the ground to left and right of us; a smashed limber had not been cleared from the road, and fifty yards short of the railway crossing four decomposing horses emitted a sickening stench. "We'll have our headquarters waggon line along

there first thing to-morrow," announced the major, stretching a long arm towards a side-road with a four-foot bank.

At the forsaken railway halt we turned off the roadway and followed the line, obeying to the letter the major's warning to bend low and creep along under cover of the low embankment. "Now we'll slip through here," said the major, after a six-hundred-yards' crawl. We hurried through what had been an important German depot. There was one tremendous dump of eight-gallon, basket-covered wine bottles—empty naturally; a street of stables and dwelling-huts; a small mountain of mouldy hay; and several vast barns that had been used for storing clothing and material. Each building was protected from our bombers by rubble revetments, fashioned with the usual German carefulness. "They shell here pretty consistently," added the major encouragingly, and we made for more open land that sloped up towards a well-timbered wood on the wide-stretched ridge, a thousand yards away. The sparse-covered slopes were dotted with living huts, all built since the Boche recovered the ground in his March push. "B Battery have moved to within two hundred yards of the wood now—you can see the guns," resumed the major. "The other battery positions are on the southern side of the road. The place I have in my eye for headquarters is close to B Battery."

The German artillery had quite evidently understood the likelihood of British batteries occupying the slope, and were acting accordingly. Our party had reached a smashed hut three hundred yards from B Battery, when the whine of an approaching shell caused us to drop to ground; it fell fifty yards away and the air became dense with flying pieces of shell and earth showers. As we raised ourselves again we saw Beale walking at an even pace towards us. "Not a nice spot, sir," he began, saluting the major. "We picked that place for a mess"—pointing to the broken hut—"and five minutes later a shell crashed into it. There's a dead horse round the corner. . . ."

"Have you been shelled much at the battery?" demanded the major.

"We had two sergeants killed a quarter of an hour ago, sir. . . . Captain Dumble is arranging to shift the guns a bit north of the present position,—do you approve of that, sir?"

"Yes, certainly," responded Major Mallaby-Kelby hastily. "If the direction of the shelling indicates that it would mean more safety for the battery I'm all for shifting." Beale saluted and went away.

There was not so much spare room in the Nissen hut as the major had thought. He asked me to "organise things" and to "scrounge round" for a trench-cover to separate the subaltern and his gunners from our party; but while I was dodging shells, making the search, he found a small Boche combination hut and dug-out.

The opening pointed the wrong way, of course; but there was one tiny chamber twenty feet below ground with a wooden bed in it, and upstairs a table, a cupboard, and a large heap of shavings. It was now eight o'clock, and the major remembered that he had not even had tea.

"Now what are we going to do about a meal?" he broke out. "We can't have many servants up here, there's no room . . . and it will be difficult to get the mess-cart up. Now, who has any suggestions? On these matters I like to hear suggestions."

My own idea was that Meddings the cook, the major's servant, and one other servant should bring up some bully-beef, cheese, and bread, and bacon and tea for the morning. All that we wanted could be carried in a couple of sandbags. We could do without valises and blankets that night. Zero hour for the battle was 5.15 A.M. The mess-cart could come along afterwards. The proposition was favourably received, the major's only revision referring to his white wine.

Headquarter waggons had remained the other side of G——, and I volunteered to walk back and bring the servants up. The major thought that Wilde ought to accompany me; it was not too pleasant a pilgrimage with the Boche maintaining his shelling.

But as we climbed the stairs of the dug-out the major made a further decision. "I think you might as well bring the mess-cart," he called out. I paused. "Not very easy to bring it round here in the dark, sir," I said, and Wilde raised his eyebrows deprecatingly.

"Yes, I think you had better bring it," continued the major. "There are two officers, and besides, the drivers have to learn the way to come here. . . . Don't forget my bottle of white wine, old fellow," was his parting reminder as Wilde and I set off.

The nature of the shelling caused us to direct our steps through the Boche depot towards the railway again. "Pity we didn't have something to eat before we came up here," growled Wilde. "What road are we going to bring the cart along when we come back? There's no proper track when we get off the main road."

I looked back towards the hut in which we had left the major and the adjutant. There was little to distinguish it from several other huts. "There's the Red Cross station and that big wooden building at the corner; I think we shall recognise them again," I said. "Do you see that signalling pole on the roadside. That's a pole crossing, and I know there's a track leading off the road there," added Wilde shrewdly. "That's the way we'd better bring the cart."

It was nearly dark when we reached the G—— cross-roads. Small parties of infantrymen were coming along, and ammunition and ration waggons. As we turned up the road leading south-west a square-

shouldered man with a stiff big-peaked cap saluted with the crisp correctness of the regular soldier. I recognised the sergeant-major of B Battery.

"Were you much shelled when you took your waggon lines up there this evening?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir. It got too hot, and Major Bullivant sent us down again half an hour ago. All the batteries have shifted their waggon lines back behind G——, sir."

"All the more exciting for us," muttered Wilde. By the aid of my electric torch we picked our way along a rough track that took us to our waggons. The drivers and spare signallers were waiting orders to settle down for the night. When I told the cook that we only wanted bare necessities in the mess-cart, he answered, "That'll mean emptying the cart first. We've got everything aboard now." Such things as the stove, the spare crockery and cutlery, several tins of biscuits, and the officers' kit were quickly dumped upon the ground, and I told off one of the servants to act as guard over it until the morning. "What about this, sir?" inquired the cook, opening a large cardboard box. "The interpreter sent it up this evening." I noted twenty eggs and a cake. "Yes, put that in," I replied quickly.

Wilde detailed a signaller to accompany the driver of the cart, and, with Meddings and two of the servants walking behind, the journey commenced. A ten-minutes' hold-up occurred when Captain Denny of A Battery, a string of waggons behind him, shouted my name through the darkness. He wanted the loan of my torch for a brief study of the shell-holes, as he intended establishing the battery waggon lines in the vicinity.

The Boche had started his night-firing in earnest by the time the mess-cart and party passed the cross-roads at G——. A pungent smell of gas led to much coughing and sneezing. The air cleared as the road ascended, but shells continued to fly about us, and no one looked particularly happy. There were nervy, irritating moments when waggons in front halted unaccountably; and, just before the railway crossing, Wilde had to go forward and coax a pair of R.E. mules, who refused to pass the four dead horses lying in the road. The railway crossing passed, we began to look for the black-and-white signalling pole.

"Here it is," called Wilde with relief, as a 5·9 sped over us towards the railway line. "Come along, Miller," he shouted to the mess-cart driver, fifty yards behind us. The cart creaked and wobbled in the bumpy ditch-crossing that led past the pole. "There's the big building," said I, going on ahead, "and here's the Red Cross place. We're getting on fine. We'll tell M'Klown and Tommy Tucker that we'll apply for a job with the 980 company" (the A.S.C. company that supplied the brigade with forage and rations).

"We want to go half-right from here," I continued, lighting up my torch for four or five seconds. The track led, however, to the left, and we slowed our pace. Another two hundred yards and we came to a junction; one track curved away to the right, the other went back towards the road.

A high-velocity shell screamed over and burst with a weird startling flash of flame a hundred yards away. We followed the right-hand path, and found that it bent to the left again. "This is getting puzzling," I said to Wilde in a low voice. "I think we've come right so far," he replied, "but I shall be glad when we're there."

We went on for another five minutes, the cart following. Then suddenly the situation became really worrying. We were facing a deep impassable trench. "Damn!" said Wilde angrily. "I was afraid this would happen."

"I don't think we can be more than a couple of hundred yards from where we want to get," I answered. "It ought to be in that direction. Let's give 'em a hail."

"They'll be down below—they won't hear us," said Wilde gloomily.

We stood up on the trench and called first the name of the brigade and then the name of the adjutant. Not a sound in reply. We shouted again, the servants joining in. Another shell, bursting near enough to spray the mess-cart with small fragments! At last we heard a cry, and shouted harder than ever. A figure came out of the gloom, and I recognised Stenson, B Battery's round-faced second lieutenant. "Ah! now we're all right," I called out cheerfully. "You see how we're tied up. Our Headquarters is close to your battery. Which is the way to it?"

Stenson's face fell. "That's what I was hoping you would tell me," he replied blankly. "I've lost myself."

There was a groan from Wilde.

"I left the battery about half an hour ago because some one was shouting outside in the dark," went on Stenson. "I found a major sitting in a shell-hole; he had lost his way trying to get back to the railway. I managed to put him right—now I can't find the battery."

Another voice came from the far side of the trench, and we peered at the newcomer. It was one of the brigade orderlies, who also had lost his way trying to find an infantry battalion headquarters. I examined him on his sense of direction, but all I got from him was that if he could reach the road and see the fifth telegraph pole from the wood, he would know that Brigade Headquarters lay on a line due north.

More shells dropped near, and I began to think of Minnie, our patient mess-cart mare. We must get her and the cart out of the way as soon as possible. Close by stood a commodious Nissen hut, sunk half-

way below ground. After consulting with Wilde, I told the servants to unload the cart and carry the stuff inside the hut. The cart having gone, we went inside; and, lighting a candle, discovered the usual empty bottles and scattered German illustrated periodicals that indicate a not too hurried Boche evacuation. After a ten minutes' wait, during which the Boche shelling increased in intensity, Stenson, the orderly, and myself went forth with my torch, bent upon trying all the tracks within reach until we found the right one. And though we twice followed ways that disappointed us, and turned and searched with a bitter sense of bafflement, our final path led in the direction to which I had first pointed. We found ourselves close to the shell-stricken hut where I had met Beale of B Battery earlier in the evening. "I know where we are now," I shouted hilariously.

"Who's that?" called some one sharply. I turned my torch on to the owner of the voice. It was Kelly of D Battery, yet another lost soul. "I'm hanged if I know where I am," he explained argrily. "I can't find the battery. I was going to lie down inside here until it got light, . . . but I have no matches, and I put my hand on a clammy dead Boche."

"Get away with you!" I laughed. "That's a dead horse. I saw it this afternoon."

Sure of my ground now, I walked comfortably towards the dug-out where Major Mallaby-Kelby and the adjutant were waiting. It was 11.15 P.M. now. Tired and hungry and without candles, they had fallen asleep.

"By Gad! you're back," ejaculated the major when I touched him. . . . "Have you brought my white wine?"

"It is coming, sir, before very long," I responded soothingly.

I stood outside, flashed my torch, and yelled for Wilde. An answering shout was succeeded by Wilde himself. "Why, we were quite close all the time," he said in surprise.

"Now you go back with the orderly and bring Meddings over with something to eat," I went on, "every one's famished." Soon Meddings arrived, striding across shell-holes and treacherous ground with a heavy mess-box balanced on his head.

"Only bully beef to-night, sir," said Meddings to the expectant major as he dumped the box on the floor of the hut.

"My dear fellow, I can eat anything, a crust or a dog-biscuit, I'm so hungry."

Meddings raised the lid and we all crowded round. "By Gad! this is too much," snapped the major.

The box contained nothing but cups and plates and saucers.

When Meddings returned with a second box the major and the adjutant seized some biscuits and munched happily and voraciously. "You devils," said the major grinning re-

proachfully at Wilde and myself, "I bet you had whiskies and sodas at the waggon line. Why were you so long?"

We didn't go into full explanations then, and I must confess that when the major, in his haste, knocked the bottle of white wine off the table and smashed it, Wilde and myself could scarcely forbear a chuckle. That ought, of course, to be the climax of the story; but it wasn't. I had put two bottles of the major's white wine into the mess-cart, so the concluding note was one of content. Also I might add, Stenson called upon us to say that B Battery's mess-cart had failed to arrive, and four foodless officers asked us to have pity upon them. So B Battery received a loaf and a big slab of the truly excellent piece of bully, a special kind that Meddings had obtained in some mysterious fashion from a field ambulance that was making a hurried move. "You two fellows have earned your supper," said the now peaceful major to Wilde and myself. "I didn't think you were going to have so trying a journey." We ate bully sandwiches solidly until 1 A.M. Then the major and the adjutant descended to their little room below ground. I glanced through 'The Times,' and then Wilde and myself found a restful bed upon the shavings. The cook and the servants had gone back to the Nissen hut.

The major's last words as he fell asleep were, "I've to be at the —th Infantry Brigade Headquarters at 4.45 in the morning. I think I'll take the adjutant with me. . . . No," — sleepily, — "you'd better come, Wilde."

At 4 A.M., when the major's servant woke us, the major called up the stairs to me, "I think, after all, you'd better come with me." As I had not removed my boots, it didn't take me long to be up and ready.

Before we were fifty yards from the hut the major and I shared in one of the narrowest escapes that have befallen me in France. We heard the shell coming just in time to crouch. According to Meddings, who stood in the doorway of the hut, the shell fell ten yards from us. Smothered with earth, we moved forward rapidly immediately we regained our feet.

"We shall be right for the rest of the day after that," panted the major. "The —th Brigade are in the bank along the road from —— wood to C——," he said a little later, reading aloud from a message form. As we left the dewy grass land and got on to the road that led through the wood, other shells whistled by, but none of them near enough to set our nerves tingling again. Indeed the state of mind of both of us seemed sanguine and rose-coloured. "Fine bit of country this," said the major in his quick jerky way, "and that purple haze is quite beautiful. It ought to be lighter than this. It's not even half morning light yet. . . . My old uncle in County Clare would be sure to call it

dusk. He often used to say when we were arranging a day's fishing, 'Let me see, it will still be dusk at 5 A.M.'"

The major drew an envelope from his pocket, and fixed his eye-glass. "Awkward thing sometimes having a double-barrelled name," he continued. "I remember a bright young subaltern in a reserve brigade in England, whose name was Maddock-Smith, or something like that. He complained that the brigade clerk had not noticed the hyphen, and that he was down to do double duty as orderly officer—once as Maddock, and once as Smith."

We were now through the wood, and walking down the hill direct to C——. Everything seemed profoundly quiet; not a soul in the road save ourselves. "Seems strange," observed the major, frowning. "Infantry Brigade Headquarters ought to be about here. They can't be much farther off. The starting line is only a few hundred yards away."

"You'd certainly expect to see plenty of messengers and runners near a brigade headquarters," I put in. "Hullo! here's some one on a bicycle."

It was a New Zealand officer. "Can you tell me where the —th Brigade Headquarters are?" he asked. "We are looking for them ourselves," replied the major. "I've to be there by 4.45, and it's past that now."

We went down to where a track crossed the road at right angles. Still no one in sight. "Don't understand it," remarked the New Zealand officer, "I'm going back for more information."

The major and I remained about five minutes longer watching the haze that enveloped the village below commence to lift. Then suddenly we heard the sharp metallic crack of quick-firing guns behind, and dozens of 18-pdr. shells whistled above us. The barrage had started.

Almost immediately red Very lights went up within a stone's-throw as it seemed to me. And now Boche lights leapt up on our left where the haze prevented us seeing the M—— ridge, the highest ground in the neighbourhood, and still in enemy hands. Presently the devilish rattle of machine-guns rapped out, spreading round the half-circle along which the alarm lights were still soaring heavenwards.

"We can't do anything by staying here," decided the major. "My place is with the Infantry Brigade, and I must find them."

"We can report, at any rate, that the Boche lights went up within a few seconds of the start of our barrage, and that the enemy artillery replied within four minutes," I remarked, looking at my wrist-watch, as shells from the direction of the Boche lines poured through the air.

"Yes, we can say that," responded the major, "and ——, keep down!" he called out violently.

A number of bullets had swished swiftly past us. We kept close to the bank and walked, bending down, until

we came again to the sunken portion of the road.

"We can also report that this road was subjected to machine-gun fire," concluded the major pointedly.

We ducked again with startled celerity just before reaching the wood. This time it was a short-range shell from one of our own guns—there was no mistaking the wheezy, tinny sound of its passage through the air. It fell in front of us on the edge of the road, and delivered its shrapnel as vengefully as if it had fallen in the Boche lines. As we came beyond the wood we met young Stenson with a small party of gunners. His face shone with expectancy. He was on the way to man the forward gun that B Battery had placed overnight under cover of a bank not far from the road the major and I had just walked along.

"Well, old fellow," remarked the major, removing his steel helmet when we got back to headquarters, "a cup of tea, and you'd better go straight down to those trenches the other side of C—— and inquire what has become of the infantry brigade. And you can deliver our reconnoitring report."

It was a long walk, and I resolved to pick up my horse for the return journey. The infantry brigadier was taking an early cup of tea when I found his headquarters. His brigade-major told me that there had been a change of plan, and the brigade did not come forward, as previously arranged. "We couldn't find you to let you know," he explained. "Show me the position of your headquarters on the map. . . . Oh, we have our advanced headquarters not three hundred yards from you, and you will find the 2nd —— Headquarters near there too. . . . I'm sorry we didn't let you know last night. But none of our despatch-riders could find you."

I rode back the best part of the way, and found the major, the adjutant, and Wilde fortifying themselves with eggs and bacon.

"We'll look round for a better protected headquarters than this after breakfast," said the major briskly.

"When I've had a shave, sir," I answered appealingly. "I can't maintain my efficiency without a shave, you know."

X.

August 30: Before noon we learned that the battle had gone not altogether our way. Our own Divisional Infantry had fought well and scattered the Boche in the low-lying village of C——, but the Division on our left had failed to force the enemy from the M—— Heights. Consequently our infantry had been ordered to fall back to the higher ground west of C——, while it remained impossible

for the Field Artillery to push forward so long as the Boche observers possessed the M—— ridge.

Our batteries, with an S.O.S. range of 1700 yards, were close enough, as it was, to startle strict adherents of siege-war principles. Indeed B Battery's forward section, handled first by Dumble and then by Stenson, had boldly harassed the enemy machine-gunners from under 500 yards' range. Dumble had already been recommended for the Military Cross, and Major Bullivant described Stenson's exploits while visiting Brigade Headquarters during the afternoon.

"Yesterday," he told Major Mallaby-Kelby, "he took a sniping gun on to the —— crest, and kept it in action for four hours, firing 150 rounds. At one time he was within three hundred yards of the enemy. He wiped out at least two infantry teams and waggons—although the Boche tried hard to knock his gun out with 5·9's and whizz-bangs. This morning he fired 500 rounds over open sights, and the colonel of the ——s tells me he helped our infantry a lot. I understand that more than once, when his gunners got tired, he 'layed' the gun himself—not part of an officer's work, perhaps—but he's a very sound youngster, and I should like to get him something."

"I shall be pleased indeed to put him in," responded Major Mallaby-Kelby. "A word from the infantry would, of course, help."

Our new headquarters, nearer to the Boche depot, consisted simply of a deep stairless shaft with a 40 degrees slope. The props supporting the roof were fusty with mildew and fungus, but the entrance faced away from the German guns. As the colonel of the 2nd ——s was keen to be in liaison with us, he and his adjutant and a couple of signallers shared the shaft. The servants gathered clean straw from the German dump and strewed it down the shaft. Major Mallaby-Kelby and the colonel, a slim soft-voiced young man about twenty-four years of age, with a proved reputation for bravery and organising powers, had their blankets laid side by side at the top of the shaft; the two adjutants, plus telephones, came next; then a couple of signallers with telephone switch-boards; and, lowest of all, the doctor and myself. Wilde and his signallers, the cook and the servants, had installed themselves in a roomy hut stuck in a big bank thirty yards away. There was a sort of well at the top of the shaft, with steps cut in the earth, leading down from the ground-level. We fastened a tarpaulin across the top of the well and made it our mess. It was not unwise to pick such a well-shielded nook; the Boche gunners flung shells about more in this neighbourhood than along the slope where the batteries were situated.

We slept three nights in the shaft. Each morning on awaking I discovered that I had slipped a couple of yards

downhill. I made full acquaintance, too, with the completeness of the doctor's snoring capabilities. The adjutant always said he could snore in five different keys. Down in that shaft he must have introduced a new orgy of nasal sounds. It commenced with a gentle snuffling that rather resembled the rustling of the waters against the bows of a racing yacht, and then in smooth even stages crescendoed into one grand triumphant blare.

September 1 proved a memorable day in the history of the Division. Conferences of generals, and dashing to and fro of despatch-riders, produced ambitious plans for an advance that would more than make up for the set-back of August 30. A brigade of our own Divisional infantry was again to descend upon the village of C——, while another brigade, working on the flank, would effect a turning movement northwards towards F——, a hamlet twelve hundred yards north-east of C——. Meanwhile the Division on our left intended to make a desperate effort to free the M—— Heights.

My task was to be brigade liaison officer with the —th Infantry Brigade, who had come up overnight to a quarry a quarter of a mile beyond D Battery's position. It was a crisp invigorating day, with a nip in the air that foretold the approach of autumn, and it would have been a pleasant walk along the valley had not one constantly to get to leeward of the dead horses that littered the way. And I shall always recall a small log-cabin that stood isolated in the centre of the valley—the sort of place that could mean lone settlers or hermit hunters to imaginative boyhood. I felt drawn to the hut. The door hung ajar and I looked in. A young German infantry soldier, dead, his face palely putty-like, his arms hanging loose, sat on a bench before a plain wooden table. There was no disorder in the hut. Many a time have I seen sleeping men in more grotesque attitudes. But the open jacket and the blood-stained shirt told probably of a miserable being who had crept inside to die.

A red triangular flag hanging limply from a lance stuck in the chalk-bank near a roughly-contrived tarpaulin and pit-prop shelter revealed the infantry brigadier's headquarters. The brigade signalling officer hailed me from a dug-out that flew the blue and white of the signalling company. Outside the brigade-major's hut I found Captain Drysdale, of D Battery, and two other gunner officers. "We are kicking our heels, waiting for news like newspaper correspondents during a Cabinet crisis," said Drysdale with a bored smile. "I can't see why they want so many liaison officers. . . . I went without my dinner to get here from the waggon line last night, and haven't had breakfast yet; and these people haven't told us a scrap of news yet."

"You're doing liaison for Division, aren't you?" I said, "and I'm for brigade. They can't need us both."

"Except that the General told me he might require me to go forward with him to look for targets," replied Drysdale.

"Well, if you like, you slip along to the battery for breakfast. I'll hold the fort until you come back."

There was, indeed, until well on in the morning, surprisingly little information to be telephoned to the Artillery. What news the infantry brigade-major did receive, however, was all to the good. The brigade that went into C—— had enjoyed immediate success, and the mopping-up battalion had done its work with the old-soldier thoroughness that so many of the young lads who only learnt war during the summer advance seemed to acquire so rapidly. One of the companies engaged in the turning movement had paid the penalty of over-eagerness, and losing touch with a sister company had been badly enfiladed by German machine-gunners; but another company had rushed up to fill their place and the movement was progressing towards its appointed end.

A dozen Boche prisoners were brought in, dirty, hollow-eyed, and furtive. "This one speaks English, sir," said the dapper little private of the East ——s, who had charge of the party, addressing an intelligence officer.

I spoke afterwards to this prisoner, a dark pale-faced infantry man with staring eyes. His English was fair, although he told me he had only visited England once, for a fortnight—in London and Manchester. He had been a telephone manufacturer's employee.

"You were in C—— when you were captured?" I asked.

"Yes."

"How long had you been in the line?"

"Four days; we went down to C—— yesterday morning."

"Did your rations get up last night?" I proceeded, thinking of our all-night burst of fire on enemy cross-roads and approaches.

"We took ours with us, but none came for the others there. They had had nothing for two days."

The marching away of the prisoners prevented further questions. Soon the Divisional Commander with his attendant staff came up, and a conference in the brigadier's headquarters was commenced. After half an hour the G.O.C. came out. His demeanour betokened satisfaction. The manner in which he turned to speak parting words to the brigadier indicated further activities. A captain of the West ——s, who had been in reserve, turned from watching him, and said to me, "I expect we shall be performing this afternoon." Soon the phrase, "exploiting initial success," ran from tongue to tongue.

This was the message that at noon I telephoned to our adjutant:

7th ——s and East ——s

will push forward fighting patrols to exploit success in an easterly and north-easterly direction into —— Wood, and along the road to S——. Patrols will not penetrate into squares X 120 and Z 130, as —th Division will continue its advance in Y 140, a and c, under a barrage very shortly.

Artillery have been given tasks of harassing fire east of —— Wood, and will not fire west of line eastern edge of this wood to A 210, b 05.

Patrols must be pushed out without delay, as it is the intention of the Divisional Commander to exploit initial success with another brigade to-day.

"That's the stuff to give 'em," chortled the brigade signalling officer, who had been whipping round similar messages to various units.

More prisoners kept coming in; the brigade-major's telephone rang furiously; a heavily-moustached infantry signaller, with a bar to his Military Medal, just back from the eastern side of C——, was telling his pals how an officer and himself had stalked a Hun sniper. "He was in a hole behind some trees," he said, "and we were walkin' along, when he hit old Alf in the foot——"

"Is old Alf all right?" asked another signaller quickly.

"Yes"—nodding and grinning—"he's got a nice Blighty—he's all right. . . . As I was sayin', he hit old Alf in the foot, and Mr Biles says to me, 'We'll get that blighter.' So we dropped, and Mr Biles crawled away to the right and I went to the left. He popped off again after about five minutes, and I saw where the shot came from. He had two other goes, and the second time I saw his head. The next time he popped up I loosed off. . . . We went to have a look afterwards. I'd got him right under the ear."

At three o'clock the brigade-major complained to us that some 18-pdrs. were shooting short. "They mustn't fire in that square," he said excitedly, "we're still mopping up there."

I telephoned to our adjutant, who said he would speak to our batteries. "We are not firing there at all," he informed me five minutes afterwards, and I reported to the brigade-major.

Ten minutes later the brigade-major rushed angrily out of his hut. "Look here!" he said, "that artillery fire has started again. They've killed a subaltern and a sergeant of the East ——s. You must do something!"

I rang up the adjutant again. "It isn't our people," he replied tersely. "It might be the —th Division on our left," I suggested. "Can you get on to them?"

"I'll get Division to speak to them," he replied.

By five o'clock the number of prisoners roped in by the Division was not far short of a thousand; the Division on the left had gained the M—— ridge, and this, combined with the turning movement from the south, had brought about something like debacle among

the enemy forces opposed to us. "That's topping," said the brigade-major when receiving one particular telephone report, and he looked up with a laugh. "The ——s have captured a Boche ambulance waggon, and they have sent it down for receipt on delivery, with horses and driver complete."

Not long afterwards I met Major Veasey, hot and radiant after one of the big adventures of the day. He had gone forward with Kelly, and discovered that the infantry were held up by fierce machine-gun fire. "I was afraid all the time that the major's white breeches would give the show away," Kelly told me, "but we crawled on our bellies to about a hundred yards from the machine guns—there were two of 'em—and got the exact spot. We went back and told the battery where to fire, and then went forward for another look."

"By Jove, we did pepper 'em. And, hang me, if the major didn't say we must go and make absolutely sure that we had outed 'em. There were nineteen Boches in the trench, and they surrendered to the major. . . . Look at this pile of revolvers we took from them — fourteen altogether. The major's promised to give this little beauty to the doctor."

And still the day's tale of triumph was not concluded. At seven o'clock the infantry brigade that had been held in reserve made a combined dash with troops of the Division on the left, and drove the tired, dispirited Huns out of a couple of ruined villages another 2000 yards on.

Our batteries fired harassing crashes all through the night, and were warned to be ready to move first thing in the morning.

XI.

Sept. 2: The side-spectacle that struck me most when I walked by myself through C—— was that of a solitary Royal Engineer playing a grand piano in the open street, with not a soul to listen to him. The house from which the instrument had been dragged was smashed beyond repair; save for some scrapes on the varnish the piano had suffered no harm, and its tone was agreeable to the ear. The pianist possessed technique and played with feeling and earnestness, and it seemed weirdly strange to hear Schumann's "Slumber Song" in such surroundings. But the war has produced more impressive incongruities than that.

The brigade settled itself in the neighbourhood of F——. The —st Infantry Brigade was already established there in a trench; and the first job of work that fell to me was to answer the F.O.O. of another artillery brigade who had rung up Infantry Brigade Headquarters. "Huns are moving along the road in X429b and c," said a voice. "Can you turn

one of my batteries on to them?" Our batteries were not yet in position, but I saw, a couple of hundred yards away, two batteries whose trails were lowered; so I hurried across and gave them the target and the map spotting, and before long 18-pdr. shells were on their way to ginger up the aforementioned unlucky Huns. An aeroplane fight within decent observing distance aroused much more interest. No decisive result was obtained, but the enemy airman was finally driven away in full retreat towards his own lines. "Jerry isn't as cheeky as he used to be in Flanders last year, is he?" said Wilde to me. "It must be true that he's running short of 'planes."

The problem of the last few days had been the water supply for the horses. Although the sappers were hard at work in C——, there was as yet no water within five miles of the batteries. The Boche by smashing all the power-pumps had seen to that; and the waggon lines were too far in rear for moving warfare. "We shall be all right when we get to the canal," had been everybody's consolatory pronouncement. "The horses won't be so hard worked then."

We were still in the area of newly-erected Boche huts, and Headquarters lay that night without considerable hardship. Manning, our mess waiter, a fishmonger by trade, had discovered a large quantity of dried fish left by the departing enemy, and the men enjoyed quite a feast; the sudden appearance in new boots of ninety per cent of them could be similarly explained. The modern soldier is not squeamish in these matters. I overheard one man, who had accepted a pair of leggings from a prisoner, reply to a comrade's mild sneer, "Why not? . . . I'd take anything from these devils. There was a big brute this morning: I had a good mind to take his false teeth—they had so much gold in 'em." Which rather suggested that he was "telling the tale" to his unsympathetic listener.

Late that night orders informed us that on the morrow we should come under another Divisional Artillery. Our own infantry were being pulled out of the line to bring themselves up to strength. The enemy were still withdrawing, and fresh British troops had to push ahead so as to allow him no respite. B Battery had already advanced their guns another 2000 yards, and through the night fired hotly on the road and approaches east of the canal. Next morning Major Mallaby-Kelby was instructed to reconnoitre positions within easy crossing distance of the canal, but not to move the batteries until further orders came in. Bicycle orderlies chased down to the waggon lines to tell the grooms to bring up our horses. My groom, I remember, had trouble on the road, and did not arrive soon enough for the impatient major; so I borrowed the adjutant's second horse as well as his groom. A quarter of a mile on the way I realised

that I had forgotten my box-respirator; the only solution of the difficulty was to take the groom's, and send him back to remain in possession of mine until I returned; and all that morning and afternoon I was haunted by the fear that I might perhaps be compelled to put on the borrowed article.

The reconnoitring party consisted of Major Mallaby-Kelby, Major Veasey, Major Bullivant, young Beale of B Battery, and Kelly and Wood of D Battery, who loaded themselves with a No. 4 Director, the tripod instrument with which lines of fire are laid out.

When we approached the highest point along the main road leading east, Major Mallaby-Kelby sent back word that the road was under observation; we must come along in couples, two hundred yards between each couple. The Boche was sending over some of the high-bursting shells which he uses so much for ranging purposes, but we were not greatly troubled. We dipped into a slippery shell-scarred track that wound through a hummocky copse, swung southwards along a sunken road, and then made due east again, drawing nearer a dense forest of stubby firs that stretched far as eye could see. This was the wood into which our infantry had pushed fighting patrols on Sept. 1. Every few yards we met grim reminders of the bloody fighting that had made the spot a memorable battle-ground. My horse shied at two huddled grey forms lying by the roadside — bayoneted Huns. I caught a glimpse of one dead German, half covered by bushes; his face had been blown away. Abandoned heaps of Boche ammunition; fresh gaping shell-holes; one ghastly litter of mutilated horses and men and a waggon rolled into the ditch, revealed the hellish execution of our artillery. The major called a halt and said we would leave our horses there.

We struck north-east, away from the forest, and, reaching the cross-roads on top of the crest, gazed across the great wide valley that from the canal sloped up to the blue haze of heights still held by the enemy. Through the glasses one saw the yellows and greens of bracken and moss and grass in the middle distances. "We're getting into country now that hasn't seen much shelling," remarked the major with satisfaction. But the glasses also showed slopes seared and seamed with twisting trenches and tawny waggon tracks.

Our path lay along a road bordered by evenly-planted, broken and lifeless poplars. The major called out for us to advance in single file, at intervals of twenty-five yards. When high-velocity shells struck the ground a hundred yards short of the road, and a hundred yards beyond it, we all of us dropped unquestioningly into the narrow freshly-dug trench that ran at the foot of the poplars. About five hundred yards on, to the left of the road, we passed a shell-blasted grove that hung above

a melancholy rubbish-heap of broken bricks and shattered timber.

"Senate Farm!" called Major Mallaby-Kelby, with an informative gesture.

Senate Farm was a datum point that batteries had mercilessly pasted two days before.

"Senate Farm!" repeated Major Bullivant, who walked behind Mallaby-Kelby.

"Senate Farm!" echoed Major Veasey, with outstretched arm; and I, in my turn, passed the word to Beale.

Young Beale was in exuberant spirits. He not only turned his head and shouted "Senate Farm!" with a parade-ground volume of voice; he followed with the clarion demand of "Why don't you acknowledge orders?" to Kelly, who was so surprised that he nearly dropped the Director before responding with a grin, and thrusting out his arm in the way laid down in the gun-drill book for sergeants to acknowledge gunnery orders passed along the line of guns.

We came to another large wood that stretched down towards the canal, and, once more in a party, moved along the southern edge of it. An infantry captain, belonging to the Division we were now working under, stepped from beneath the trees and saluted. "We're reconnoitring for battery positions," said Major Mallaby-Kelby, answering the salute. "Can you tell me how the front line runs now?"

"We're sending two patrols through the wood to the canal now," replied the captain. "The Boche hadn't entirely cleared out three-quarters of an hour ago."

"We may as well go on," said Major Mallaby-Kelby, after three or four minutes further conversation. "The Boche must be over the canal by now . . . and we have to select battery positions as soon as possible. We don't want to bring the guns up in the dark." There was a general feeling for revolvers, and we entered the wood and followed a bridle-path. I could imagine that wood in the pleasant careless days of peace, a proper wood for picnics and nutting expeditions. Ripening blackberries even now loaded the bramble bushes, but the foul noxiousness of gas-shells had made them uneatable. The heavy sickly smell of phosgene pervaded the close air; no birds fluttered and piped among the upper branches. The heavy steel helmet caused rills of sweat to run down the cheeks.

We forged ahead past a spacious glade where six tracks met. "There's a hut we could use for a mess," said Major Veasey. "Mark it up, Kelly; and look at that barrel, it would be big enough for you to sleep in." Snapped-off branches, and holes torn in the leaf-strewn ground, showed that the guns had not neglected this part of the wood; and in several places we noted narrow ruts a yard or so in length, caused by small-calibre projectiles. "Ricochet shots from whizz-bangs fired at very close range," commented Major Bullivant.

After certain hesitations as

to the right track to follow, we reached the north-western edge of the wood. Major Mallaby-Kelby refused to allow us to leave cover, and we knelt hidden among the prickly bushes. "For heaven's sake, don't show those white breeches, Veasey," laughed Major Bullivant.

A village nestled at the foot of the slope. Not a sign of life in it now, although the Boche was certainly in possession the day before. "There are some Boches in that trench near the top of the slope," said Major Veasey suddenly. "Can you see them? Eight degrees, two o'clock, from the farm chimney near the quarry." I looked hard and counted three steel helmets. "We could have some good shooting if we had the guns up," added the major regretfully. A Boche 5·9 was firing consistently and accurately into the valley beneath us. I say accurately, because the shells fell round and about one particular spot. "Don't see what he's aiming at," said Major Bullivant shortly. "He's doing no damage. . . . He can't be observing his fire."

There was a discussion as to whether an 18-pdr. battery placed near a long bank on the slope would be able to clear the wood at 3000 yards' range, and Major Mallaby-Kelby and Major Bullivant slipped out to inspect a possible position at the corner where the edge of the wood curved north-east. Then Major Mallaby-Kelby decided that it was time to return; and on the way back Major Veasey said he would be content to bring his 4·5 how. battery into the glade where the six tracks met. "Might as well make us Trench Mortars," growled Kelly to me. "We shan't be more than a thousand yards from the Boche."

Just before we came out of the wood Major Mallaby-Kelby called to me to chalk the sign of Brigade H.Q. on an elaborate hut that stood forty yards off the track— a four-roomed hut, new and clean. It was not pleasant, however, to find two dead Boche horses lying in the doorway.

An enemy bombardment started as we left the wood. Major Veasey and his party went off immediately towards where the horses were waiting. The other two majors, still seeking battery positions, bore away to the south, and I followed them. A 4·2 battery suddenly switched its fire on to the strip of ground we were crossing, and we ran hurriedly for shelter to a trench that lay handy. Shells whistled over our heads, and we panted and mopped our brows while taking a breather.

"No wonder he's shelling here," exclaimed Major Mallaby-Kelby. "The —rd" [our companion brigade] "have a battery here. . . . Look at those dead horses . . . three, five, seven—why, there are twelve of 'em."

"Yes, sir," I put in, "that happened yesterday when they were bringing up ammunition."

We moved up the trench, but we seemed to draw fire as if we had magnetic properties. "We'll move back

again," remarked Major Mallaby-Kelby with energy, and he started off, Major Bullivant following.

We had gone about fifty yards when Major Bullivant turned swiftly, gave me a push, and muttered "Gas!" We ran back to where we had been before, and looked round for Major Mallaby-Kelby. "Damn it," he said abruptly when he came up, sneezing, "I forgot to bolt. I stood still getting my box-respirator on."

When the shelling died down we walked farther along the trench, which turned westwards. Excellent positions for the three 18-pdr. batteries were found not far from the trench; and returning again towards the wood for our horses, we chanced upon a deep dug-out that Major Mallaby-Kelby sent me down to explore. "Don't touch any wires or pegs," he said warningly; "the Hun may have left some booby-traps." The dug-out was thirty feet deep, and had only one entrance. But I found recesses with good wire beds, and a place for the telephonists. "We'll make that Headquarters," decided the major, and I chalked out our claim accordingly.

When we got back to the batteries we found that orders for the move had come in; the teams were up; and after a very welcome cup of tea the journey to the new positions was started. Wilde, the signalling officer, and myself led the way with the Headquarters' vehicles, and followed a beautifully hidden track that ran through the wood and came out a hundred yards from our selected dug-out. Three red glares lit up the sky behind the heights held by the Boche. "By Jove," said Wilde, "he must be going back; he's burning things."

My day's work was not yet ended. Our own infantry had been brought up again, and it was imperative that we should be in early communication with the —rd Brigade, the brigade commanded by the forceful young brigadier who had discussed artillery arrangements with the colonel for the operation in which Judd and Pottinger had done so well with their forward section. There was a shortage of telephone wire, and at 8.15 P.M. Wilde's line had not been laid. Major Mallaby-Kelby decided that the only alternative was for me to go and report to the brigadier, whose Headquarters were not far from the road leading to Senate Farm. It was very dark, and the fact that the whole way was under Boche observation made it impossible for me to use my torch. Shells were falling about the cross-roads—and I have undertaken more agreeable walks. I went down into the infantry brigade signal-hut first to find whether we had at last got a line through. We hadn't. When I asked for the general's mess, the signalling sergeant conducted me along a passage that in places was not three feet high. Climbing up a steep uneven stairway, I found myself at the top looking into the mess with only my head and shoulders exposed to view. The

general was examining a map. His brigade-major, a V.C. captain with gentle eyes and a kindly, charming manner; his staff captain, a brisk hard-bitten soldier, with a reputation for never letting the brigade go hungry; the signal officer, the intelligence officer, and other junior members of the Staff, were seated round the same table. "What about the —nd Brigade?" I heard the general say, mentioning our brigade.

"We haven't heard from them yet," observed the brigade-major.

"I'm from the —nd Brigade," I said loudly.

There were startled ejaculations and a general looking round to the spot where the voice came from.

"Hallo, Jack in the box!" exclaimed the brigadier, staring at my head and shoulders, "where did you come from?"

I explained, and the general, laughing, said, "Well, you deserve a drink for that. . . . Come out of your box and we'll give you some targets. . . . I didn't know any one could get in that way."

Before I went away the tactical situation was explained to me. I was given the points the infantry would like us to fire upon during the night. Also I got my drink.

The last thing Major Mallaby-Kelby said before going off to sleep was, "Extraordinary long time since we met any civilians. Haven't seen any since July."

XII.

Sept. 4: "A full mail-bag and a bottle of white wine are the best spirit revivers for war-worn fighting-men," said Major Mallaby-Kelby contentedly, gathering up his own big batch of letters from the one and sipping a glass of the other.

During two days Brigade Headquarters and the four batteries had received piles of belated letters and parcels, and there was joy in the land. I remember noting the large number of little, local, weekly papers — always a feature of the men's mail; and it struck me that here the countryman was vouchsafed a joy unknown to the Londoner. Both could read of world-doings and national affairs in the big London dailies; but the man from the shires, from the little country towns, from the far-off villages of the British Isles, could hug to himself the weekly that was like another letter from home—with its intimate, sometimes trivial, details of persons and places so familiar in the happy uneventful days before the war.

As for the white wine, that did not greatly interest the other members of Brigade Headquarters mess. But the diary contained the bald entry, "At 9.30 P.M. the whisky ran out," in the space headed Aug. 28; and none had come to us since. People at home are inclined to believe that the

whisky scarcity, and the shortage of cakes and biscuits, and chocolate and tobacco, scarcely affected officers messes in France. It is true that recognised brands of whisky appeared on the Expeditionary Force Canteens' price-list at from 76 to 80 francs a dozen, but there were days and days when none was to be bought, and no lime juice and no bottled lemon squash either. Many a fight in the September-October push was waged by non-teetotal officers, who had nothing with which to disguise the hideous taste of chlorinate of lime in the drinking water. Ah well!

There was also the serious matter of Major Mallaby-Kelby's pipe. It became a burning topic on Sept. 4. "I must have dropped it yesterday when we tumbled into that gas," he told me dolefully. "I mustn't lose that pipe. It was an original Dunhill, and is worth three or four pounds. . . . I'll offer a reward for it. . . . Will you come with me to look for it?" And he fixed his monocle and gazed at me compellingly.

"Does the offer of a reward refer to me, sir?" I inquired with all the brightness at my command. For answer the major commenced putting on his steel helmet and box-respirator.

It was fitting that I should go. I had accompanied the major on all his excursions, and my appearance over the horizon had become a sure warning to the batteries that the major was not far off. "Gunner Major and Gunner Minor" some one had christened us.

The major conducted the search with great verve. We encountered a gunner chopping wood, and he told him the story of the pipe. "I'll give twenty-five francs to any one who brings it to me," he concluded. The gunner saluted and continued to chop wood.

"Rather a big reward!" I remarked as we walked on.

"Do you think twenty-five too much? Shall I make it fifteen?"

"You've committed yourself now," I answered solemnly.

Our arrival at the trench in which we had sheltered the day before coincided with the whizz-phutt of a 4·2 dud. "I shall be sorry if I get you killed looking for my pipe," said the major cheerfully. We waited for the next shell, which exploded well behind us, and then hastened to the spot where our quest was really to commence. Four gunners belonging to the —rd Brigade stood idly in the trench. The major stopped and looked down upon them. He addressed himself directly to a wall-faced, emotionless kind of man whose head and shoulders showed above the trench top.

"I was down here yesterday," began the major, "and lost my pipe. It was a very valuable pipe, a pipe I prize very much. I think it must be somewhere in this trench. . . ."

The wall-faced man remained stolidly silent.

"I want to get it back again," went on the major; "and if any of you fellows find it and bring it to me—I'm Major Mallaby-Kelby, commanding the —nd Brigade

—I'll give a reward of twenty-five francs."

"Is this it, sir?" said the wall-faced man in matter-of-fact tones, whipping out of his pocket a thin-stemmed pipe with a shapely, beautifully-polished bowl.

"By Jove, that's it!" exclaimed the major, taken aback by the swift unexpectedness of the recovery. "Yes, by Jove, that's it," he continued, his face lighting up. He took the pipe and rubbed the bowl affectionately with the palm of his hand.

"Twenty-five francs reward!" I murmured softly.

"Yes, that's right," he said briskly, and began turning out his pockets. Three maps, a pocket-handkerchief, some ration biscuits, and a note-case with nothing in it. "You must lend me twenty-five francs," he declared masterfully.

The wall-faced gunner accepted the money without any sign of repressed emotion, and saluted smartly. The smiles of the other men broadened into grins as the major and myself set our faces homewards.

There were more serious matters to consider when we got back. D Battery had had two men killed by shell-fire in the wood; the other batteries had had to send away a dozen men between them, overcome by gas; the infantry brigadier wished to discuss fresh plans for hastening the enemy's departure from the neighbourhood of the canal.

In the afternoon I accompanied the major on a round of the batteries. Nests of Boche machine-gunners were still checking the advance of our infantry—they had fought heroically these fellows; but slowly, methodically, implacably the work of rooting them out was going on. Our further advance was only a matter of hours now. "We're ordered not to risk too many casualties on this front," the infantry brigadier had told the major. "The enemy will have to fall back when certain movements north and south of us are completed. . . . But we mustn't let him rest." Beale of B Battery had returned from the most crowded glorious experience of his young life. He had taken a gun forward to support two companies of the infantry who were striving to establish posts on the eastern side of the canal. Their progress was stayed by machine-guns and snipers, and the casualties were beginning to make the company commanders doubt if the operation was worth while. Beale reconnoitred with two platoon commanders and located the machine-guns, returned and brought his gun up, and from an open position fired over four hundred rounds; and afterwards went forward in front of the advanced posts to make sure that the machine-guns had been definitely put out of action. This brilliant effort enabled the infantry to move forward afterwards without a casualty. Dusty, flushed with the thrill of what he had been through, Beale knew that he had done fine

work, and was frankly pleased by the kind things said about him.

The following day produced fresh excitements. Major Simpson had gone down to A Battery's waggon line to secure something like a night's rest—although I might say that after the spring of 1917 the Boche night-bombers saw to it that our waggon lines were no longer the havens of peace they used to be. Disaster followed. The Boche drenched the battery position with gas. Captain Denny, who had come up from the waggon line to relieve the major, was caught while working out the night-firing programme. Overbury, young Bushman, and another officer were also gassed; and eight men besides. C Battery were victims as well, and Henry and a number of the gunners had been removed to the Casualty Clearing Station.

And before lunch-time a briefly-worded order was received directing Major Mallaby-Kelby to report immediately to a Field Artillery Brigade of another Division. Orders are apt to arrive in this sudden peremptory fashion. Within an hour and a half the major had bidden good-bye to us, and ridden off, a mess-cart following with his kit. And Major Veasey came to reign in his stead.

Major Mallaby-Kelby left one souvenir, a bottle of the now famous white wine which had got mislaid—at least the cook explained it that way. The omission provided Brigade Headquarters with the wherewithal to drink the major's health.

At nine o'clock that night I stood with Major Veasey outside our headquarters dug-out. A mizzling rain descended. Five substantial fires were burning beyond the heights where the Boche lay. "What's the odds on the war ending by Christmas?" mused the major. ". . . I give it until next autumn," he added.

A battery of 60-pounders had come up close by. Their horses, blowing hard, had halted in front of our dug-out half an hour before, and the drivers were waiting orders to pull the guns the final three hundred yards into position. Two specks of lights showed that a couple of them were smoking cigarettes. "Look at those drivers," I said. "They've been here all this time and haven't dismounted yet."

The major stepped forward and spoke to one of the men. "Get off, lad, and give the old horse a rest. He needs it."

"Some of these fellows will never learn horse management though the war lasts ten years," he said resignedly as we went downstairs.

I remember our third and last night in that dug-out, because the air below had got so vitiated that candles would only burn with the feeblest of glimmers.

(To be continued.)

OUR LAND DAYS.

BY E. S. WILKINSON.

XL.—EARLY SUMMER AND HAYTIME.

It is more difficult to work on the land in summer than in winter, I find. For one thing, heat is more trying to me than cold; and in winter, when you are out in the fields in all weathers, you are not likely to be tempted to sit on the muddy ground by your plough and enjoy the scenery. You've just got to work to keep warm.

In summer it is different, and sometimes it is only by setting yourself a definite amount to get through that you can keep up a decent standard at all. Wild horses may not be able to turn me aside from the path of duty—though I don't know, as I've never been tried—but wild roses have stolen a little from my honest day's work before now. There was one special bush in the field where I scruffled with Sam, and there were very few days in June that we were not forced to stop sometimes in the middle of the field, while I went over to the hedge to have a look at it. If Dan had found me leaving Sam alone and asked me the reason why, he would perhaps have been a little staggered to hear it was wild roses!

Next door to my wurzel-field the hay was growing, and the sun beat as fiercely down on the young green grass as ever it did on Sam and me. Before June was out it was turning brown and withering, and the end of it was we could afford to wait for rain no longer.

It's only "going back" as it is, the bailiff decided; you'd better get it cut at once, and hope that the rain will come and give us a good second crop. The prospect of a second hay-crop is not too cheering to the farm-labourer, who knows that it will come upon him practically simultaneously with the corn harvest, and land him into a spell of such interminable hours of work as only those who have experienced it can realise. As a matter of fact, this year it never arose. Not only did the rain fail to produce a second crop, but it came so late that even the corn harvest was light, and from the point of view of the country's need we would have cheerfully borne more work with it than we had.

Well, to save such grass as there was, we were opening out the fields to cut before the end of June, and Boots and I got our first experience with the reaper. A month or so previously another pair of horses had been sent down to our stable from one of the other farms on the estate. Jack, the lad who had helped with the

stock through the winter, was to drive them, as, now that the beasts were out at grass, he had no work with them. So now we were three "horse-lads," and shared the work between us.

Perhaps in some respects hay-harvest marks the hardest work of the year. Of course, always in harvest time the normal working hours of 6 to 6 are abandoned, and it is a foregone conclusion that for the purpose of getting the crops safely in, every one should be ready and willing to work overtime. You are naturally paid extra wages, but you are not in a position to say: "I'd rather work my ordinary time for my ordinary wage."

If the overtime is necessary up to even a sixteen-hour day, the labourer is expected to give it. I am not in the least implying that he grudges it; I think he hardly ever does; he takes too much honest pride in his work, and he values the opportunity of extra earnings. But I think the average man or woman hardly realises at what tremendous pressure of physical toil the harvests of the land are reaped and garnered.

Not a moment is wasted in haytime. Say Boots and I were cutting with our horses for the day, we would take spells of from three to four hours each through the day. One would gear her horses before breakfast and be out and away, and the other have orders to be at the field with hers at, say, 10.30 A.M. It is hard work for the horses, because they have got to keep going in harvest, so that is why we work in shifts. If I was on the second shift I would get my horses to eat as many feeds as they would before I "pulled out," and then away to the field punctual to the minute if possible. Boots would loose-out at once and help me yoke-in, then I would clamber on to the seat, and with perhaps a word from Boots about "yon far corner's gettin' a bit awkward, and perhaps you'd better take a short turn at it," away we would go, and swathe after swathe of grass fall to the knives as they rattled backwards and forwards with the sound so familiar to country dwellers in the months of June and July. After the cutting, the sun didn't waste much time getting the crop fit for horse-raking, and then we all turned to raking, sweeping, cocking, and raking again for the bits that are left. It was a light crop though. "There's nobbut three good loads in yon field," said Dan. "*You'll* mebbe mak' ten on't though." It is a matter of considerable skill to "loaden" a waggon. Whatever you are putting into it there is a right way and a wrong one, but whatever it is the principle is the same: "Keep your ends higher than the middle, and most of all keep your corners out and up." Lose your corner at the bottom and it's gone for good, never to be recovered, and when you bring the misshapen little load up to the stack side, if you have the luck to get it there, you will be

greeted by jeering though friendly fellow-workers, who'll tell you: "I could have brought that in a wheelbarrow!"

It did not take much "getting," as we expected, and the hay harvest this year was summed up in one little stack, beautifully made by Dan it is true, but disappointing from the point of view of the owner of a fine herd of shorthorns. If it had not been for the fact that the previous year's crop had been so good that there was still a considerable amount in hand, it would really have been something of a calamity.

After hay harvest came a spell of four or five weeks, during which, although there was always plenty to do, the actual pressure of work was less insistent than we ever found it again; and Boots and I took advantage of the respite to seize a week's holiday each before we plunged into the all-important "harvest month." It was our first holiday for nine months, and I spent it bathing and picnicing with a light heart and a clear conscience, until it was time to step "once more into the breach" and "carry on."

XII.—THE CRUX OF THE YEAR.

Though haytime is perhaps the heaviest work of the year, it is chiefly so because it is rather more unwieldy to "handle" and fork than a neatly-tied sheaf from the self-binder. The climax comes with "harvest month." It might be best to explain this a little. The "Harvest Month" is a definite period set apart from the rest of the year's work.

For four weeks on end we exist only for the harvest fields. Time sinks into abeyance, and our day, if need be, is from light to dark. We are paid a sum down for the whole month, on a scale of nearly twice our weekly wages, and over and above that, a priceless institution of food and drink, brought out to the fields twice a day, is added to our rations, known as "'lowance" in the north. There is something about this little impromptu picnic, coming, as it so often does, when you are "dry" and tired, that makes it one of the very pleasantest memories of all my work on the land.

If the weather is only reasonably kind, there is a joy of work in harvest quite peculiar to itself. We know we are going to work ourselves to a standstill every day, but it's team work, and with plenty of "force" on it's a grand job.

You have ploughed and harrowed, rolled and hoed, watched the young corn spring and sprout, watched it begin to "go back" for want of rain, and "come again" almost in a single night, when the welcome rain appeared,—watched a fierce thunderstorm beat on it just before harvest and lay it flat so that it will have to be cut all one way with the reaper or with a scythe, and now it is

time to get the self-binder out, and set out on the one last battle with the weather, which will, when successfully won, see your year's work landed safely to the stack-side. Oh! it's a rare fine job is harvest; but, by lad! it mak's you sweat! Many's the day that the last hour before "night" seemed to Boots and me more than we could compass, and yet now I would give a great deal to be back with this year's harvest again, back with the hot sun, the thirst, and the barley horns—tired again, so that the second your horses were turned out you crawled into bed. "Don't you get awfully tired at your work?" I am asked. "Tired? Yes, but to be honestly tired out is one of the best experiences in the world."

While Dan oiled and fettled the reaper, Jack and I went to help old Dawson the labourer open out the wheat-field. He went on ahead with a scythe, cutting a path for the reaper round the hedge-side, and we followed, binding the loose corn with a band of straw, and tying it with the famous north-country twist known as "wold-wap." (I'd learnt it before, but Dawson taught me over again, and was not content till every turn of my hands was like his own.)

At last, away near the gate on the other side of the field, I heard a familiar sound that made me straighten my back and listen. Dawson stood up too, and we said to each other, "They've setten off," and we knew that before long we should see Boots and Dan sweeping round the field on the first turn. I saw them coming down upon us, three horses abreast, Boots riding one of her own pair, and my little Sam on the outside and Dan sitting on the binder-seat yelling instructions of how to drive them. It's rather an exciting moment when first you get into the saddle of your inside horse to drive them in the binder. Jack and Boots and I took turns with ourselves and our horses. A lot of our cornfields were on steep hillsides. My first day with the horses was in one of these, and at one end we had to swing down the hill with the horses almost at a trot from the weight of the machine, and round an awkward corner at the bottom. Turn a little short and the machine was into the corn further than the knives, or turn a second too late and it swung far out and missed a piece, making it more difficult for next time. What with shouts from Dan and the fact that it was not always easy to stick on your horse as he rolled down the hillside, many's the time I did not hit it quite right. The bailiff used to tell us laughingly that it was sixpence for every bit missed, and we all teased each other over the number of sixpences we left behind. I used to get old Dawson to come with his scythe and mow them out, so that they did not show.

Sometimes Dan let me sit on the reaper and pull the levers, and adjust the height of the knives, and watch that the binder twine did not break,

and re-thread the needle if it did, and Boots and I used to be left alone cutting for hours together, she riding the horses and I on my little bumpy seat.

We were five in our team—Boots and me, and Jack and Dawson, and Dan. Whenever we were not wanted with the reaper we were "stooking" with Dawson—swinging down the rows very hot and very dry, ragging each other for setting a stook out of line, and watching out of the corner of our eyes for little Jim with the 'lowance basket. He was Dan's nephew, aged ten, and very popular with us all, and we watched eagerly for his little smiling hot face and his cans of tea. Then when Dan thought fit he walked off and sat under a stook and got the mugs out, and we all followed speedily; then came a happy ten minutes' respite and refreshment, when we all cheerily accused each other of incompetent work. To Boots from us all, "There's sixpences all over t' field." To me or Dawson, "I never seed nowt like yon row o' stooks, they gang all ways at yance." To Jack: "He *thinks* he knows 'wold-wap'! Why, all t' sheaves down yon hedge-side comes loose as sean as you touches 'em;" and bravely to Dan: "You're tying all t' sheaves round t' heads, we can't mak' nowt of 'em to stook."

We all took it in good part as it was meant, and agreed that it would be nothing to the trouble when it came to loading, when we should be lucky if one sheaf reached the stack-side.

Rain came at intervals, but in the main we got on pretty well. One day after a heavy wind Dan said, "We'll just go and straiten up stooks in t' wheat-field while dew gets off." So we went and picked up all that had fallen, and as we finished and walked from the field Dan looked at me fiercely and said, as though I'd committed a murder, "Yon field's bin verra weel stooked, considerin' wind there's been there's verra few blown ower," and I felt life was really worth living. Only twice did we actually win praise from Dan, and this was the first occasion; usually silence meant approval.

There was a great undercurrent of anxiety as to how we should frame with a waggon in harvest. The men, though friendly, were frankly sceptical, because our hillsides made it doubly difficult both to loaden and drive.

I think that if the bailiff had not taken a firm stand that it was only fair to give us our chance, we should have found our horses lent to two of the labourers from the Home Farm and ourselves forking. However, we were very keen indeed to try our hands, and they at first grudgingly, but later with every generosity, let it be so; and as soon as they saw that we were not going to be ignominious failures, entailing extra work all round, we were given all the help that was possible from every one. With a good friendly "forker" it's a grand job load-

ening a waggon. It is quite a scientific performance; every sheaf has its place, and there is a tremendous satisfaction in putting a good load on.

You begin by putting "courses" round and round the waggon and filling in the middle a little, but always keeping it lower than the sides. Then when you think you have got enough "courses" on you start to "ship" or put the sheaves on straight from end to end, again keeping both ends well up and corners out, and binding them on each other by laying the heads of each row on the bands of the last. It is impossible to explain, and only practice can really teach one how to do it quickly and well.

Dawson and I got really to enjoy working together. He always knew what stage of my load I was at, and handed the sheaves up the right way round. Sometimes he would say—"You're losing a corner a bit there," and with a touch of his fork pull out a sheaf a bit and say "That's better!" and on we would go.

Sometimes I would ask his advice as to whether I wasn't a bit "ower far out," and he would walk round and have a look and say "Maybe you are a bit, take it in a bit—you maun't 'ave a pig now, when you gettin' to loaden weel." (A "pig" is the popular phrase for spilling a load on the way home, and woe betide the waggoner who has one. Even if it is not his fault his fame will spread, and he'll hear of it from friends for miles round.)

Then as the load seemed "gettin' well up" I would calculate how much more to put on, and say to Dawson "I'm going to 'top up' now. I think I can take three more stooks." "All right," he would answer, and then when they were on he'd walk all round and judge the load—"Ay, she's pretty plumb, but I think I should rope at this side—she may sag yon way as you go down t' hill going home." So I came sliding down the rope, and we roped "her" up, and then with little Sam in front set off for the stackyard, I walking by the side, with no need to drive, except just through the gates—elsewhere a word to Sam was enough. Down at the stack-side Dan waited, and watched us come down the hill—criticising a load with a jest, or approving it with a silent grin.

Then I clambered on top again, and we started to team, —good for the "teamer" when the stack was low, but heavy work when it got high, and it all had to be lifted at arm's length, and the loose straw and barley horns poured down upon one's neck and face.

Gradually the fields emptied, and the big Dutch barn filled. Dan began to ask, "How many more loads?" and then find himself baffled by the extraordinary differences in our calculation, and say helplessly, "What does Dawson say?" Jack and I were with waggons on the last day, and Boots with Dan on the stack. It got to a possible three or four loads, then three or two, then

Jack took a good load down, and as I passed him going up he said, "Can you get it all?" I said, "Well, don't come up again unless I wave to you. I think I may land it." There is such an infectious cheeriness about getting in the last few loads. Dawson and I worked with a will; we watched the load creep up and the stooks melt away.

I started to "ship." "Shall you get 'em?" he asked—the loadener can judge best how the load is going; Dawson was doubtful, but I thought I should, they were good sheaves and lay well, and the load was square.

At last there were only about six stooks left. "Top up," said Dawson, "you'll take 'em easy now." So I topped up my last load, as he swung the sheaves up to me and we roped "her" up together, and then he asked me, even if the war ended, to loaden with him again next harvest. It is indeed a thing I regret that it is not possible to do it, for Dawson too has left the farm now.

We came down the hill together, and as soon as the others saw us *both* walking with the load they knew there was no need for Jack to come up again, and no more sheaves to fetch from our fields until next harvest. We got all in with five days of our harvest month to spare, and the stubble waited again for the plough. I helped to plough it later, and put in the autumn wheat before I left in November. Fifty acres of this year's wheat harvest are, as I write, standing waiting for the reaper, and until they are harvested I have that much claim to be amongst the land workers still.

It was through the harvest month, and especially after the corn was in, that I realised I should not in actual fact be what Boots and I termed a "landlady" very much longer.

From fields which for four years now have grown no corn, some one came to plough with Sam and me, and if two have followed the plough together for even a day or two, when one has to go away again it is not possible to go on contentedly ploughing alone. So the following November I arranged to say good-bye to the fields and my little Sam.

And now I am in London, wishing for every reason, but particularly for one reason, that the war may end before so very long. Then perhaps I may find myself on a farm again some day, but I hope not alone with my plough.

XIII.—ALL IN A DAY'S WORK.

I have tried to give some impression of the year's round. It is naturally impossible to touch on more than the biggest items of work, and even with them it is only the barest outlines that I have attempted. There is such a wealth of detail in the work, such change of conditions, due to weather and

circumstances, that to try and set the whole picture in a frame is quite beyond me, so as far as the year's round is concerned I leave it.

There are, however, jobs which arise in no special sequence, but off and on throughout the year. Jobs not dependent on weather or seasons, but essentially part of farm life, not in the fields, but bringing us into touch with the outside world. Of these are threshing days, days at the blacksmith's shop, and day's fetching and carrying from the station of the little town about two miles away, and they are best in a chapter by themselves.

"We're off to thresh a Wednesday!" Dan suddenly states at tea. "What?" we ask. "Barley," says Dan. We do not make conversation on the land much—just state facts.

Tuesday night sees the engine rolling up into the yard in time to get "set to t' stack" fit for morning. We are out in good time, and feed our horses and bed them well up for a happy day off; and also out in good time to get hold of a handy fork before any one else nabs it. Look after yourself on a farm and you'll get on all the better all round, and a "handy" fork will save you a lot of weariness, and make it easier to keep your end up until night. Every one has their job on a threshing day; most of them fall to you according to the position you naturally hold on the farm.

A day-labourer carries straw, or if one of the senior men, perhaps forks from the stack; a waggoner carries corn, and a young lad has to face the worst and dustiest job of all, that of carrying the chaff away. I know that job to my cost, and I haven't a good word left for it. Boots and I, though waggoners, were of course not able to carry corn, which in the case of wheat is eighteen stone to a sack. (I think, incidentally, this is almost the only job on a farm that is physically absolutely beyond women, though they may have to go slow at others.) We usually worked one on the straw stack and one on the corn stack.

Threshing is perhaps the greatest "team" work there is. Everybody's speed is dependent on some one else's, and if there is overbalance of "force" in one department the rest are overdone. Put too many on to the corn stack in proportion to the rest and they cannot keep pace—the straw comes through too fast, and the lad struggling with the chaff finds himself completely "bunged" up with a heap of dust and barley horns.

Little grimy-faced lads, struggling away with their loads on their backs, only to come back to find the heap higher than ever, and pouring through with relentless fury—no wonder sometimes they begin to "rake it by" or stand helplessly watching it come, till the foreman catches them, and "tells them off," or seeing it is hopeless sends some one to the rescue. My normal work of forking from the stack has its ups and downs,

literally so in fact, according to the height of the stack. It's as good a job as any when you are fresh and the stack is high above the machine, but as it grows towards night and you sink down and down, it's not so easy to put the sheaves up; and with half a gale of wind blowing back from the machine—well, I know now what a man means when he says, "By lad, but it didn't half blow threshing yon barley yesterday. I was fair blind by night."

It is a fine kind of sympathy you get from your fellow-labourers on the land. Bracing indeed, but wholeheartedly honest and sincere.

At the end of a long weary day in the wind and dust, after the "boom-whoom" of the engine has ceased, and you begin to try and wash the dust from your eyes and face, a man who has perhaps been stacking straw in the barn out of sight all day will come up with a laugh and ask, "What's it been like on t' stack to-day?" I think my answer would be, "It's all right now it's night," and he would not waste his pity on me. As likely as not he'd tell me cheerily he'd been having a pleasant job in the barn, but I should know what he meant —just the fellowship of work, —next time might find him on the stack in the wind and me in the barn, and it would be my turn to ask "What cheer?"

One of the pleasant little jaunts that come one's way as horseman on a farm is a morning at the blacksmith's shop.

Sometimes on a dark winter's morning I have stumbled into the stable with my lantern, and as I shut the door heard what, I won't deny, was a welcome little click from Sam's or Jock's stall, which told me in an instant some one had a shoe loose. I hung up my lantern and investigated, and found perhaps Sam with a loose and worn fore-shoe. I begin to wonder what I am likely to be doing that day, and if it is so urgent a job that Sam will have to "carry on" for a day or so as he is. Then Dan comes along to milk, and I just mention as he passes that "Sam *seems* to have a loose shoe," to which Dan usually muttered an unintelligible reply, after which Boots and Jack and I adjourn to breakfast, and between mouthfuls of bacon, pastry, and tea speculate as to my chances of being sent to the town with Sam. As we come out from breakfast Dan meets us and says to Boots and Jack, "You can go to plough," and adds to me, "Tak' Sam to t' blacksmith's shop and get him shod all round." Good for us, Sam! We've got our morning's spree, and it's on with your bridle and off we go, riding into the town together. Perhaps another horse is in before us, but we wait our turn, not at all impatient, and discuss farming prospects with all who come into the forge, and Sam comes in for his share of praise again, as "a right

horse to shoe." Then back again to the farm, where, as one fresh from the outer world, I am subjected to a vigorous cross-examination on all I have seen and done.

Again, perhaps in the middle of a long spell of ploughing, we would sit down to tea, and Dan would suddenly say, "There's ten ton o' coals at the station for us! You'll have to go for it with t' rulley and two carts in t' mornin'." Then we begin to get a move on. It simply is not done at our farm, to drive into the town without shining harness and brasses—hames like silver, and boots and leggings clean. That means that after tea we go out into the stable again and start cleaning and polishing, and fastening brass face-pieces on to our "blinders," and martingales, covered with brasses and bells, on to the collars. I wonder how many people realise that the brasses they see shining on the heads and chests of the horses in a farm waggon or town dray are not the property of the owner of the horses, but of the man who drives them? and to a great extent you can judge a "waggoner's" pride in his horses by the number and condition of his brasses. Boots and I used to like to go into the town as resplendent as possible, and we gradually collected a magnificent set of brasses for our horses. In fact, Boots had a martingale which was the admiration of the town, and many a time have I been asked for a face-piece like my little Sam's. He used to look splendid with his black coat shining—a martingale with four brasses down his chest, a regimental coat-of-arms on his forehead, on top of his head a little horse "rampant" swinging in a brass ring—his tail tied up with ribbons, brown and orange and green, and a knotted halter swinging jauntily to his knee. Jock had another set of brasses for himself, and Boots again for her horses.

On all these special occasions, such as fetching coal or coke from the station, or delivering corn after threshing, it would be a very unusual circumstance which saw us without them. Though I must admit that once, on a very wet muddy day, Sam eluded me at the stable door and skipped off into a plough field, and rolled, and rolled, and rolled. I need not describe the result, and Sam would be furious if he knew I'd told, because he was rather ashamed afterwards. Generally the railwaymen used to come and say, "Your horses do look well!" but that day they didn't, and I think Sam felt he was a little to blame about it.

(To be concluded.)

CINEMA OF WAR.

EVERY platform of the railway station at Amiens was crowded with a noisy throng of soldiers and civilians. British and Colonial soldiers, waiting for the leave-train, composed about a third of the great concourse, and the rest consisted of repatriated French people on their way north in batches to reinhabit, now that victory had been won, the less devastated districts. The civilians looked tired and pinched, but they were happy. Were they not proceeding to their homes? Had they not been assured that those homes (fortunate in comparison with the homes of so many others) still stood? Yes, they were going back to their own beloved patch of France, and that was enough for them. A French officer to whom I had once expressed astonishment at the way in which the peasantry clung to their villages under constant shell fire, had answered very simply, "*Ils aiment beaucoup la terre.*"

Amiens itself has not suffered much visible damage from bombardment, and the Cathedral is practically unharmed. But the quarter down by the railway station has been a good deal knocked about, and the station roof has not one pane of glass remaining. Shell scars and heaps of débris are everywhere. You think as you look around you what a narrow escape the great city and traffic-centre had, what a touch-and-go affair it all was before the break-through, which took place in the fog last March, was finally held up.

The last time I had been in that station—passing through from Paris *en route* from Salonika to Boulogne—was on the 21st of that portentous month. In Paris that morning the first "Big Bertha" shell had fallen (to the confusion mainly of the experts); and I remember how an officer got into our fog-groping train at a station outside Amiens, and told us that the heaviest Hun bombardment of the war had started before daybreak all along the line.

Here now was I, in early December, back in that same Amiens station, and the world was at peace—our peace. Since that March day, what a lot of things had happened! In the mighty thrust and resistance which had followed, the battle-front had been pinned almost within storming distance of the city, and the line from Amiens to Paris had had to be closed. When, in the middle of last July, I passed from Arras, where all were standing waiting for a fresh enemy blow, to Champagne, where a mighty blow had just been mightily met, I had to travel to Paris *viâ* Abbeville and Beauvais.

Then I had seen the transition of the French from the defensive to the offensive (al-

most, one might say, from grave to gay). I had seen the help given to them by some of our best Divisions. I had seen the Rheims and Soissons sectors begin to press forward upon the surprised and bewildered Boche—French, British, Italians, with the light of victory in their eyes. The wonderful good fortune was then mine of being transferred once more to the Arras front (but still keeping clear of the Amiens railway station) just as the British offensive, which was to win the war, was about to open.

It is all very splendid, and not a little tremulous, to look back upon now; but what periods there were in that long four years' struggle before we had triumphed, when it really had seemed as if the Beast might after all have his way! Or, perhaps, if one never quite felt that, the thought may have come that personally one could never expect to see our triumph.

But now the Armistice was a fact, had been so for a month, and I was waiting upon the Amiens platform to go on leave to Paris.

I had just motored down through the devastated area, back once more across the Hindenburg Line and the Drocourt-Queant Switch, through which we had so irresistibly broken. Every stage in that journey, done so swiftly and so easily now, had been gained at no one will ever know what cost, or by what dauntless heroism. One picked up all ones unvoiced thoughts while passing back over that dismal graveyard—the prayers, the fears, the resolutions, the bereavements. The road over which we now went so smoothly had been repaired, but the "country" on either side was still bereft of all semblance of life, churned into a thing abominable. All that had been added to it since the fighting were many thousands of little wooden crosses, and the dead had been tenderly bestowed beneath their care. Names, too, had been painted on boards all along the road, on the sites of little villages which, though they have disappeared in fact, are mighty now in memory—Warlencourt, Courcelette, Martinpuich, Thiepval, Pozières, Contalmaison. On the grim "Slag Heap" three crosses stand against the sky, as on the Mount of Olives of a nightmare.

The train for Paris was very late, and a couple of local trains, although they had proceeded on their way crammed with *repatriés* whom they had picked up at the station, had not produced any visible diminution in the numbers which thronged the platforms. Then, while we continued to wait, an empty goods train came backing in rather aimlessly and halted opposite to where I stood. The waggon immediately in front of me was a covered truck, full of German prisoners. There were iron bars across the openings, and from behind these a score of brutish faces stared out at the free people upon the platform. There were no taunting or jeers from these, no threats

or abuse such as would have been lavishly forthcoming had the positions been reversed. Indeed there was scarcely any notice at all taken of the caged specimens, who on their part merely continued to regard the crowd with a dull and unabashed complacency. The British and Colonial soldiers had no remarks to offer. One big New Zealander, seated on a barrow, continued amid the hubhub to study a pocket edition of 'The Merchant of Venice.' That was the end of the "hacking through," the ruthlessness, and the victory that was to come to Germany before the leaves had fallen from the trees for the second winter!

When the Paris-bound train had at last arrived and I had secured a seat in a carriage full of French officers and civilians (how strange to be travelling with French civilians again!), I leant back and let my thoughts wander over some of the events of the last four years. While the war lasted this was a thing one did not indulge in overmuch. Thinking and writing—and indeed speaking—about those happenings, while still the war pursued its course, had been almost impossible.

But even now that it is all over, the immense relief and the joy that all along one counted upon feeling, have not come in the measure or the manner of one's expectation. Relief and joy, and humble thankfulness to God, of course, are there; but in a different way and in a different degree. As one who has been through it all put it to me when the Armistice had been announced, "The sense of the immense mourning of the world comes to one amid these solitudes, and is overwhelming. I never thought that when Peace came I should feel like this."

As the dear French country sped by, changing gradually from the scarred and wire-littered, once grandiose, country of the Somme basin, to the calm of the district which had sheltered inviolate behind the Allied armies, and as daylight faded from the scene, with what chastened joy one's thoughts sped back! A string of empty waggons and a returning battery were coming down a slope, with the last light catching them ere they were engulfed in the valley. A derelict motor-lorry lay in a rusted heap on the side of the road. Then the lights were turned up in our carriage, and the countryside passed from the view. Opposite me a French colonel with a long row of medals nodded off to sleep, propped between a *curé* and a British subaltern. I thought for one fleeting instant of the same journey in the old pre-war days, when Abbeville and Amiens were to the English tourist little more than halting-places on the swift journey to Paris. "*Amiens; dix minutes d'arrêt!*" the old cry came stealing to me out of the past.

Many, I am sure, in that carriage were busy with their thoughts. What fascinating volumes would they make could we but write them down!

Mine took me (though in haphazard fashion) back to that first week in October 1914, when we of the Seventh Division landed on the Belgian coast at Zeebrugge. They took me to Ostend, and Ghent, and Bruges of those breathless days, to Thielt and Roulers, and through the epic of First Ypres. I saw again the slaughter of that fighting, and recalled the humiliation of the discovery that War was so much more overwhelming than we had ever been led to expect. Men dying like flies, but outclassed only in numbers. All the care and thoroughness and splendid training brought to nought by the elementary lack of numbers. Well, not perhaps to nought, for though dying they won; but dimly and incoherently they knew that for some reason they had never had a chance.

Then what recollections came trooping through the mind—all the incidents of First Ypres, the first French regiments I ever saw in action, and a German barrage across the Menin road near Veldhoek, which was near to being the end of it all for me. A spell in a London hospital and at home, and then the getting back to all that beastliness—to Second Ypres, with its added horrors of gas, and to another narrowly-averted break-through.

Afterwards, a risky relief by night in Sanctuary Wood, and a march at dawn past the ruins of Ypres, at which I, who had seen the Cloth Hall in its beauty, could not look; a long halt, on a wonderful May day, in the drowsy fields of Locre, where we got our mail from home.

Trench warfare at Armentierès, with kindly recollections of the farm people on whom, when we came out to rest, we were billeted; memories, too, of that lovely country and its fine-sounding names, and of a gem of an ancient church at Erquinghem-sur-la-Lys. In what condition is it all now?

More trench warfare on the since-devastated Somme, then (in the autum of 1915) unspoilt this side of Dompierre and Frise. They were hideous trenches that here we took over from the French, mined and tunnelled; and if you struck a match on entering your subterranean dug-out, the rats passed slowly up the walls behind the brushwood revetments, unable to go quicker because of their being so many.

And then, suddenly, a change of scene and warfare complete and absolute, involving a two and a half years' absence from France. Thoughts pass through the mind of Marseilles—familiar point of embarkation and disembarkation during the days of one's Indian soldiering—and of a couple of blue-and-gold November days between there and Carcassone, in a camp amid the pines, looking down upon the Gulf of Lions. Cheery friends forgathered at Basso's and were duly disappointed with *bouillabaisse*, but compensated by the discovery of a Barsac which they christened "Liquid Sunshine." Expeditions were made to the Chateau d'If and to Notre

Dame de la Garde; and then it was all aboard for the sea voyage to—where? Ah, that was it! The excitement of guessing, the time-honoured regimental game (but how serious now) of speculating about a new station. A *débâcle* was shaping in Serbia, and rumour had it that we were for there.

Then the well-kept secret, not divulged until our great ship (since lost) had left Malta behind it and the compass gave away the truth. We knew it must be either Egypt (for the Dardanelles) or Salonika, and when on a certain midday the ship's bows swung round to the north we had no need to be told that it was Salonika.

Trivial incidents of that voyage come back to one: the sighting one morning of a periscope, the "straight flush" held at poker on a stormy night, when the ship kept quivering from stem to stern and one felt that only a mine could rob one of the proceeds of that hand! Followed a tedious wait in Salonika harbour, an impenetrable fog which lasted for a week, and a daily crop of pessimistic rumours from the front, where the Serbians had been driven, after most gallant fighting, from the field, and our Tenth Division, the heroes of Suvla Bay, and the French were in full retreat.

Then at last our landing. Blizzards while under canvas at Lembet, when nothing but the rum-ration kept us alive. Christmas Day 1915, and "C" Company mess made happy by the arrival from England, the day before, of a consignment of port and whisky which had been ordered while in France, and long since given up as lost. The blizzard passed, the news from the front improved, and the great bay of Salonika flashed out in the sunshine, with Olympus across the way, and the city with its dazzling minarets and colour, its rosy dawns and mist-tinged evenings, its charm and merchandise and traffic.

For a few strenuous weeks all our energies were monopolised in building roads out in the Galiko marshes and the hills overlooking them, and near the weird Bulgar village of Gradobor; and then for the writer came the joy of promotion to staff employment, and for the brigade a move forward up-country. This was to a sort of half-cock, compromise position in a big valley north of Salonika, which soon became part of a powerful line stretching from Stavros to the Vardar, half encircling the city, and guarding it against the possibility of a "Mackensen push." Days of expectation and uncertainty, while we settled in the "Bird-cage" (as it was afterwards called) and waited upon events.

Then came our first Macedonian spring, gorgeous in flower-colouring. The storks arrived from the land of their annual migration, and sounded their rattles from the top of every tree. It was a land of great beauty, but saddened by

the traces of man's continual warfare.[1]

After that the summer, hot and feverish, and from our fortified lines in the Langaza plain we marched, one sultry starlit night, up to the plateau of Hortiak. A prolonged attack of fever resulted in the puissant intervention of the Chief, and a voyage for the writer all the way by sea to Plymouth. That long voyage flashes but an instant on the screen of memory; but poor, gallant, slow old *C*——, she too lies now beneath the waters of the Ægean; and the related tale of how she met her end months afterwards sticks in the mind as prominently as any incident of the war.

The *C*—— carried (on her last voyage) the chargers of an English yeomanry regiment. Some distance away from M——, a submarine cut her out of her convoy and torpedoed her. Another ship of the convoy of three towed her for many hours to within sight of safety, and there she foundered. On board the towing ship was the personnel of the regiment to which the horses belonged, and from it there went up a shout of horror and expostulation as the *C*—— disappeared; and then the shout died away in a long moaning cry. Men and horses had shared the vicissitudes and dangers of the war since its commencement.

The fierce struggle of the Somme was raging during these weeks. Our thoughts were always with our comrades on those stricken fields, but we ourselves, dedicated to a role of waiting and watching, could only possess our souls in patience. We were pulling more than our weight, we hoped, in the mosquito-infested plains of Macedonia.

After a restoring leave came the return to Salonika, again by sea, to find the back of the hot weather broken and the bustle and movement caused by the Bulgar irruption into the Struma Valley in full swing. While yet the Salonika skies were hot and metallic, but with the thunder-clouds beginning to gather on the ridges, we straggled off up the mountain tracks, across the lonely Tasoluk Kar, and down into the wide-spreading Struma Valley, in which Seres is set like a white jewel.

That first glimpse which is obtained as one tops the Tasoluk ridge is unforgettable. The hills around you are dark with scrub of juniper and ilex, and forests of oak, plane, and beech. Right across your vision the valley runs, a shifting scene of lights and shades through which the silvery Struma wanders until losing itself amid the reeds of Lake Tahinos. Villages are dotted about the plain, encircled by patches of cultivation; and opposite you are the mountains that back Demirhissar, Seres, and Drama, soaring tier upon tier to the Belasica and to the

[1] In "A Flowery Interlude," 'Maga,' September 1916, the writer attempted some description of the country.

dazzling snows of the Rhodope.

What questions each one asked himself as that small British force moved over the crest of the ridge and looked upon the steep-cut Rupel Pass! But one does not dwell upon them in this peaceful Amiens-to-Paris train. All doubts have been set at rest and all questions answered.

Certain incidents of the waiting months which followed stand out clear on the flickering film of memory. The first raid across the river is one, a difficult adventure marked for ever by the loss of a personal friend, struck down close to where one crouched in the firing line. I remember how automatically the news was passed from man to man, while each one continued to load and fire. And the blunt language in which it was couched had jarred, because I thought it was only a clumsy joke such as men at the most inopportune times will indulge in. "*The Captain has been hit in the guts; The Captain has been hit in the guts.*" He was my companion of many a march and fight.

Flickers the film to the forcing of the Struma crossings, where a great British victory was secured. And then a year and a half of waiting, of holding on, of uncomplaining effacement. Attacks were made to keep the enemy from moving his troops—against Tumbitza, Virhanli, Pheasant Wood—names quite unheard of at home, but costing many British lives. The welcome coming in of Greek troops, and their instruction by our officers and N.C.O.'s, and the establishment of a superiority over the Bulgar which he never afterwards dared to question, were followed by a sitting down to a long and tedious warfare of position.

No record, even the most concentrated, of life on the Salonika front as our soldiers saw it, would be complete without a mention of the wild flowers, which from early spring until well on into the summer transformed the valley into a parti-coloured carpet. The inhabitants had been evacuated just when they had gathered their crops, and when the spring came the fallow soil was seized upon by colonies of wild flowers, each species capturing the ground previously fertilised by the particular crop which suited it. Thus the effect was produced of splashes and squares of different colours, shaped as had been the fields, and the whole valley, looked down upon from a height, was a vivid pattern of red, yellow, white, and blue. Khaki provided no "protective colouring" here. The authorities should have dressed us in the uniform of Michael Angelo's papal guard.

Two winters were made memorable for the writer by the shooting with which the sterner work was plentifully interspersed, and the intervening summer, of much fever, saw another trip to England and an adventurous voyage. One of the winters was marked by a couple of reconnais-

sance expeditions into the mountainous country lying between the Struma Valley and Salonika, undertaken in view of a certain contingency which never, fortunately, arose. These treks took one into sparsely-inhabited regions, where the wind blew bitter across snow-clad forests, but where the winter sun, once you could avoid the wind, was powerful. Turkish, Bulgarian, and Greek villages succeeded one another at long intervals, primitive and lonely, and very beautiful. As early as Christmas there were crocuses springing up on the sunny side of the hills, and hellebore abounded in the shelter of crackling oak-woods. The views were far-reaching and of an elemental grandeur. A hill-top comes to mind whence one could see seven lakes, two rivers, and two seas.[1]

The Salonika shooting of a winter! The reverie of an entire train-journey between Amiens and Paris might easily be given to that. It was recompense, indeed, for being far away and half forgotten. And in the retrospect of a young soldier's life—if it has been an active one—comparison with regard to shooting is not difficult. His thoughts can flit to the South African veldt, to Egypt, India, and to home. But none of them can approach the Struma Valley—from Kale Zir wood, on Lake Tahinos, up to Osman Kamila, in the middle of the Seres plain. Duck (of many species), geese (of two), woodcock, pheasant, partridge, snipe, quail, pigeon—all abound. The first of these two winters belonged *par excellence* to the duck, and of the duck shooting the flighting bulks largest in the memory. Twenty minutes every evening—the last twenty minutes of any visibility. Night after night one would stand there, gun in hand, gazing into the darkling sky, thinking that at least that night was to be blank, because it was so late and nothing had come one's way. Darkness coming on, cold and still, and not a sound across the sky.

And then, suddenly, it would begin. Like squadrons sweeping overhead, rank upon rank would come the duck. A quick subdued quacking, the noise of rushing wings—the first flight, perhaps, away before one had time to fire. But after that a steady toll as the high-flying, high-velocity shapes went hurtling by. Automatic swinging on to the automatically chosen bird—a splash or a thump, according as to whether it fell in water or on land. And the far-off crack of other guns, telling where other fowlers had taken up their stand in the lonely marshland.

When almost too dark to see the sky, along would come the little whistling-teal, phalanx upon phalanx, with their weird wild call, as they too hurried from the lake to their night feeding-grounds. With light

[1] "On Reconnaissance," 'Maga,' August 1917, was written after one of these expeditions.

heart and heavy bag one would step out through the darkness for home, filled with that infinite content which, perhaps, only sportsmen know.

During the summer of 1917 we withdrew from the valley to the foothills to avoid the mosquito, and instead we ran into the sand-fly. This plague abounded in the deserted Turkish villages into which we moved, and bout after bout of fever was the result. Looked back upon, however, those long hot weeks were by no means intolerable. Good friends, work, a few books, and an occasional foray against the Bulgar in the plain, kept things going well enough, until, in the end, fever got the upper hand in the writer's case, and he was ordered to the Ægean coast at Stavros to recuperate.

A change of scene, indeed, from the hot bare plains and hills to that green-and-gold coast and the free sea! Swims in the Orphano Gulf, long rides to the mountain villages—beautiful as their names—with glimpses caught along the track of Athos, distant and snow-capped above the haze.

Truly the Greeks possess the faculty for giving pleasing names to places! One instance, in particular, dwells in the memory—Asprovalta has in it all the sense of shining walls and sun and sparkling waters.

Another change came after a further spell in the valley. Once more it was farewell to Salonika—much of its beauty laid in ashes—and this time a journey overland, as far as might be by railway, down the coast by Volo and into Greece, beneath the shadow of Olympus. Dawn was breaking over the Ægean as we pursued our way, and fishing-caïques, with their prismatic sails set to a gentle breeze, were stealing inshore from the Gulf—the Vale of Tempe,—Larissa and its wide plain,—rain-squalls blotting Thermopylæ from view—classic names at every wayside halt. At one stopping-place before we left the coast there stood on the margin of the tranquil sea an old fisherman, just landed from his boat. He held two big fish suspended from a string, a black one and a white one. Then, at another of the numerous halts, a black-robed priest descended from the train—the only passenger to alight—and girding his cassock about his loins, went striding off towards a mountain village. The sun was just gilding it, over against its rising. Another stop, and the engine-driver and fireman went into an ilex-grove to cut wood for fuel. Trifling incidents such as these beguiled the journey, and they have a way of sticking in the memory.

Vividly among the beautiful scenes with which the four years are studded there comes to mind the moonlight drive across the shoulder of Parnassus from Bralo, where we left the train, down through olive-groves to the Gulf of Corinth. The hoary mountains towered above the road,

their summits floating in a luminous mist. Tiny shrines were dotted along our course, and in the patch of light in front of the open doorways of inns stood oxen laden with the produce of the vineyards.

Then on a hot day, with just sufficient breeze to stir the waters, we are passing from the dreamy Gulf, with Patras low astern and Mount Orthris away to the south, and swinging into view of Missolonghi. A party of Greek aviators on board, going to France to attend a course, sing their fine national hymn as we pass the scene of Byron's death, and five hours after starting we are sailing among the Ionian Islands. Nothing could surpass these scenes in loveliness. On our right is one of the many islets assigned by tradition to Calypso, and on our left is Ithaca.

Rome next, for one fleeting day. Old scenes and associations recalled, but curiously aloof now and detached. The sight of a stolid British private of the Military Police directing an inquirer to the Porta Pia was one which only such a war could have made possible. The evening stroll, however, on the Pincio, with the sun going down in glory behind the Dome, was poignantly as of yore.

No need to dwell upon the few blessed days of leave at home. Towards the end of November the scene is once more laid in Marseilles. Byng's dash for Cambrai is setting all the world agog. We hear of it just as our ship sails. Jerusalem, too, is on the verge of falling.

All on board our ship expected that at Malta we should hear that both Cambrai and Jerusalem were ours. But it was not to be. Little did I imagine, when setting out once more on that uncertain middle sea, that Cambrai would not fall for nearly a year, and that I myself would be one of the first to enter it!

The Grand Harbour of Valetta, which always fills one with a sense of admiration and elation, possessed an added charm in all the circumstances of the war. The massive mediæval fortifications, the darting colours, the mighty battleships, the bustle and the glamour —all these were of absorbing interest. Ashore, alas! old memories and associations peopled the familiar scenes with ghosts.

In a rising storm, at sunset the next day, we steamed out from Valetta, amid cheers from the assembled crews of warships, the dipping of silken ensigns, and the ringing of bells from a hundred churches. The scene is vivid on the film of memory. As we left the harbour and plunged into the dark waters the sun dropped crimson behind the island. Every tower and palace leapt up against the sky and seemed aglow. Away inland the walls of some Arab city showed clear and white. A peal of thunder from the black clouds overhead heralded a drenching shower, and the night fell.

Alexandria as the next scene, with its busy streets and its

wealth of flowering creepers. The quiet drive of an evening along the Mahmoudiyeh Canal was as it always used to be: flocks of goats still browsed upon the canal banks, and tapering spars clustered about its bridges. In Cairo the absence of the pre-war tourist element entirely changed the look of things European; but the street scenes were as full of colour and animation as of old, and the glories of the mosques and Citadel are of course unchanging. In the mystical tomb of Kaid Bey there seems to be enshrined the soul of some great purple flower.

Very prominently in the retrospect stands the recollection of a flight from Heliopolis over the Pyramids—a first one. We rose from the smooth sand of the desert straight into the sun, and the first thing that caught the eye was the gigantic outline of the Pyramids. As we passed high over Cairo it was like flying over a huge irregular honeycomb. I saw the Nile stretching from horizon to horizon; and then we were looking down upon three little pyramidal models such as one sees in a drawing-school. The pilot shouted something which I could not hear, and pointed downward. I nodded, and my senses swam. One had an impulse, in spite of the belt, to hold on to one's seat. I looked out and saw the Pyramids right above my head and falling down upon me out of a khaki sky. I had just thought of how the guide-book said that there was enough stone in them to make a wall four feet high and one foot thick round the whole of France, when we righted ourselves, almost level with their tops, and glided unerringly between them. Then up again into the empyrean, across Cairo once more, a few more "stunts" at a great height, and finally a long glide down to Heliopolis. In some ways the best part of that flight was the gentle bump when our wheels took the sand!

Two other glimpses of that mid-war visit to Egypt stand out upon the screen, and then it is once again the sea, northward through the Cyclades, and a very close approach to disaster.

The first is a race-meeting at Gezireh, bringing back longings for the pre-war happy life of a young officer in India. Something of the atmosphere, here, of Civil Service Cup Day at Lucknow, or of the Lahore Christmas week; and when a jockey came out of the dressing-room wearing colours like our own, how the war years rolled away, and one was once more the proud owner of a "smasher," in the dear old racing days! And then came the recollection that that life had gone, probably never to return, that most of the good sportsmen of those cheery days were dead, and that of all those erstwhile triumphs—won only a few years ago—nothing now remained but one's own memory of them and some silver cups upon the sideboard at home.

The second glimpse is of a snipe-shoot in the Delta in company with a yeomanry officer

just down on leave after capturing Jerusalem. Long before daylight we drove in an old victoria from Shepheard's through the quiet bazaars, across the Nile and out into the swamps. The dawn grew in crimson and gold behind the silhouetted Pyramids, and singly and in wisps, all through a glorious day, the snipe got up in front of us.

And then the last stage of that long voyage back to Salonika. It was cold and rainy as we left Port Said, and after a run of a day and a half we were sheltering amid the Cyclades—not only from the weather. The rain swished down from a leaden sky, while round the rocky coast which enclosed our anchorage the wind swept over bare hills and the strongholds of departed robbers. When, just before nightfall, we darted from our haven into an icy sea, and had got about a mile from that iron shore, we struck hard into a floating mine, which failed, however, to explode.

Nearly three months more on the Struma, harrying the Bulgar, hunting fox and jackal, and again the extraordinary shooting. This was the winter of the geese, which came early and in enormous numbers. Very often, going out between the outposts on foggy mornings just as it grew light, one would begin shooting as soon as one had reached the feeding-grounds, and return before eleven with a dozen geese tied on a pack pony. The fact that a sharp look-out had to be kept for enemy patrols lent an additional spice to the game. One could sometimes hear the Bulgar bugles sounding the parade calls in Seres and along the foothills.

The film goes quickly now. A sudden opportunity presented itself at the beginning of March to attend an important course at home. On the French front everything pointed to the near approach of the *grand finale*, and one would fain be in at the death. It had always appeared certain that we of the Salonika Force, kept in the background during two and a half years, were destined in the end for big things, whether on our own front or in France. But no individual could do wrong in marching to the sound of the guns in France when the chance arrived. Ten weeks intensive training in England, and then France for final victory: such was the inspiring programme.

Again the journey to the Gulf of Corinth, with sufficient delay this time at the port of embarkation to allow of two visits to Delphi. A clear spring day for this, with the bees already busy amid the banks of thyme, and the irrigated strips beneath the olive-trees a mass of opening anemones. At the other side of the Gulf the lingering snows of the Peloponnesus, and around us as we climbed to the holiest spot of ancient Hellas were mountain villages, secluded and serene.

You come upon Delphi suddenly round a bend in the

mountain road. It is a huge littered amphitheatre of broken capitals and columns, flights of steps that lead you nowhere, partial and neglected restoration that make the decay more noticeable. Many beautiful things have been collected in the museum, but the most striking of all belongs to nature—the fissure in the "Shining Rocks" where dwelt the Oracle, and whose top is now the dizzy abode of glossy hoarse-voiced ravens. Apricot- and pear-trees were in full flower amid the ruins. We quaffed a wine called "Nectar Pythien" at an inn in the pretty village of Kastri, and returned to our camp through fields of asphodel and hyacinth.

Another flicker of the film of memory and we are amid the hallowed precincts of a Cambridge college, the buildings and the setting unaltered, but the life and associations transformed out of all knowledge. One dared not allow oneself to be influenced more than a little by those surroundings. The heaviest bombardment of the war, which the officer had spoken of at Amiens a few mornings before, had been the precursor of the biggest of all attacks. Our place was with the men out there whose backs were to the wall.

Then came a pause. To all it was evident that another shattering blow was being prepared, and that it could only be a matter of days before it was delivered. In this pause we got our orders for France.

And so it all comes back at long-last to the satisfied imbecile faces staring awhile ago from behind the bars of the horse-truck. The last months —for them the film is blurred —have been full of the alternation of hope and despondency, of happiness and grief. Cruelties and sights to sicken, monstrous perversion of man's power, loneliness and loss of friends. But there has been joy too, and pride, and thrilling crescendo of victory.

. . . . . .

Lights and more lights pass the window of the train. The sleeping French colonel wakes, and everybody begins to struggle into wraps and greatcoats. We are there. Paris, so barely saved by its ramparts of French and British dead from being the abode of desolation, now stands secure and splendid—the very City of Victory.

Seen next morning, the Place de la Concorde and the Avenue des Champs Elysées, right up to the Arc de Triomphe, bristle with German guns of every shape and calibre. Bugles sound in the shadow of the gold-flecked dome of the Invalides. The crowd surges along the street to acclaim a regiment marching with its band.

The work is done.

EXPERIENCES OF A WAR BABY.

BY ONE.

CHAPTER VI.—P.B. 2.

To attempt a description of the midshipman's chief occupation — instruction — would be both technical and dull. There is one form of instruction which is somewhat out of the ordinary school work, and which I personally enjoyed more than any other: the running of a picket boat.

A picket boat is what is generally known to the public as a "steam pinnace." She is fifty feet in length, just over 6 feet in beam, and can steam 10 or 11 knots. She is divided into a forepeak, where the crew have their abode, a boiler-room, an engine-room, and a cabin and stern-sheets. Forward, over the forepeak, is a mounting for a small gun for use against submarines, for cutting-out expeditions, raids on heavily fortified enemy bases, or other V.C. performances. In practice the gun comes in very useful as a means of starting the races at our annual regatta. As a secondary armament the boat can mount a maxim-gun on the cabin, but the gun looks far better when highly polished and placed in the fore superstructure on board.

As soon as possible after we join our first ship we are sent away in boats. At first we are sent in picket boats to understudy our seniors, who show us how to run the boat and what to avoid. We then try our hands at running them, with some one to tell us when we are going wrong. Thus we first gain experience in boats which, in case of a misjudgment, can go astern. Later, we go away in sailing-boats which cannot.

The first trip alone in charge of a picket boat is rather a memorable occasion. You have to steer the boat yourself, for the very good reason that without knowledge of the capabilities of a boat it would be useless to try to command her, and the only practical way to learn is by steering her yourself. You may have an old, experienced, and excellent coxswain, in which case the act of bringing a boat neatly alongside will appear a more simple matter than winking, and you will not appreciate the difficulties of the situation. On the other hand, if he is young and inexperienced, it will seem that nothing can go right. He may cannon heavily into the ship's side or the gangway, calling down execrations on *your* head and damaging the boat, which entails stoppage of leave for you. He may miss the gangway altogether, and you will cruise about, going first ahead and then astern, but getting no nearer to your object. All

the time you will be under the pitying gaze of those on the quarter-deck and your passengers in the stern-sheets. In either case it is *you* who get the blame, for you are in charge of the boat. It is therefore essential that you should know enough to tell the coxswain what to do with his wheel, and, if necessary, to push him gently but firmly away and do everything yourself.

The acquirement of this knack is usually a painful process for those whose sensibilities to hard words are great. You can hardly start with a large placard to say that you are inexperienced, and that indulgence is craved on that account. In consequence, you have to endure a great deal of coarse comment from exasperated commanders whose gangways and paint-work suffer in the course of your experiments. In time you learn that in going astern your stern kicks to port. If no allowance is made for this, your arrival alongside a starboard gangway will be heralded by a sickening crash as your stern swings in; whilst at a port gangway, for like reasons, you will find your bow jammed between the ladder and the ship's side, whilst your stern is in mid-stream. You find that five times out of six you will come too close before turning to a gangway, and that full speed astern is necessary to avoid the total wreck of the boat or gangway. You learn—but technicalities are already coming in. To put it shortly, you learn a great deal.

Another great point about which you learn is the human side. Much can be learnt about the tactful and courteous treatment of Officers of the Watch. They are often as worried as you, and they have more power. Their lightest word must be taken as law. They have an annoying habit of arriving when such a crisis as I have already outlined is imminent, and shouting sweet pieces of advice to you. They think that they are doing good, and it is well to humour them. If the danger is averted they will take the credit; if you crash, they will have the first words with you before you are introduced to the commander. After you have received your orders for a trip, they will shout additional ones at you as you leave. The correct procedure is to say, "Aye, aye, sir," every time they visibly pause for breath, whether you have heard the orders or not, and if not, to trust to the coxswain hearing what you miss. To ask for a repetition is as good as to ruin all your hopes.

Then there is the commander to mollify. To be in the commander's good books is about a dozen steps in the right direction. Your boat must therefore become the smartest-looking boat in the squadron. To become this, a first essential is that the bright work must be as bright as possible, and this demands unlimited metal polish. You are the "moneyed man" of the boat's complement. Secondarily, the crew must be keen. With these two essentials made good, should the captain like

the look of your boat he will take pride in her, for other ships will say that his ship is a smart one. He will express his favour to the commander, who will take the credit. The commander, if he is just, will in turn be pleased with the midshipman of that boat.

To serve our own ends, and further to smarten the boat, we introduced a new feature in the form of an engine-room telegraph. The only means of communication with the engine-room which was fitted was a bell, on which by means of a code the engine-room could be told to go ahead or astern and to stop. We could also tell them to go slower, but the degree was impossible to gauge. Thus the stoker petty officer was fairly free to work his engines as the fancy moved him. He took a fiendish delight in going full speed when a touch was all that was required, and then *vice versa* when a collision was imminent and every ounce of available steam was required to avoid it. To obtain a better co-operation the telegraph was made. The entire machine was constructed in the ship with the exception of a cog-wheel, used as a pattern, and a bicycle chain. The result was a remarkably efficient machine which made the boat the envy of all others.

The chief disadvantage of picket boat work is the irregularity of the hours. You may be required to go away in your boat at any minute of the day or night. You may be sent away on trips of several hours' duration without any warning. You may be sitting down to your lunch after a good forenoon's work, when a messenger comes into the mess and announces that "Second picket boat is called away, sir, please." Out you go to find that your trip lasts till 5 or 6 P.M., and that you will miss both lunch and tea. Late trips lasting till 1 or 2 A.M. may come within the day's work, and early trips to land postmen and stewards, and bring off the mails, are always to be run. It is when your boat has to combine the late trips with the early that you begin to feel a good deal "fed up."

Then there is always the weather to trouble you. In our usual anchorage the weather is a very definite factor, especially in winter time. It is seldom quite calm, and directly it starts to get at all rough, picket boats become disgustingly wet. With the weight of the boiler forward, they push their noses into every little cat's paw which they encounter, flinging up clouds of spray which descend on the devoted hand at the wheel. You spend your whole time ducking behind the weather-screen to avoid a volley, and bobbing up again to see where you are going. At the same time, waves have a habit of coming bodily on board, for the deck is only about two feet above the water level, and swirling round the screen and through your legs like a tidal wave. No sea-boots or oilskins will stand such treatment for long. Frequently you are at it all day,

and it then becomes a sloppy business.

If it becomes really rough, the management of the boat is a tricky business, especially if it is at night. If, when coming alongside, you allow the boat to touch the ship's side or gangway, the probability is that she will be stove in. The bowmen cannot stand up, or they will go over the side, but must do their work on their knees. You are therefore handicapped through an inability to get a proper hold on to anything with a boat-hook. No one is ever sea-sick in a picket boat, for there is far too much else to do.

A thorn in the side of all picket boat enthusiasts is the duty known as "Duty Steam Boat," or D.S.B. Each ship of the squadron takes her turn as duty ship, and provides a boat for this purpose. The duty of the D.S.B. is to act as a fleet postman. She collects letters from the ships of her squadron, takes them to an exchange, where she meets the D.S.B.'s from other squadrons. She is provided with a set of letters for her squadron, which she then distributes. Each of these trips takes from two to three hours, and there are three of them in the day. In addition, the D.S.B. is used for any odd job for the flagship. Thus, having finished your third "postman" trip, you have had your dinner, and, hoping that all is over for the day, you turn in. At 11 P.M. the flagship makes a signal, "Send D.S.B. to flagship at once." You are pulled out of a nice warm hammock and despatched to the flagship. You are then given a letter of importance to deliver to some ship miles away, obtain an answer, and return. The whole of the trip there is against a strong tide and a choppy sea. Before the job is completed, and gracious permission to return to your ship is received, the time is about 1.30 A.M.

Of the forms of excitement which may be enjoyed whilst running a picket boat, the most thoroughly amusing and interesting one is "picket boat manœuvres." This game is theoretically intended to teach younger officers about signals and their practical application, without endangering the safety of large ships. In practice it becomes a competition to see how near you can go to another boat without a bump.

The "admiral" in command of a flotilla of boats is usually a commander, whilst the "captains" of boats are lieutenants. Midshipmen act as signalmen, and a midshipman steers the boat. The steering is a tricky business, as the station-keeping must be as accurate as in a big ship. The distance apart of two boats when in close order, the usual formation, is one boat's length (50 feet), and, with each boat travelling at roughly twelve miles per hour, little room is left for thought in a crisis. The movements of boats are directed by signals, and for this purpose each boat has a mast and yard and a set of signal flags. The traditional smartness of the signal branch is maintained in the boats, as

the admiral proper is criticising the whole manœuvres from his barge.

Thus we are steaming along in one formation when a signal goes up at the "flagship's" yard-arm. Instantly half a dozen telescopes are levelled at the flagship, whilst the signalmen stand by. "S.W.A.K. flags," sings out one of the watchmen. "S.W.A.K. flags," repeats every one else in the boat, "Come on the buntin' tossers, you're all adrift."

"Here you are, Tack of A," in a rapid undertone from one of the signalmen, "where's the head of K?"

"Here's the head of K. Bend on. Right, hoist away," and up goes our hoist, some eight seconds from the time that the first hoist appeared.

Every eye is now directed at the "flagship" for the executive; presently it comes, and away we wheel to take up our position in the new formation.

After a number of these evolutions we fight an imaginary battle, deploying into line of battle, &c. The enemy is sunk over and over again without a casualty on our side. Finally the barge makes a signal to the "admiral," commending him upon his skill in the handling of the flotilla. This is a sign that the manœuvres are finished. A signal floats up to the "flagship's" masthead which orders us to return to our base. This signal is followed by one which means "Proceed at your utmost speed," and from then onwards there is a hot race home, as each boat, with volumes of smoke pouring from her funnels, and a creamy wake nearly coming over the stern, tries every dodge to out out her opponents. Needless to say the *Penultimate's* second picket boat is a handsome winner.

Altogether, picket boating, though strenuous, is never a boring instruction, and is frequently found to be by far the best.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CRIMSON COMICS.

Shortly after we joined the fleet we went to some rather good theatrical shows given by other ships. So much did we enjoy these shows that we were fired with a desire to give one of our own, and do our bit towards the whiling away of weary months. The captain, in addition to his many other accomplishments, was an amateur actor of note, and was very keen that his ship should give a show. He accordingly called a meeting of all the officers in his forecabin to discuss the matter.

One evening the meeting assembled, and after pipes and cigarettes had been set going in full blast, the proposals were put. Firstly, the question came, were we to give a show? The "ayes" were unanimous. Secondly, what kind of show did we propose to give? This question opened the flood-gates of eloquence.

The first person proposed a revue, but this suggestion was vetoed as too ordinary. All other ships had revues; we must be original. The next person suggested a written play or musical comedy as something out of the ordinary, arguing that, as we had little or no discovered talent, it was better to take some known success and massacre that than to do the same with some new and probably futile production. Argument on this point became fairly brisk. Objectors admitted that the point of old plays *verus* local rubbish was sound, but added that any old play would require a large outlay in scenery and dresses, with consequent expense and difficulties of stowage. They stated their points forcibly, and the vote went against plays. A plea for a historical or Shakespeare play, to elevate the minds of the senior officers and to instruct the juniors, was soon disposed of. No one's mind required elevation in a place like this, and the junior officers received enough instruction during the day.

Then there came a pause. So far we had been very successful in blocking each suggestion as it was brought forward, but we were no further towards our objective than we were five minutes after we started. We had been in session for over an hour.

Then up spake a small voice from the back of the meeting. "Could we not give a show after the style of the 'Follies'?" asked the owner. "Oh no, quite impossible," was the first verdict; "we have got no talent, and that kind of show is all talent."

Nevertheless the promoter stuck to his guns. Modifications could be brought in in the form of interludes and sketches to relieve the main performers from the strain on a limited stock of talent. He waxed more and more enthusiastic, and as we were also getting proportionately tired, he began to get his way. He declared that he was prepared to write some topical items himself. After an impassioned oration, a vote was taken, and he won through by a margin of several votes. We therefore decided to have a shot at this kind, and having elected a committee of Public Safety to select the performers, sit on the author, and take the blame for everything, we turned in.

The provision of players turned out eventually to be a fairly simple business. There were several people who had acted in shows given by their former ships. There was also the ward-room basso profundo, who on guest-nights came out with notes of such liquid purity that one could almost feel the whiskies and sodas which had passed down his throat whilst he "tuned up." For the girls, the gun-room was the natural source of supply. Every midshipman with a pretence at looks or legs was taken before the committee for a cat's concert, and if he could sing in tune, was put into the chorus. The leading lady came from the ward-room. In pri-

vate life he was some forty years old, and bald; but as Elfreda in "Come into the Office," not a soul would have thought it. He captured the hearts of many when—but we are getting ahead of station.

From a mass of literature and works of musical genius a show was eventually derived and topicalised to suit an audience of naval officers. Sketches were written and fitted in at judicious intervals, so that the prima donna might have a drink between two top-note efforts. Then we started rehearsals.

It was soon discovered that some one was needed to do the dirty work. The people who were wanted to rehearse were never on the spot, and much time was lost in looking for them. When found, they always required some body to prompt them, hold their hands, feel their pulses, or take their temperatures, or they became mute and hopeless. Accordingly the positions of scene-shifter and call-boy were instituted.

Very few people fully realise the importance of the scene-shifting department. The audience should never get a sight of them if everything goes well. All they should see is a number of wretched performers performing, and consequently all the praise goes to Dolly Dimple, Reckless Reggie, or some other limelight wonder. This is a great mistake. The success or failure of a ship show depends entirely on the work of the people behind the scenes. A few of their duties at rehearsals, as well as during the performances, have already been given. In addition to prompting, the trouble of getting the people on to the stage at the proper time is very great. They may be seen waiting in the wings a few minutes before their time, but ten seconds before their cue they are invariably adrift. Then there is a hue-and-cry throughout the ship, in which every member of the stage staff takes a part. The fairy—for it usually is one of the females—is discovered in her cabin or down a ventilator, is rushed up to the theatre and on to the stage just as her cue has been repeated and a pause in the proceedings has occurred. She always has some excuse to offer. Either her stocking has slipped or her nose has become shiny, and repairs have been needed. She could not think of using the dressing-room; it is far too crowded.

The acting party are also very prone to stage fright, especially on the first night. The greatest number of cases is found among the men, and when a man is missing the first place to look is in the ward-room or gun-room. He will usually be found bracing himself with Dutch courage.

If the show is found to fall rather flat, it is the scene-shifters who are expected to liven it up. They must either lead the applause, applaud at the wrong place, or let down some of the scenery on top

of the occupants of the stage. This latter trick has been found to instil life into many a bored audience. Another good trick is to allow the ship's mascot to rush on to the stage in an obviously unrehearsed manner. If the mascot is a goat or a penguin, so much the better.

Of course, all these duties are in addition to our legitimate function. Even in a show of our kind, there were a number of props, and a considerable quantity of furniture-moving in the placing of some of the scenes. When these evolutions had to be executed on a rickety stage, and through very narrow wings, considerable time and labour were involved. This was a point which the performers entirely failed to grasp. In the middle of an intricate manœuvre with a sofa, fair young things kept rushing up to us to ask if we had a powder-puff in our pockets, or if we knew where they had left their hair-pins. Throughout these trials we have to keep a smiling face, and a tactful, gentle, and generally helpful demeanour. There can be no doubt that the scene-shifters of a naval show rank among the unbelauded heroes of the war. From which it can no doubt be gathered that in our show I was a scene-shifter.

I have described our job in action; at rehearsals the tables were completely turned. The scene-shifters have then practically nothing to do. We had to place a few chairs and tables to represent couches and sofas, chase the errant performers out of their hiding-places, and then our work was over. We could then sit down and watch the performers make fools of themselves, as they invariably did. It certainly is rather funny to watch our first lieutenant, a "two and a half striper" of whom we stand in dread, in full uniform, clasping a midshipman, likewise in uniform, to his chest and chanting "Matilda Jane, my heart's desire," to a blank wall barely two feet from the end of his nose. It is apt to be doubly funny when one remembers that half an hour previously that snottie was ordered half a dozen with the stick by that lieutenant-commander for the flooding of his cabin by the wash of a picket boat coming alongside too fast, under the snottie's command.

Rehearsals went on and on. People seemed as if they would never know their parts, never know their cues, never know anything. Almost every one was fed up with the show, and a number of people were for giving it up altogether. "The show," they moaned, "will never be fit for anything but an excuse for a drink." The producers, however, stuck to their guns, and improvement was made. A couple of dress rehearsals put a great deal of life into some people. There is all the difference in the world between singing made up, to singing in uniform, and even the substitution of a sofa for two chairs, placed side by side, makes a difference.

Having worked every one to death, the invitations were issued, and at last the first night came. During the afternoon the "theatre ship" (a fleet auxiliary with one hold fitted up as a theatre) made fast alongside, and for many hours the patient stage-hands toiled at rigging curtains, preparing the stage, and transporting properties. It is interesting to note that at the same time the sailors were embarking stores from another hold of the ship.

At eight o'clock, after a snatched quarter of an hour for supper, we are ready, and the guests begin to arrive. Each one as he arrives pulls out a pipe or cigarette, and gets to work. In a quarter of an hour there is a thick haze of tobacco smoke throughout the theatre, in which life is unbearable without some personal means of retaliation in the shape of some treasured relic in the pipe line. There are no smoking restrictions on these occasions. The band gets going to keep the waiting throng amused until the captain arrives, accompanied by several admirals and other captains. Their entry is the signal for a burst of cheering, and the overture is switched off. Then comes an expectant pause.

Behind the scenes the last touches are being given to the stage. The call-boy's wail is to be heard everywhere. "Opening chorus; opening chorus; come along the opening chorus, or we'll all be adrift." There is a hurrying to and fro as people come up from the dressing-rooms to take their places. On the stage the manager is dancing about, pushing one person here and another there, scattering last words of advice as he does so. The participants in the opening chorus are trying to look less nervous than they feel, and failing. Finally everybody is settled, and the order is given, "Stand by main curtain." At the bandmaster's desk a red light changes to green; he taps his stand, the band play a few bars of the "Till Ready," and up goes the curtain.

There is no call to say much about the results of these months of rehearsal. The songsters sang their worst upon a variety of topics. There were solos, quartettes, and choruses. There was also a sketch. This last item was introduced to please those who thought that they could act, and were jealous of the singers. To give the reader an idea of what that audience endured, the "bill of the play" is reproduced. It was an attempt at the combination of a little topical rubbish with the modern love-story-cum-spy play, and the whole scene was laid in the dim future in order that the discrepancy in facts might be overlooked.

THE SAUCY KIPPERS: A FANTASY.

By QWESTIAN MARX, Midshipman (Actg. Lieut.-Comdr.)

(Graded for purposes of pay as Ship's Cat I.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

REGINALD PENN, Assistant Paymaster	*Hero.*
CARL HUMOURFAICE, Lieutenant	*Villain.*
ETHEL BRIGHTEYES, Wren	*Heroine.*
KITTY KURLEW, W.R.N.S. MABEL MEMBRANE, „ GLADYS GRITTIE, „	*Fairies.*
MARYANNE SMITH, Barmaid, R.N. SENTRY and NOISE OFF	*"Also ran."*

Scene. Wrens' Mess, H.M.S. *Penultimate.*
Date. The war after next. Time, 10.40 A.M. (Stand Easy.)
Stage Setting. Front: Sofa, two arm-chairs, stove, and stove-pipe.
Middle: Long mess dining-table, a bell-push.
Rear: Left, a door; right, a pantry-trap hatch.

The show is safely over, including the shouting. The guests have left the theatre, and, after stowing away our gear in readiness for the next performance, we follow them to the gun-room. The scene then is a sight to be remembered.

Into the mess, about a hundred officers have crowded to "wait for their boats." Every one is talking at once, for almost every person present knew everybody else. At one end of the mess the wine steward is making an endeavour to cope with the demand for drink. As can be imagined, the atmosphere of the theatre, consisting of about three parts of tobacco smoke to one of air, produces a wonderful thirst. Hence the heaving mass round the bar. One is lucky if one gets a drink at all. In some messes, one never gets one: in others, every one seems to be provided by some means or other. It calls for considerable powers of organisation, and, in the second case, one can usually find that the sub of the mess is a promising young fellow. A man who can supply drink to a crowd like this is sure to make his way.

Dotted here and there among the crowds of uniforms, can be seen some of the performers, still clad in their costumes, and with grease paints streaming off their faces. The girls come in for their full share of admiration. Each of them is the centre of a circle of midshipmen whom she is charming with her wonderfully feminine manner. In her hand she holds a long glass of beer.

Passing one group, we overhear the female charmer holding forth to her flock—

"Well, young Stutter," she says, "to prove to you conclusively that my thirst is greater than yours, I'll lay you two to one in half-crowns that I finish this drink before you finish yours."

Pushing her way through the throng comes Gladys Grittie. She is somewhat curiously dressed, for though all right about the head and face, she is wearing somebody else's dressing-gown and a pair of sea-boots over her stage costume. Finally she reaches her objective, a member of her term at Dartmouth.

"Hullo, old thing," says Gladys, "how's yourself?"

"Who the dickens are you, my dear?" responds the other, much puzzled.

"Well, I must be well made up," replies Gladys. "I'm Tinietot."

"Heavens! is that who you are? Fancy my losing my heart to a worm like you. Still, you looked topping on the stage. Pity to spoil my little romance."

"I haven't spoilt your romance," rejoins Gladys. "You may kiss me, Charles."

"Not in these trousers, old son," is the vulgar response.

"You needn't be rude about it anyway. Well, have a drink instead. Here you are. — Cheeroh. What ship are you in?"

"I'm in the *Fearnought*."

"What, with old Bony England? My hat, do you remember ——?"

The flood of reminiscences is cut short by a roar from the doorway of "*Fearnought's* boat alongside port gangway, sir, please." Then it is "So long. Give my love to Bony, and you two must come over and dine one night. I'll send you a signal about it." The *Fearnought's* worm their ways out and depart. Slowly the mess empties, as boat after boat claims her officers.

The officer of the watch is having a rousing time. Instead of the usual quiet middle watch, he is working like a nigger. Armed with a large megaphone, he is regulating the boat traffic, seeing senior officers over the side, and acting as an inquiry office for lambs who have lost their boats. In the end, every person is sorted out and despatched to his ship. Peace once more reigns supreme.

(To be concluded.)

"GREEN BALLS."

BY PAUL BEWSHER.

III.

THE FIRST RAID.

"Around me broods the dim, mysterious Night,
Star-lit and still.
No whisper comes across the Plain."

—*The Night Raid.*

NIGHT! Before I knew I was to fly through the darkness over the country of the enemy; night had been for me a time of soft withdrawal from the world—a time of quiet. It still held its old childhood mystery of a vague oblivion between day and day, an unusual space of time peopled by slumberous dreams in the gloom of a warm, familiar bed.

Night was a time in which busy and scattered humanity collected once more to the family hearth, and careless of the wet darkness outside, careless of the wind which howled over the roof and moaned down the chimney, sat in the sequestered comfort by the glow of the fire in a lamp-lit room. Night did not mean a mere temporary obscuring of the daytime world. One did not feel that out there in the gloom beyond the dead windows lay the countryside of day, hidden, though unchanged. One felt that for a time the real world had ended, and that as one drifted to sleep, the real house faded and melted away to ghostly regions beyond the comprehension of man.

In the days before my first raid, I use to wander away from the lighted windows of the little camp, down the long road to Toul, beneath the glittering stars, looking up into the blue immensity of the sky, thinking how I was going to move high up there—above the dim country, across the distant lines to some remote riverside factory, beyond the great fortress of Metz.

From that moment the whole meaning of night changed, and changed for ever. Night became for me a time of restless activity; the darkness became a vast theatre for mystery and drama. The midnight obscurity became a thick mantle whose friendly folds hid from the sight of its enemies the throbbing aeroplane in its long, long flights over a shadow-peopled world.

The night became my day. *Dusk is our dawn, and midnight is our noon,* is the song of the night-bombers. To them daylight is a time of preparation, a time of rest, but never a time in which they can fly upon their destructive expeditions.

The pale evening star gleams

Pushing her way through the throng comes Gladys Grittie. She is somewhat curiously dressed, for though all right about the head and face, she is wearing somebody else's dressing-gown and a pair of sea-boots over her stage costume. Finally she reaches her objective, a member of her term at Dartmouth.

"Hullo, old thing," says Gladys, "how's yourself?"

"Who the dickens are you, my dear?" responds the other, much puzzled.

"Well, I must be well made up," replies Gladys. "I'm Tinietot."

"Heavens! is that who you are? Fancy my losing my heart to a worm like you. Still, you looked topping on the stage. Pity to spoil my little romance."

"I haven't spoilt your romance," rejoins Gladys. "You may kiss me, Charles."

"Not in these trousers, old son," is the vulgar response.

"You needn't be rude about it anyway. Well, have a drink instead. Here you are. — Cheeroh. What ship are you in?"

"I'm in the *Fearnought*."

"What, with old Bony England? My hat, do you remember ——?"

The flood of reminiscences is cut short by a roar from the doorway of "*Fearnought's* boat alongside port gangway, sir, please." Then it is "So long. Give my love to Bony, and you two must come over and dine one night. I'll send you a signal about it." The *Fearnought's* worm their ways out and depart. Slowly the mess empties, as boat after boat claims her officers.

The officer of the watch is having a rousing time. Instead of the usual quiet middle watch, he is working like a nigger. Armed with a large megaphone, he is regulating the boat traffic, seeing senior officers over the side, and acting as an inquiry office for lambs who have lost their boats. In the end, every person is sorted out and despatched to his ship. Peace once more reigns supreme.

(To be concluded.)

"GREEN BALLS."

BY PAUL BEWSHER.

III.

THE FIRST RAID.

"Around me broods the dim, mysterious Night,
Star-lit and still.
No whisper comes across the Plain."

—*The Night Raid.*

NIGHT! Before I knew I was to fly through the darkness over the country of the enemy; night had been for me a time of soft withdrawal from the world—a time of quiet. It still held its old childhood mystery of a vague oblivion between day and day, an unusual space of time peopled by slumberous dreams in the gloom of a warm, familiar bed.

Night was a time in which busy and scattered humanity collected once more to the family hearth, and careless of the wet darkness outside, careless of the wind which howled over the roof and moaned down the chimney, sat in the sequestered comfort by the glow of the fire in a lamp-lit room. Night did not mean a mere temporary obscuring of the daytime world. One did not feel that out there in the gloom beyond the dead windows lay the countryside of day, hidden, though unchanged. One felt that for a time the real world had ended, and that as one drifted to sleep, the real house faded and melted away to ghostly regions beyond the comprehension of man.

In the days before my first raid, I use to wander away from the lighted windows of the little camp, down the long road to Toul, beneath the glittering stars, looking up into the blue immensity of the sky, thinking how I was going to move high up there—above the dim country, across the distant lines to some remote riverside factory, beyond the great fortress of Metz.

From that moment the whole meaning of night changed, and changed for ever. Night became for me a time of restless activity; the darkness became a vast theatre for mystery and drama. The midnight obscurity became a thick mantle whose friendly folds hid from the sight of its enemies the throbbing aeroplane in its long, long flights over a shadow-peopled world.

The night became my day. *Dusk is our dawn, and midnight is our noon*, is the song of the night-bombers. To them daylight is a time of preparation, a time of rest, but never a time in which they can fly upon their destructive expeditions.

The pale evening star gleams

above the gold and crimson glories of the sunset. The eastern sky becomes deeply blue. Out of the hangars come the giant machines. The night-flying airman begins to rouse himself, and with the first rustle of the twilight breeze amidst the black lace-work of the bare branches comes the awakening action of the brain, and into his head troop a thousand thoughts, a thousand problems, a thousand impulses.

Over a map I bent, day after day, looking at Metz, looking at Thionville, following the curved black mark of the lines, and pondering the round spots which represented anti-aircraft batteries — going on my first raid a thousand times in anticipation. At times fear held me—the fear of the unknown. What would happen? What would happen? We might get "there," but would we return? Would a German air patrol await us—would a fierce impassable barrage bring about our downfall? Surely, surely, we argued (my pilot and I), they would be waiting for us on our way back.

We knew nothing of night-bombing, nothing of flying across the lines. Before us lay a curtain through which we had to pass. We did not know what lay on the other side, or if we would return through the closed draperies.

At times the thrill of romance, of high star-touching adventure, stirred my imagination. I thought how I was to move undaunted and triumphant over the moon-lit river, over the forests of the Vosges, with my twelve bombs ready to drop at my slightest order. I realised how I was to bring destruction to far-off blast-furnaces where the sweating Germans poured out the white blue-flamed metal to make shells and long naval guns—how I was perhaps to ride homeward down the vast avenues of the skies to the waiting aerodrome with the exhilaration of a conqueror!

Then came the third mental phase of those days of waiting for the raid—the phase of pity. I shall kill to-night! thought I. I shall kill to-night. Even now the worker eats his contented dinner with his wife and children before going on the night-shift—the night-shift which will never see day. Even now is a young man greeting his beloved whom he will never live to wed. Is it true that those plump yellow bombs with their red and green rings are destined to rip flesh and blood—to tear up people whom I have never seen, and whom I will never know that I have slain?

So through my imagination went pouring the strange processions of thought. Brighter and brighter grew the moon; clearer and clearer grew the night. Far away to the north, near Pont-à-Mousson, I could see, as I stood on the road to Toul, the luminous white star-shells which hung quivering in the air, and dropped slowly as they faded away. There in the dark road beneath the tall bare trees I would stand, a little figure, in a great solitude under the ten thousand watching stars, gazing out to the

lines, wondering and wondering what lay beyond.

The days passed slowly. The possibilities of each night were doomed by the French report, "*Brume dans les vallées!*" Mist was considered a great danger to navigation, so night after night the raid was postponed.

French *Bréguets de Bombardement*, huge unwieldy machines, carrying two men and twenty or so little vicious bombs, were also operating from the aerodrome, and the French authorities had arranged a detailed and very useful system of ground lights to assist navigation.

At several places were groups of lights, each group separated by a certain number of miles, to give the airman an opportunity to learn his speed across the ground. There were rocket positions. There were groups of flares pointing north. Here and there were emergency landing-grounds. The whole dim country was going to be twinkling with little messages, with lights and flares and friendly rockets. More and more in these days of waiting I became obsessed with the idea of the long journey I was to make through the blue vagueness of the night above the moonlit country.

Then one night the moon rose clear and clean above a mistless world. The more brilliant stars burnt steadily in the velvet of the night. A silence brooded over the rolling downs and the deep-shadowed valleys. On the aerodrome was deliberate activity and suppressed excitement. The Handley-Page, on which the C.O. intended to carry out the first raid, spread its long splendid wings under the eager hands of the mechanics, who for long days had been preparing everything—had been testing every wire and bolt, and had kept the machine on the pinnacle of efficiency. Now they swarmed round it like keen and careful ants, pinning up the wings, filling the engine tanks with hot water pumped up from a wheeled boiler, known as the "hot potato waggon," exercising machine-guns, and testing the controls.

The two engines were started up, and roared with a surging vibrant clamour for ten minutes. Then the full power was put on, and for a few minutes the noise became ear-splitting, and the waves of sound rolled across the aerodrome and came echoing back from the hangars. The wheels strained restlessly against the triangular wooden "chocks." The tail and the wings shook and quivered with repressed emotion. The exhaust-pipes of the motors grew red hot, long blue flames streamed out of them, and thousands of red sparks went whirling along through the shivering tail-planes into the darkness behind. It was an awe-inspiring sight. I asked the silent preoccupied warrant-officer engineer, a rugged naval man who knew the soul of the mighty Rolls-Royce engines, if it was all right. I could not believe that those red-hot pipes and blue flames were not a sign of an engine gone amok and hopelessly overheated. The thunder and the awful ex-

pression of power frightened me. The engineer, however, assured me that it was all correct, and explained that the engines were just the same in the daytime, though the heat and the sparks could not be seen in the light.

Near the towering bulk of the machine with its two deafening motors stood the pilot, the C.O., who was a frail-looking figure, with his youthful fair-haired face almost hidden in the wide black, fur-lined collar of his thick padded overall suit. He stood there with his flying-cap and his goggles in his hand, waiting to climb into the machine when the mechanics had finished the test of the engines.

I went over to wish him luck, feeling awestruck at his coolness. On the grass of the aerodrome shone the great flares. Above hung the heartless stars, and the blank-faced moon swung rather mockingly, it seemed to me, above the dim patterns of the wooded landscape. The little fair-haired figure stood by the hot-breathed steed which he was going to ride, and it seemed that he was too small, too frail—that any human being was too frail—to take that monster of steel and wood and canvas into the unknown dangers which lay beyond the cold glare of the star-shells on the horizon.

Then the C.O. climbed into the machine, and his head and shoulders appeared just above the blunt nose which stuck out six feet above the ground. He shouted down an order or two. The little triangular door on the floor of the machine was shut. The blocks of wood were taken away from beneath the wheels. The engines roared out, and the machine moved slowly across the grass. It turned slightly, its noise leapt up suddenly again, and with a beating throb the huge craft began to move across the aerodrome with its blue flames and showers of red sparks shooting out behind it. Faster and faster it went—every eye watching it, every mouth firm and voiceless. At last it roared up into the air, and then a curious thing happened which showed the strain and the nervousness under which we were all working that night.

In a few moments the noise of the engines died out, and beyond the slope of green over which the machine had climbed appeared a dull red glow.

"Oh! he's crashed!" almost sobbed somebody in those awful vibrant tones, full of fear and excitement, almost passionate with terror, which are so often heard when there is a swift sudden accident.

Babel broke out. "Quick! *Pyrènes!* Quick! Start up the car! It's burning! Quick, *quick!* How awful! Drive like blazes, driver!"

Round the aerodrome the loaded car jolted and bumped, going as fast as the driver could make it, glittering with the fire-extinguishers held by the agonised white-faced passengers.

Behind some hangars we rushed, and suddenly we heard the glorious sound of a *bavoom, bavoom*, overhead, as the Handley-Page swept triumphantly above us.

"Safe! Oh, good, good, good!" thought every one. Over the crest of the little swell in the ground we saw some dull red landing flares burning in a flickering line. The sudden cessation of the engine's clamour owing to a change of wind, and the sudden burning up of the flares, had brought at once to overwrought nerves the worst fears. As we rode back, pretending we were very ashamed of ourselves, we decided not to tell the C.O. what had happened when he landed. We were very fond of him. . . .

For ten minutes or so the machine roared round and round the aerodrome. We could see its shape black against the starshine for a little while, and then we could distinguish it no longer, for to our great delight it was hidden by the darkness in spite of the moonlight. Then it turned towards the lines, was heard booming faintly for a moment, and finally its noise died right away. The aerodrome lay silent under the magic of the watching stars and the silver frozen moon.

Restless minutes passed. From mess to cabins, from cabins to the aerodrome with its dazzling acetylene flares, we moved uneasily. Had he crossed the lines now? we wondered. Had he got to Metz? What was he doing? Had he dropped his bombs yet?

An hour and a half had gone. He was due back. Still the deep immensity of the night gave no signal. The moon had climbed a little, and its tarnished face was smaller and brighter. There was no sound on the air save the sighing of the wind, the low murmur of a dynamo, and the occasional clear quiet chime of a clock in the village church tower.

Then somebody said, "Listen! Hush!"

Faint but surely sounded the throb of the motors. Every moment it grew more distinct. The crowds on the aerodrome increased. The relief of a strain ended moved pleasantly through them.

Then in the air appeared a glittering ball of light which dropped in a curve and faded away. Another ball of light shot up from the ground in answer. The noise of the engines in the air stopped as the machine glided in wide circles towards the ground. Suddenly it appeared a few hundred feet in the air, brilliantly lit up by two blindingly white lights which burned fiercely below both wing-tips, and from which dropped little gouts of luminous liquid. The powerful illumination lighted up every face, every dress, every shed and pile of stones in clear detail with its quivering glare.

Now every eye was watching the machine as it drew nearer and nearer to the ground. This was the first time that a Handley-Page had been landed at night, and landing is the most difficult and uncertain problem of flying.

Lower and lower it floated, then flattened out, and drifted on just above the grass. With scarcely a bump it touched the ground, ran forwards a little, and swept round towards us.

"Good! Priceless! Thank Heaven that's done!" muttered a dozen watchers. The waiting crowd streamed across to the machine from whose wing-tip flares, now dull and red, still dropped hot drops of liquid.

Some stooped at once under the machine to examine the brown paper which had been temporarily pasted across the bottom of the bomb-racks, as the bomb-doors had not yet been fitted. Scarcely a piece of paper remained—the bomb-racks were empty—the bombs had been dropped!

Then was a scene of excitement. The night travellers were welcomed and congratulated, and a thousand queries were rained on them. "How did the engines go? Any searchlights? Any shell-fire? Where did you drop the bombs? Did you find the way easily?" and so on in an endless stream. It had been a flight which had broken new ground — the first flight of five thousand night flights by Handley-Pages. It was the climax of an experiment. The machine had gone up into the night, and had returned with its cargo discharged.

A night or two later our turn came. The machine stood on the aerodrome: the wings were stretched and pinned up; the tanks were filled with hot water. I went to my little cabin with its rose-shaded lamp, and with a heavy heart began to prepare for the raid. I dressed myself in thick woollen socks; knee-high flying-boots lined with white fleece; a sweater or two, a muffler, and the big overall suit of grey-green mackintosh lined with thick black beaver fur with a wide fur collar. On my head went my flying-cap. I strapped it under my chin and got my goggles and gloves ready. I felt very out of place, so clumsy and grotesque, like a deep-sea diver, in the little room with its bookshelf and neat white bed and soft lamplight.

I had the terrible sinking sensation which I had felt before when about to be caned, and when in the waiting-room of a dentist.

I looked at three or four photographs of well-loved friends and of grey London streets, knelt down for a moment by the bed, and went out after a last long look at the room and the unavailing invitation of the white sheets. I knew it might be the last time, and I felt quite a coward.

Towards the aerodrome I walked behind the towering line of moonlit hangars, beyond which I could hear the murmur of the engines "warming-up." Between two tall sheds I stumbled, and came on to the wide grassy expanse where stood my machine surrounded by busy mechanics.

The engines opened out with a terrifying burst of noise. I collected my map-case and my torch, and walked round to the front of the machine. I faced the two shining discs of the whirling propellers and gingerly advanced between them to the little rope-ladder which hung from the small door in the bottom of the machine. Up this ladder I climbed, and found myself in the little room

behind the pilot's seat. I knelt down and shone my torch on the bomb-handle, the bomb-sight, and on the twelve fat yellow bombs that hung up inside the machine behind me. Then I walked forward till I came to the cockpit, where sat the pilot on a padded armour-plated seat, testing the engines. I let down my hinged seat beside him, and sat with my feet off the ground. I put away my pencil and note-book and chocolate, and examined the different taps and the Very light pistol, and began to adjust the petrol pressure of the engines, which was indicated by little dials in front of me.

I was about seven feet off the ground now, sitting up in the nose of the machine, feeling very small and helpless, with the two great propellers screaming on either side a foot behind me, at 1700 revolutions a minute, and I felt very much like a lamb going to the slaughter.

Minutes slowly passed. I was itching with impatience. I longed to start so that I might have something to do to occupy my attention.

The pilot blew a whistle. The pieces of wood in front of the wheels were pulled away by the mechanics. The pilot's hand went to the throttle, and we moved slowly across the aerodrome. The front engine roared out, he turned round and faced the wind, with the lights of the flares behind us.

On went the engines with a mighty throbbing beat. At once we began to roll across the ground. Faster and faster we rushed. Below streaked the flare-lit grass as we swept onward at a fearful speed. The hangars were just in front of us. I sat, feet off the ground, with my left hand on the padded edge of the cockpit, nervous and apprehensive.

Then slowly, surely, the machine left the ground and began to move upwards, and soon cleared the top of the hangars. Below lay the moon-lit sweep of the dim forests, the curving hills and the deep-shadowed ravines, looking pale and unreal in the ghostly radiance.

In front of us the phosphorescent finger of the height-indicator slowly crept to 1000 feet. The speed-indicator wavered between 50 and 55 miles an hour, and the dials which recorded the petrol pressure on the engines obeyed faithfully my alterations to the little taps at the side.

Above us was the wide expanse of the starlit sky and the cold moon. We soon found that flying at night was like moving through a dimmer daytime sky. Though the airman is hidden from the ground, yet below he can see a detailed panorama, a little more limited in range than that of noonday, but not much less distinct. This is, of course, on a clear night of ample moon. On dark and misty nights the change is very much greater. As we flew on we realised that the task was not going to be so difficult as we had imagined.

For a time I felt too nervous to look over the side, as I always have felt, flying by day or night, until the preliminary dread of a wing falling off

which has ever haunted me, has grown less poignant. Then I began to look over the side, and the love of experience and excitement battled and pressed down the feelings of dread.

Far away on the moon-ward horizon a luminous silver mist veiled the distant view. Below the scenery of thin white roads, soft patchwork forests, little tightly-clustered villages, and the quaint mosaic of fields, unrolled away from me as we mounted higher on the long wings whose edges now and then gleamed in the moonlight. Here and there were the little glowing specks of candles or lamps burning in distant houses, and some of the twinkling illuminations of the French signals. Far away in the mist a star-shell gleamed watery white and slowly faded away. Beneath were the four white flares of the aerodrome and the little space of lit-up ground with an occasional gleam of light near the long line of hangars which I could see faintly below me.

Higher and higher we climbed. Every now and then I stood up and shone my torch on the two engines to read their dials, and to see if they were giving full power. Towards the north we moved, towards the gleaming Moselle and the distant star-shells of the lines. Then the French observer grew restless, and looked over the side, and down at the compass in his cockpit, and at the timing signal-lights beneath. At last, when we were eight or nine miles from the lines, he gave his verdict—the almost inevitable word *Brouillard*. He thought it was too misty. He stood up and leaned back to the pilot, and shouted his words of explanation—

"*Trop de brouillard!* No good! It will be very bad by Metz!"

We turned back disappointed, and drew nearer to the lighted rectangle of the aerodrome far below. The pilot pulled back his throttle. A sudden and almost painful silence followed the roar of the engine. In an agreeable tranquillity after the incessant clamour we had known so long, we glided downwards towards the queer world of the deep shadows. Slowly, slowly over the dazzling acetylene flares we floated. The most critical moment had come: the pilot was going to make his first night landing. I sat silent and unmoving, my left hand again subconsciously holding the edge of the machine in readiness. The ground grew imperceptibly nearer. We were below the level of the sheds. I felt a little vibration quiver through the machine, and then another. We had touched ground.

We slowed down and drew up near our hangar. I dropped out of the machine, beneath which the disappointed mechanics were gazing at the unbroken surface of the brown paper pasted below the bomb-racks, and walked over to my cabin through a little pine wood. The rose-shaded lamp still shone softly. As I took off my heavy flying kit I recalled with a feeling of foolishness my fears and dreads when

I had left it, and felt how wasted my sentiment had been.

Almost the next night we started again. Once more I dressed in the heavy flying clothes, and collected my maps and impedimenta. Again I bade a sad farewell, and again sat beside the pilot, feeling weak and frail. Again we rose up in thunder across the lighted aerodrome towards the stars.

The world lay before us hard and clear. No white scarves of mist were flung over the dark woodlands. The horizon lay almost unveiled, and above was the deep immensity of the night. Here and there across the country we saw the scattered lights of cottages and the twinkling of the French guiding stations. To the north were the brilliant star-shells, and far, far away in the mist glowed dully the little red flame of some blast-furnace beyond the lines.

As we drew nearer and nearer to Pont-à-Mousson, I felt how the meaning of the lines had changed. Formerly they had come to be a barrier almost impassable even by thought. I had felt that this was *our* side, that was *theirs!* Long had the trenches lain in the same place in this area. Now it seemed wonderful to be able to see signs of occupation beyond the German war-zone. Our intended crossing seemed a sort of sacrilege, the execution of an act seemingly impossible. I felt as though I had put out my hand to the moon, and had touched a solid surface. It was hard to believe that our machine could in a flash change from the area of one great sweep of nationality and ideas and character to the other, and could pass unhindered, untouched across that frontier of death to every living thing upon the ground.

So as I grew nearer and nearer to Pont-à-Mousson and saw a few scattered lights beyond the star-shells, I began to wonder who sat beside the light—what German soldier or officer read a despatch or wrote a letter, in what sort of hut or dug-out. Then the pilot's hands would move with the wheel, and we would swing round in a circle. Again before us lay the French signal-lights, and far away the faint glow of our aerodrome.

Then we swung round again towards the north. The Frenchman's arm went up, and dropped, pointing straight ahead across the star-shells which rose here and there slowly, white blossoms of light which burst out into a white dazzling flare, and gradually drooped and faded away.

I sat with my legs dangling, and my hands crossed in my lap, feeling I had got to take what was coming unprotesting. Defenceless and frail I seemed as I sat beside my pilot, with nothing for my hands to do—with no control over the machine or over my destiny. My heart sank lower and lower . . . and then we were right above the lines. In the pool of vague darkness below I saw the star-shells rising up and lighting a little circle of ground, and dying away, to be

followed by small and spitting flashes of rifle fire from either side of the lines, where I knew some wretched soldier lay in No Man's Land, flat in the mud, in fear of his life.

A few minutes passed, and I began to realise that I was over German territory. The height-indicator recorded 7500 feet. The engines clamoured evenly, and the speed-indicator registered fifty miles an hour, showing that we were still climbing steadily. The pilot sat immobile on my right—his heavy boots firmly on the rudder, his fur-gloved hands on the black wooden steering-wheel, which scarcely moved as we flew steadily on. The electric bulb in the cockpit shone on his determined chin and firm mouth, but his fur-edged goggles hid those eyes which looked, now forwards to the horizon and to the dark shape of the Frenchman with his curious helmet in front, now downwards to the compass and the watch and the instruments of the dash-board. Keen eyes and ready were they, I knew well, watching everything, noting everything.

I wondered what lay in his brain, and what were his real feelings as he steered the enormous machine dead ahead into the hostile territory. My own fears had begun to leave me a little. I looked round with interest to see what was going to happen, and began to hum my invariable anthem of the night-skies, which I have chanted during every raid—the Cobbler's song from "Chu Chin Chow":—

> "I sit and cobble at slippers and shoon
> From the rise of sun to the set of moon. . ."

Then on my left, a mile or so away, I saw four or five sharp red flashes whose spots of light died away slowly, like lightning. I felt excited. They were anti-aircraft shells. They were meant for us. We had been heard, then, and our presence was realised. I glanced at the pilot, but he had seen nothing. His face was fixed steadily forwards, so I decided not to tell him. Now I began to look all over the sky, above, below, and on either side, looking for shell fire, and trying to pierce the gloom to see enemy machines. I was on the alert, for I realised that we were heard though unseen, as we crept like thieves above the land of a people who wished us ill.

Then ahead of me I became aware of a beautiful sight, which I have never since seen near the lines—a city in full blaze. There lay a sea of twinkling, glittering lights with three triangles of arc-lamps round it. It was Metz and its three railway junctions. I stood up and looked down on the amazing scene. There lay to our view vivid evidence of German activity. I could see here and there through the jumble of lights the straight line of a brilliant boulevard. It seemed strange to think that down there moved and laughed German soldiers and civilians in the streets and cafés, all unconscious of the fur-clad airmen moving high up among the stars in their throbbing machine.

The explanation of the fearless blaze was simple. The Germans in those days had an agreement with the French that Metz should not be bombed, and therefore they realised that it would be safer if its lights were kept on, so that it might not be mistaken for any other place. Gradually, however, we passed by this city lined in glittering gems, leaving it a few miles on our right. Ahead of us the intermittent red glare of scattered blast-furnaces burst occasionally on the dim carpet of the country, blazing out for a moment and then fading slightly—to blaze out again before they died away, as the unavoidable *coulées*, or discharges of molten metal, were being made.

Still there was no apparent opposition. No searchlights moved in the skies; no shells punctured the darkness. The French observer, who was responsible for the navigation, looked carefully below and then at his map. We were evidently drawing near to the blast-furnaces of Hagendingen. Then he turned round and began to shout instructions. The pilot could not quite understand what he said, so I assisted him. It was strange to be arguing in English and French, the three of us, a mile and a half in the air, fifteen miles beyond the German lines. We became so interested in our explanations and translations that we forgot our surroundings altogether.

"Let me talk to him. Qu'est ce que vous désirez dire, monsieur? Où est Hagendingen?"

The Frenchman pointed an energetic finger downwards.

"Là! Là!"

"He says it's just ahead, Jimmy! Shall I get into the back?"

"Just a minute. Monsieur—c'est temps maintenant to drop the—— What's drop, Bewsh?"

"Laisser tomber! I'll tell him. Est ce . . . all right! *You* tell him, then! Look at the port pressure. I'll give it a pump!"

So went the conversation high above the earth at night in a hostile sky.

Then I lifted up my seat and crawled to the little room behind, which vibrated fiercely with the mighty revolutions of the two engines. I stood on a floor of little strips of wood, in an enclosure whose walls and roofs were of tightly stretched canvas which chattered and flapped a little with the rush of wind from the two propellers whirling scarcely a foot outside. Behind was fitted a round grey petrol-tank, underneath which hung the twelve yellow bombs.

I lay on my chest under the pilot's seat, and pushed to the right a little wooden door, which slid away from a rectangular hole in the floor through which came a swift updraught of wind. Over this space was set a bomb-sight with its sliding range-bars painted with phosphorescent paint. On my right, fixed to the side of the machine, was a wooden handle operating on a metal drum from which ran

a cluster of release-wires to the bombs farther back. It was the bomb-dropping lever, by means of which I could drop all my bombs at once, or one by one, as I wished.

The edge of the door framed now a rectangular section of dark country, on which here and there glowed the intermittent flame of a blast-furnace. I could not quite identify my objective, so I climbed forwards to the cockpit and asked the French observer for further directions. He explained to me, and then suddenly I saw, some way below the machine, a quick flash, and another, and another—each sending a momentary glare of light on the machine. I crawled hurriedly back, and lay down again to get ready to drop my bombs.

Below me now I could see incessant shell-bursts, vicious and brilliant red spurts of flame. I put my head out of the hole for a moment into the biting wind, and looked down, and saw that the whole night was beflowered with these sudden sparks of fire, which appeared silently like bubbles breaking to the surface of a pond. The Germans were firing a fierce barrage from a great number of guns. They thought, fortunately for us, that we were French Brégucts, which flew much lower than we did, so their shells burst several thousand feet beneath us.

I was very excited as I lay face downwards in my heavy flying-clothes on the floor, with my right hand on the bomb-handle in that little quivering room whose canvas walls were every now and then lit up by the flash of a nearer shell. Through the quick sparks of fire I tried to watch the blast-furnace below. Just in front of me the pilot's thick flying-boots were planted on the rudder, and occasionally I would pull one or the other to guide him. The engines thundered. The floor vibrated. Below the faint glow of the bomb-sights the sweep of country seemed even darker in contrast with the swift flickering of the barrage, and here and there I could see the long beam of a searchlight moving to and fro.

Then I pressed over my lever, and heard a clatter behind. I pressed it over again and looked back. Many of the bombs had disappeared—a few remained scattered in different parts of the bomb-rack. I looked down again, and pressed over my lever twice more,—my heart thumping with tremendous excitement as I felt the terrific throbbing of power of the machine and saw the frantic furious bursting of the shells, and realised in what a thrilling midnight drama of action and force I was acting. I looked back and saw by the light of my torch that one bomb was still in the machine. I walked back to the bomb-rack, and saw the arms of the back gunlayer stretching forwards, trying to reach it. I put my foot on the top of it and stood up. It slipped suddenly through the bottom and disappeared.

In a moment I was beside the pilot.

"All gone, Jimmy! Let's be getting back, shall we?"

I leant forwards and hit the French observer on the back. When he turned I asked him what luck we had had. He was encouraging, and said that the bombs had gone right across the lights of the factory. Below us now still burst the barrage of shells, while one or two stray ones burst near the machine. From the direction of Briey a strong searchlight swept across the sky and hesitated near us, and began to wave its cruel arm in restless search in front of the nose of the machine. As it drew nearer and nearer my hand tugged the pilot's sleeve a little, with a hint to turn. He looked down at me and smiled, and carried on. I knew that he felt no fear, and was less nervous than I was. Little did I guess when I watched, like a frightened rabbit pursued by a slow hypnotising snake, that one searchlight moving in the pool of the night skies above Briey, how I should, later on, steer the machine through a forest of moving beams over Bruges or Ghent. That solitary searchlight was bad enough, and was full of the evil cunning which makes searchlights a greater dread to the night airman than shell fire. To be searched for by searchlights is ever more demoralising. It is as though you stood in the corner of a dark room and an evil being with long arms came nearer and nearer, sweeping those arms across the velvety darkness, and you knew that there would come a time when they would touch you, and then . . .

Past Metz we flew onwards, and the city could no longer be seen. It lay in darkness, for our bombs had been dropped. Its lights had served to keep it safe. Now, lest it should be used as a guide, the city had died like a vision of the brain, and where had lain that filigree of sparkling diamonds was the unlit gloom.

The shell fire died away and stopped. The white beam of Briey moved vainly across the sky, darting in one swift swoop across a quarter of the heavens, and then hanging hungrily in some suspected corner, before it moved onwards again.

I felt supremely confident and at home. I felt I could "dance all night." I felt that for hours I could go soaring onwards over the country of the enemy with this triumphant sense of power. Fear had left me. I was not conscious of being in the air. I sat solidly and at ease on my little padded seat beside the pilot, whose arm I had affectionately taken. I peeled the scarlet paper and the silvery wrappings from the bars of chocolate, and pushed a fragment into his unresisting mouth. We were three or four miles from the lines, but from the danger point of view we were as good as across them. I stuck a photograph behind one of the dials in the cockpit, and it kept on falling on to the floor so that I had to replace it.

I fished out three or four mascots from my pocket, and

stood them up inside the machine. I began to sing loudly. It was a mild reaction after the strain, which I had not been conscious of, but which had nevertheless been there.

It was a wonderful feeling to know that the job which I had dreaded was done, and that I had come through it safely. I wondered what the Germans thought of that huge load of explosives which had fallen all at once, for a Handley-Page could drop then about three times more bombs than any other machine in use on the Western Front. The Gotha, with its even smaller load, had not then come into action. The Germans must have realised that it was the beginning of a very unpleasant time for them.

At last the white star-shells rose and fell beneath us, and we left them behind. Towards Nancy I could see a silver strip of river and a few twinkling lights. Near it lay the glare of a night landing-ground. Ahead of us rose coloured rockets from one of the guide positions. On and on we flew, and then we saw the lights of our own aerodrome far ahead. The pilot throttled the engines, and we began to glide down through the darkness to the row of flares. When we were over the rectangle of illuminated grass we circled down in wide sweeps, and landed gently in a long glide.

We stopped by the hangars, and the crowd poured round us again. This time with what delight the eager mechanics saw round the edges of the bomb-racks only small shreds of brown paper, which showed that the machine they had tended so well had done its work, and had taken destruction for them beyond the lines!

With what glow of pleasure I climbed down from the machine, and arm-in-arm with the engineer officer walked awkwardly though joyfully to our cabin! The photographs of my friends seemed to smile on me with genial thanks, and the bed seemed more than ever inviting. We talked, and talked, and talked. The raid was described a thousand times over as we drank hot coffee and munched biscuits. Looking backwards, it seems strange that we should have been so excited after a short raid like that; but it had been a new thing achieved—an adventure successfully carried through.

When at last I got back to the cabin alone I began to think of the effect of my bombs. I pictured the ambulances hurrying down the distant roads to the hospitals. I thought of the women even then learning the news of their husband's or son's death. My head was throbbing and aching with excitement. A mad procession of unending thought went pouring through it at a headlong pace. I lifted the blind and looked out of the window to the wet chill dawn. The sickly stars flickered like pale gas-lamps. The dirty moon staggered towards the East, while the West wore a dingy dressing-gown of crimson and tawdry green. The

scenes of the night were thronging through my imagination. I could picture it all—the white faces of the dials before us; the pulsing of the engines; the pressing of the bomb-handle; the clat-clatter of the falling bombs; the waving searchlights; the impetuous flashing of the shells; the ride home across the dim country; the landing, and the release from fear.

I felt restless and unwell. Again I looked at the humid greasy dawn. Thoughts of the silly death and destruction and agony beyond Metz came to me. I got into the white sheets, but they could not cool my throbbing forehead. My frantically working brain would not let me sleep. I tossed and turned, and dozed off for a moment, only to find myself once more in the air—only to see once more the cold electric light shining on my pilot's fur-gloved hands and set mouth, only to hear the deafening thunder of the motors—and to wake up again.

So passed a sleepless night. Morning brought to my tired eyes and tight-drawn skin, to my strained nerves and slack body, no joy or happiness in life. . . .

Thus was achieved the first raid. I felt anxious for more. I forgot the fear, and remembered the excitement, as human nature always does. I wanted to go to Friedrichshafen or Karlsruhe. Night meant a time of travel. The stars called to me to be up amid their steely glitter, thundering onwards to some far distant place.

Then came the usual sudden order. Again we had to change our aerodrome. We were told to return to Luxeuil, whence we were to fly to Dunkerque.

Farewells were said in cold grey Nancy, strange city of the Vosges with its genial populations, its jolly cafés.

Through a hailstorm we flew to the long-loved aerodrome at Luxeuil. Old friends were met again, but even in our brief absence it had changed and many familiar buildings and faces had gone.

I managed to borrow a Curtiss machine and flew alone, very badly, in order to take my ticket.

The next morning, in spite of the threatening weather, we flew to Paris. At a height of a thousand feet or less, just under the troubled grey masses of cloud, we flew on. I followed the country below with anxious eyes, relying on landmarks to show me the way. I identified each road and railway and village. I checked by the map each little patch of forest, each little lake.

Once I was carried away by the chorus of a song which made me dream a little as I sang it. I looked down. There lay the straight road quite in order as I left it, but alongside appeared a forest which was not marked on the map. I became worried. I knew that once I had lost the way I would be badly adrift.

Just in time I discovered that I had passed a fork in the road as I sang to myself, and we had not turned as we should have done. Thereafter I kept my eyes on the alert,

till finally we reached the outskirts of Paris.

When we were low over the roofs near Villacoublay I happened to look at the height-indicator. To my surprise it registered zero. I gave the pilot a violent nudge and pointed it out to him. Then I realised that the aerodrome at Luxeuil, on which the indicator had been adjusted, was several hundred feet above sea-level, and that, now we were over lower country, our height might be registered as nothing, when in reality we were a few hundred feet above the roofs.

If there had been a mist we might have been in a difficulty, as our height-indicator would have been useless. We would not have had the good fortune of an airman who on one occasion got overtaken by a thick mist in England and wished to land. He knew the country was flat, so he glided down into the mist very gently, and when the height-indicator was just above zero he climbed out of the machine and sat on the edge. He saw the finger of the dial actually touch the zero mark, and jumped. . . . So accurate was the instrument that he was not hurt. He was flung down a bank, and was badly shaken up, but was no worse for it. The amazing part of it was that the aeroplane, a very stable machine, landed itself correctly and was found in a field a little farther ahead without a wire broken.

We landed at Villacoublay, and rushed into Paris by car to spend a gay glittering evening in the capital. We were up early next day, and motored out to Villacoublay, and were soon on our way to Dunkerque.

A little past Boulogne the low-drifting clouds were left behind, and we flew into glorious April weather. On the left, to my great joy, was the sea and the surf-lined sweep of the coast. Below was the patchwork of fields and meadows, whose colours were so soft in the sunlight that the country looked like a carpet of suède leather dyed with many a rich shade of cream and brown and purple and dull green, in oblong patternings. Across this lovely mosaic ran straight roads which linked up the compact little towns. Here and there lay a canal like a bar of steel, blue and slender.

The machine moved forward with an absolute steadiness. The pilot took his hands off the wheel, glad to rest himself after the terrific bumping we had been enduring under the clouds since we left Paris. The engines droned contentedly. The burly engineer P.O. in front looked downwards with delight at the sunny plain which moved towards us with such a stately and even progress. Flying became really comfortable for once, and very monotonous.

Calais passed. Gravelines, with its starfish fortifications, moved by on our left-hand side. Dunkerque lay ahead. I began to look for the aerodrome. I had not been told exactly

where it was. I knew it was between Dunkerque and Bergues, near the canal. Nearer and nearer to Dunkerque and its line of docks and its ramparts we drew. Still I could not find the aerodrome. The pilot grew impatient. Then I saw in the air ahead of us the familiar form of a twin-engined machine. It was another Handley-Page. It swept downwards in wide curves. I looked below it and saw, by a wide field, a few brown hangars in front of which stood other machines.

The noises of the engines ended. We drifted down and landed. We were met by an officer with a megaphone, who gave us very curt instructions as to where the machine was to stop. We expected to be greeted as heroic travellers, so this abrupt welcome rather surprised us. When we disembarked, however, we found that several Handley-Pages were coming back from a daylight patrol off the coast to Zeebrugge and back. I caught the edge of my pilot's eye and knew he was wondering as I was—what nasty new business was this?

We went into the mess, very tired after our long journey by air from one end of the lines to the other, and while we were sitting at the table a heavily-booted and furred observer came in with very bright eyes, and said to the C.O. of the station—

"Rather good luck, sir! We saw a couple of destroyers ten miles north of Zeebrugge. Dropped our bombs on them. Direct hit on one! Seemed to be sinking when I left!"

The C.O. was delighted, and as the observer left the room I felt what a fine spirit of adventure there was in flying when a man could land out of the skies so flushed with achievement. He had sunk a destroyer in the enemy's waters. What a splendid conquest for one man! I felt near the sea again. I felt proud of my naval uniform. I felt glad I was in the Naval Air Service. A breath of the sea swept through the room which drove away all the sad memories of rather bitter days far, far away near the Vosges.

That night I walked alone under a haggard moon down a treeless road that wound beside a canal. The wind sighed across the flat ploughed fields. Towards Ypres I saw the incessant flash and flicker of artillery fire. For a moment I stood looking to the north-east, towards the lines.

Then would it have been fitting to have seen, as a fantastic prelude to my fantastic nights, what I often saw later from Dunkerque—a glittering string of emerald green balls rise slowly up in the profundity of the night, to droop over and hang awhile in the blue velvet of the night skies before they died away.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE GENERAL ELECTION—THE ROUT OF THE BOLSHEVIKS—THE END OF MR ASQUITH AND HIS FRIENDS—MR LLOYD GEORGE'S CABINET—SIR F. E. SMITH AND MR CHURCHILL—MR HERBERT FISHER'S TEUTONISED EDUCATION—CLASS-HATRED IN POLITICS—THE LABOUR PARTY'S PLACE IN THE SUN—A MATTER OF ARITHMETIC—THE TRADE DISPUTES ACT—SIR J. HILLS-JOHNES.

THE General Election has removed a vast deal of rubbish from the House of Commons. Peacemongers and Bolsheviks were swept away wherever they presented themselves, and are not likely to show their brazen faces again. Messrs Henderson, Snowden, and Ramsay Macdonald are no more, and they will be lamented by none save their German friends. Still better, those intellectual sentimentalists, Messrs Ponsonby and C. P. Trevelyan, have been driven from their constituencies by the argument of numbers—the one argument which they profess to revere. They have made their appeal to democracy, and democracy has given them a clear, and we hope a final, answer. It is proved beyond cavil that the country understood and understands the justice and the necessity of the war, that it paid little heed to the agitators who, with the encouragement of alien gold, did their best to poison its mind. In this obduracy the country showed itself wiser and stauncher than some members of the Government, whose constant policy it was to keep the peace by throwing whatever they asked to impudent agitators.

Nor should we underrate the malice against their country which animates our Bolsheviks. Had they triumphed at the polls, which was happily impossible, they would, if they could, have involved Great Britain in ruin. They have but one ideal—anarchy, but two heroes—Lenin and Trotsky, and they hate the land which gave them birth with so virulent a hatred, that in their eyes the Germans can do no wrong. It is a strange attitude, this attitude of anti-patriotism, and it is assumed only by the envious, but it is in vain that we blind our eyes to it: when we see a man standing upon his head in the middle of the street, we cannot pretend that he is upon his feet. Our one comfort is that, though his position calls instant attention to him, those who would rival him in the gymnastic feat are few in number.

But though handsomely beaten at the polls, the handful of irreconcilables still pretends to believe that it alone represents the true feeling of the country. The agitators, who have been rejected by thousands of their fellows, refuse to accept the verdict of dismissal. Fresh from prating about the sacredness of de-

mocracy, they reveal themselves as no true democrats by publicly flouting the result of the ballot. They already complain that they have been excluded from Parliament by a species of fraud, forgetting that it was universal suffrage which excluded them; and they threaten that as the voters have failed them, they will abolish all parliaments and obtain what they want, though they know not what that is, by a general strike. "Opposition in Parliament has been crushed," says the ineffable Mr R. Macdonald; "the I.L.P. takes it up outside Parliament! They can close the doors of Parliament, but that only means that they open the gates of the country." Did ever a champion of democracy talk more pestilent nonsense? A vote has been granted to every man in the country and to most women. And they who boast that they represent the people laugh in the people's face as soon as the votes are counted.

The Bolsheviks, then, have taken their beating badly. They will not bow to the decision even of their own kind, and thus they prove themselves at once irrational and unsportsmanlike. The old-fashioned middle-class Radicals are in worse case even than the Bolsheviks. They have disappeared from the House of Commons altogether, and few there are who will mourn their disappearance. Thus at last is the baleful effect of the Reform Bill of 1832 undone. When that Bill was passed the Whigs boasted that it would make them "tenants for life," and though the boast was not wholly justified, though there have been intervals of Tory government, yet the hopes of the Whigs and of the Radicals, their lineal descendants, have become realities. Even when they were not in power themselves, they could sometimes impose their wishes upon the other party. Thus it was not Cobden but Sir Robert Peel who repealed the Corn Laws, put the countryside under the heel of the town, and satisfied the first ambition of the Radicals. From this fatal measure came the policies of *laissez-faire*, a full breeches-pocket, the Big Loaf, peace at any price, and all those other schemes, once dear to the middle class, which went near to compassing our ruin. And now at a single election all the old fustian is abolished and done with. The defeat of Mr Asquith and all his lieutenants marks the awakening of England from a dismal dream. The Bill of 1832 made the middle class omnipotent, and the middle class had its way. And its way was bad, because of all classes it has shown itself the most bitterly selfish, the least capable of understanding. It despised the class below it, it was jealous of the class above. The working class has kept itself hardy by manual toil; the leisured class has strengthened its muscles and its brains by field-sports. The middle class, on the other hand, has been content with the counting-house. The bagman's millennium has seemed its golden age; to buy in the

cheapest market and to sell in the dearest, was for it the whole duty of man. If child labour helped the cotton-spinners in the fierce struggle for wealth, then children must be condemned to work ten or twelve hours a day in the factories. And it should be remembered that all the Bills which alleviated the lot of the workers were passed by Tory Governments.

The ideal, or its lack, of the nineteenth century was the ideal, until yesterday, of Mr Asquith and his friends. They had learned nothing from the war. They went to the country confidently with all the old cries. Their torn banners still bore the foolish device Free Trade, and they seem to have believed that nothing more was asked of them except devotion to the time-worn creed of Manchester. And they are one and all out of Parliament. We shall hear no more of their class-selfishness, of their egoism, of their lust after large profits and quick returns, of their ready sacrifice of national interests to provincial greed. At last the door of good British oak, which they took pride in banging, bolting, and barring, will be opened to our kinsmen oversea; and the Empire, which they, being true little Englanders, sincerely despised, will grow in strength and unity. In brief, the election has dissipated a dark cloud which overcast us for nearly a century, and the sun of patriotism will perhaps shine upon us once more.

The result of the General Election is said to be a personal triumph for Mr Lloyd George, and the triumph is not wholly undeserved. Whatever his failings may be, and they are not few, he was resolute to beat the Germans, and he has helped to inspire the country with the will to win. But by a manœuvre, which no wise man will applaud, he put his own ticket on such candidates as he supported, and he is plainly entitled to exact their allegiance as part of a well-understood bargain. Wherefore in the making of his Cabinet he should have had a free hand. If only imagination and courage had been his, he might have ensured a strong and honest Government. And he has failed, where success was easily within his grasp. A vast and docile majority in the House would have supported him had he chosen new men for old places. But being a mere politician, he has thrown away his opportunity with a careless cynicism. His new Cabinet is made up of the old materials, and the most that he has ventured to achieve is to shift a plank here and there into a fresh place. This method does not make for stability, and we shall not be surprised if the strongest majority known to history does not melt away like snow in sunshine.

For some of the appointments we have nothing but praise. We rejoice to see that Lord Milner is to preside over the Colonial Office, and that Mr Austen Chamberlain is once more Chancellor of the Exchequer. The country has

confidence in Mr Arthur Balfour, and welcomes him back to the Foreign Office. Some other Ministers are practised administrators, and in less troubled times might be trusted not to make mistakes. But when we have said so much, we must acknowledge that Mr Lloyd George has, for the rest, betrayed the trust reposed in him. To put Sir F. E. Smith on the Woolsack is to lower the dignity of English life. Neither his career in politics nor his legal attainments justify his elevation. Thus an injury is done not only to the country but to a high office, which has been held by many great and learned men. The politicians are not held in good repute just now, and they will not recover the respect, which once they won and deserved, if they find levity a better guide of conduct than the profit of the State.

A Prime Minister who has made Sir F. E. Smith Lord Chancellor could not omit Mr Winston Churchill from his favour, and the most unpopular demagogue in England is now our Minister for War. A worse appointment could not have been devised, for it proves that in Mr Lloyd George's opinion those who have failed disastrously in politics should be marked out for promotion. Mr Winston Churchill has enjoyed a parti-coloured career. He has held many offices, and it cannot be said truthfully that he has adorned any one of them. But evidently he is indestructible. The most of men would never have recovered from the adventure of Lamlash Bay. Mr Churchill was the hero of that adventure, and he is Minister for War. The "gambles" in which he has indulged during our struggle with Germany have been costlier for others than for him. For Mr Churchill it was merely a matter of heads I win, tails you lose. So, immune from punishment and relieved of all responsibility, the men entrusted with the conduct of public affairs do what they will, and keep a closer eye upon their own prosperity than upon the welfare of the country. As for the Army, it will be asked to make the best of a bad job, and Mr Lloyd George will be lucky if his dangerous appointment to the War Office does not shatter what might have been the strongest Government of all time. Perhaps he thinks that, since the Armistice is signed, the Army matters less than Mr Churchill's displeasure.

With an equal cynicism Mr Lloyd George has reinstated Sir Alfred Moritz Mond at the Board of Works. As we have pointed out already in these pages, nothing could be more grossly indelicate than this choice. Sir Alfred Moritz Mond is German in blood and race. The fact that he was born upon English soil alone makes him an Englishman, and as he presides over the Board of Works, it will be his duty to approve and control the monuments set up by the country in honour of our dead heroes. Nearly a million

Britons have fallen in the war which this country has helped to wage against Germany. And a man who is German in name and race, a man who is bound to Zeigenhain in Hesse-Cassel by a long line of ancestry, and whose "lineage" is all unsullied by one speck of British blood, is permitted to decide what shape and form the national memorials dedicated to those who gave their life for Britain shall assume. Can you believe that the Germans themselves would ever permit a like outrage? Not even Herr Houston Chamberlain, the staunchest champion of Deutschthum in the world, would be allowed to perform the delicate duty of setting up a shrine in honour of Germans fallen upon the battlefield. Mr Lloyd George is obviously unconscious of the incongruity, and Sir Alfred Moritz Mond has so little sense of the fitness of things that he does not decline a post from filling which with dignity he is debarred by his antecedents. Humour is a quality which has escaped him as plainly as propriety. Not long ago, in speaking of Stonehenge, he referred with some unction to our ancestors. Were, then, the Monds, the Weinbergs, and the Löwenthals among those who worshipped the sun on Salisbury Plain? Did Ziegenhain and Cologne also send their representatives across the sea to do proper obeisance at the summer solstice? For our part we would far rather see our dead heroes honoured only in the hearts of those who mourn them than admire the loftiest pillar, golden and far-seen, set up to their memory with the sanction and concurrence of Sir Alfred Moritz Mond. If Mr Lloyd George refuses to respect the susceptibilities of all true-born Britons, he will create for himself an unpopularity which he cannot withstand. The laws of England decree that a man is a motor-car if he is born in a garage. And in accord with this law, which needs amendment, Sir Alfred Moritz Mond is an Englishman; he is not the kind of Englishman who should help to record the sacrifices of our soldiers.

There is one other Minister, still in his old place, who is universally acclaimed. If one may believe the panegyrists, Mr Herbert Fisher is the wisest man who ever was asked to preside over the Office of Education. We have been told that he has but one fault—all men speak well of him. He has another fault, far more grievous for the country—he wishes to Teutonise our whole system of education. We have heard a vast deal since the war began about the infamous training given in the schools and colleges of Germany to those who were only too ready to pick up the lessons of militarism. The evil of state-fed professors has been explained to us at great length; we have been deluged with quotations from Treitschke and the rest; and Mr Fisher refuses to take warning by the past. He would, if he could, vastly increase the control

which the State has already usurped over the education of the country. He would imitate the vices which have brought ruin upon Germany. For true it is that he who pays the piper will call the tune. Should the State meddle with our schools and universities, then our schoolmasters and professors will be contented echoes of the politicians, or they will lose their posts. Now, learning, if it is worth anything at all, should be pursued freely and for its own sake. It can survive neither State subsidies nor State interference. The day on which our higher schools and universities become mere branches of the Civil Service, will witness their destruction. They have served us well in the past; they have never served us better than in the war now coming to an end; and it would be a poor reward for our victory if the schools and colleges of England were placed under the jack-boot of the Ministry of Education.

Should the Department of Education assume new duties, which it is manifestly unfit to discharge, it may placate the envy of the Bolsheviks. It will surely destroy that which has been of the greatest profit to the country —the variety of English talent and English character. To bear the impress of school or college has not hitherto seemed a disgrace, and the result of our cherished independence is that we have been able to find men fit for any emergency. But the true democrat loves uniformity. He is angry with all those whose thrift and industry have given them a training to which he cannot aspire. Therefore, with the true spirit of the dog in the manger, he demands a general levelling down. Why should Eton and Harrow escape inspection, if the Board School at the corner is asked to conform to a certain standard? This he asks with a kind of perverted logic, and if the democrat has his way we shall be plunged into a system of uniform state-control which has ruined the education of Germany, and from which France herself is at this moment trying to emerge. We have, however, one hope. With the universal applause of a thoughtless country, Mr Fisher has passed a Bill which we believe he will find wholly unworkable; and in the stress of insuperable difficulties he may be forced to restrain his hand from meddling with the higher schools and universities of England, which have long been a wonder to the wise, and which have trained not mere scholars but men.

By a happy chance the extreme representatives of labour were beaten at the polls. But they are not discouraged, and they are yet unwilling to abate one jot of the tyranny which they would exercise over their fellows. Though there is a far greater difference between the two wings of the Labour Party than exists between Radicals and Unionists, the bosses of the party presume to speak for all. They have

introduced a spirit of class into politics which will presently lead to disaster. At the moment, when an attempt has been made by the Coalition to soften the asperities of political strife, the officials of the Labour Party announce themselves irreconcilable. Though they represent nobody but themselves, though the British democracy has prudently rejected the most of them, they declare that no Labour member shall take part in the government of the country until the whole Government bows the knee in allegiance to labour. Once upon a time the Trade Unions were an *imperium in imperio*. Now Labour (with a capital) demands that it should itself be the sole *imperium*. Thus a sharp division is made not of thought but of class. Messrs Clynes and Hodge, for instance, being patriotic citizens, are far nearer in sympathy to the existing Government than they are to Messrs Henderson, Webb, and Macdonald. Yet these men, with glib tongues and wrong heads, seem to be strong enough to prevent Messrs Clynes and Hodge from doing their duty as good citizens. They are called to the counsels of the State, and the tyrannical masters of a mischievous machine command them to stand aside.

This claim of a certain class to govern alone is a new thing in our politics. And it is an impudent claim, because, whether labour likes it or not, the nation is made up of many classes, and the needs of each one of them are entitled to respect and consideration. When it is our imperative duty to choose the best men to govern the country, Mr Henderson and his friends, the rejected of the voters, come along and say that men of only one class may guide the helm of State. The principle, of which our history furnishes no precedent, can have no other basis than envy. When Whigs and Tories held sway in England, the Whig party was more sternly exclusive and aristocratic, though its members professed revolutionary sentiments. And neither party shut out from its counsels those who did not belong to one particular class. The Labour Party is bitterly exclusive. Belong to our class, profess our creed, and give a helping hand to none who does not share our origins and our prejudices. That is what it says in effect, in open defiance of its obligation to the country.

A strange disease obsesses the Labour Party. It resembles nothing so much as the Prussian Junkers. A place in the sun is not enough for it. It must have all the sun, and drive those who are not of it beyond the reach of the sun's genial warmth. At the same time it suggests that it should do nothing for the exclusive advantages which it claims. It is unwilling to pay taxes; it does not want its friends and members to work overmuch. The work-

ing classes desire that their children should be educated, but they refuse to pay for their children's education or their children's maintenance while they are at school or at college. And they see in this dependence no taint of degradation. They divest themselves of responsibility without a protest. If they have their way, they will be the kept serfs of the State. They will be fed, housed, and taught at the public expense, and they will enjoy as much freedom as a set of convicts in jail. And all because they claimed the sole privileges of Junkerdom!

The spokesmen of the working classes are so strangely lacking in understanding that they do not see the moral ruin in which they would involve their dupes. A state of dependence upon taxes paid by others is good for nobody. Nothing is worth having that is not won by exertion. A man who will not be at the pains to bring up his children is not fit to be a father. To offer all that they want for nothing to those who will take it, is to sap the strength of human character and human endurance. And they are no true democrats who ask that they should be relieved of all taxation, and then that the amenities of life should be had for the asking. They are suppliants, not citizens; they have sold the pride of manhood for a mess of pottage; and in a generation they will be so comfortably accustomed to have things done for them, that they will be incapable of activity, and will see with sorrow, when it is too late, those qualities of strength and self-reliance which have brought them happiness in the past, atrophied by disuse.

The State provides for all an open road to a career. It should provide no more. There is a broad avenue leading from the elementary school to the university, which all who will may follow. The difficulty is to find boys of sufficient energy and brains to take the easy path which will carry them to scholarship. And they are not to blame who refuse the proffered education. Book-learning is not good of itself nor for all, and the sad quest of uniformity is useless, if it be not dangerous. What, then, do the disaffected among the working classes really want? They do not know. Perhaps they wish to be born again, and born different. At present they are like children crying for the moon, and they know not that if the moon were given them for a plaything the light would be put out in the sky.

What is it that has persuaded the Labour Party to assume its truculent attitude? What is it that has convinced it that the working classes alone should engross all the privileges and all the power of the State? A mere matter of arithmetic. The working classes are more numerous than the others, and therefore they can extort from the greedy politician whatever they like to ask. They may bask in the sun of flattery, until they

believe that they alone are wise and good and powerful. The false position in which they have been placed is bad enough for the country; it is far worse for the working classes, which pretend resolutely to believe that the half is greater than the whole, that justice is due to one section only of society—the section of labour. If the leaders of the working classes do not make it their business to expose this fallacy, then labour as a force will fall into irredeemable discredit, and the bitter wrongs committed by democracy will be expiated by a counter-revolution.

But there is another reason why the Labour party arrogates to itself the right to do as it chooses. The infamous Trade Disputes Act, passed in 1906 by a supine Government, and accepted with the most shameful cowardice by Lord Lansdowne—perhaps the worst of the many disservices he has done to the House of Lords—put the Trade Unions wholly outside the law. It legalised peaceful picketing; it exempted Trade Unions from the Common Law relating to conspiracy; and it forbade the Courts to entertain any action brought against any Trade Union "in respect of any tortious act alleged to have been committed by or on behalf of the Trade Union." "All the provisions of the Act," says Professor Hearnshaw in his 'Democracy at the Crossways,' "show the excess of licence which they allow to wrong-doing; but the third goes beyond all the limits which, before the actual passing of this iniquitous statute, would have been deemed credible. Lord Halsbury was not using the language of exaggeration when he described this flagrant specimen of class legislation as 'the most outrageous Bill ever attempted to be put on the Statute-Book.'" Its effect was immediate and disastrous. "First," again we quote from Professor Hearnshaw's admirable summary, "the number of disputes immensely increased: in 1905 there had been 358; in 1906 there were 486; in 1907 there were 601; by 1913 the number had risen to 1497; while in 1914, before the outbreak of the war (January-July) there had been 836, and the country was on the eve of a gigantic and general industrial conflict that threatened to assume the dimensions of a civil war. Secondly, the gravity and violence of the disputes were deplorably enhanced; peaceful picketing displayed itself as sanguinary terrorism; contracts, agreements, settlements, all became 'scraps of paper,' to which irresponsible strikers, with truly Germanic ruthlessness, paid no heed at all; immense and flagrant wrongs were done for which the Courts were precluded from giving any redress."

That is a fair statement of the case, and it shows what evil a dishonest Government, hungry only for votes, may achieve. That the Trade Disputes Act inflicted a flagrant injustice upon the community is obvious. It did an equal

wrong to the Trade Unions. For it put them beyond the law. Henceforth they were licensed wrong-doers, the declared enemies of the State, clubs properly organised for the commission of crimes, of which they were willing to show the stain and to boast of it. How, then, shall a section which has deliberately and with Radical connivance set itself in open hostility to its fellow-countrymen aspire to governance? If it ever did gratify its ambition, if it ever did successfully assert the principle that class-interest is a better qualification for the rulers of a great Empire than wisdom, training, and a sense of tradition, then assuredly it would produce not peace but civil war. Wherefore, the Labour Party shall not, if it have any pretence to justice or patriotism, dare to rule England, unless it first purge itself of the disgrace inflicted upon the whole country, and especially on the Trade Unions, by the Trade Disputes Act. Before men learn to govern they must learn to obey, and by that infamous Act the working classes claim for themselves the right of flagrant disobedience to the laws of England.

The death of Sir James Hills-Johnes, V.C., G.C.B., brings to an end a rarely distinguished and honourable career. The oldest surviving winner of the Victoria Cross, Sir James was a link in the chain which bound us to the past. The friend and colleague of Tombs and Lord Roberts, he fought by their side and shared their toils as well as their rewards. In those far-off days fighting was less an affair of science than it seems to-day—more a feat of bodily prowess. When Jemmy Hills, as Lord Roberts calls him with an affectionate familiarity, won his V.C., he is said to have used his fists upon his adversaries when his sword failed him. The story has been written by many pens, and by none better than the pen of Lord Roberts, whose account we have pleasure in quoting. "Stillman and Hills," wrote Lord Roberts, "were breakfasting together when a sowar from the native officer's party rode up and reported that a body of the enemy's cavalry were in sight. Hills told the man to gallop to headquarters with the report, and to warn Tombs as he passed his tent. Hills and Stillman then mounted their men, neither of them having the remotest idea that the news of the enemy's advance had been purposely delayed until there was not time to turn out the troops. They imagined that the sowar was acting in good faith and had given them sufficient notice. . . . The moment Hills saw the enemy he shouted, 'Action front!' and, in the hope of giving his men time to load and fire a round of grape, he gallantly charged the head of the column single-handed, cut down the leading man, struck the second, and was then ridden down himself. It had been raining heavily, so Hills wore his cloak, which probably

saved his life, for it was cut through in many places, as were his jacket and even his shirt. As soon as the body of the enemy had passed on, Hills, extricating himself from his horse, got up and searched for his sword, which he had lost in the *mêlée*. He had just found it when he was attacked by three men, two of whom were mounted; he fired at and wounded the first man; then caught the lance of the second, and ran him through the body with his sword. The first assailant coming on again, Hills cut him down, upon which he was attacked by the third man on foot, who succeeded in wrenching his sword from him. Hills fell in the struggle, and must have been killed, if Tombs, who had been duly warned by the sowar, and had hurried out to the piquet, had not come to the rescue and saved the plucky subaltern's life."

It is a gallant tale, gallantly told, and it marks the beginning of a life devoted to the service of the Empire. As soldier and administrator, Sir James Hills-Johnes performed whatever duty was laid upon him with energy and courage. At Lord Roberts' side he fought in many a hard-won battle. He was with his friend throughout the Indian Mutiny, as well as at Kabul in 1881, and in the Boer War he was his zealous colleague. To record Sir James Hills-Johnes' many feats of arms is superfluous. They are set forth in many a proud despatch, and have become a part of our military history. Moreover, he was eminent in peace as in war. At Dolaucothy in Carmarthenshire he proved that feudalism was not dead, that a place is still left in the world for a *grand seigneur*, if he be gifted with sympathy and wisdom. In the true sense, Sir James Hills-Johnes was the father of his people. Nothing that his neighbours did, wanted, or hoped for, was alien from him. He watched over his own part of Wales with a care and an interest which never grew dull. He was a firm friend of the University of Wales, and he deemed no public office too irksome for his acceptance. His character and selflessness were always incentives to well-doing for those about him, and all that he accomplished in Carmarthenshire is the best proof that the grievances of the working classes yield easily to kindly treatment and a good understanding. Upon the coffin, which held all that was mortal of him, was engraved a motto in Welsh, which, being interpreted, means "White is his world"; and of no man of our time could it be said more fittingly.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.